

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_218629

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OUP—552—7-7-66—10,000

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 921.4/R86C Accession No. 13932

Author Rousseau, Jean Jacques.

Title Confessions . v.1. [pref. 1891].

This book should be returned on or before the date
last marked below.

THE CONFESSIONS OF
JEAN - JACQUES ROUSSEAU
NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH



VOL. I

NEW EDITION

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER MAURICE LELOIR

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

No apology is needed for the publication of such a work as *The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, for there must be few indeed who are not prepared to admit that an account of the life of such a man penned by his own hand must prove fascinating reading. Neither does it appear necessary to enter into an elaborate introduction; for which reason it is trusted that the present short biographical sketch will amply suffice as a preface to the work itself.

Born at Geneva, June 28, 1712, Jean-Jacques Rousseau may best be described as a French philosopher and writer. His father, a watchmaker, was fond of literature, and this taste he fostered in his son, constantly reading to him, and early sending him to a village school. Here, however, he did not remain long, and was soon placed in the office of a *procureur*, who, for some act of negligence, dismissed him after a very brief stay. He was next apprenticed to an engraver, whose harsh treatment tended to produce idle habits, lying, and pilfering; and the boy, apparently through fear of punishment for some act of misconduct, ran away, and was found wandering in a destitute condition by a priest in Savoy. The priest being of a benevolent nature took compassion on him,

and sent him to Annecy, to be under the superintendence of a Swiss lady named Madame de Warens, under whose guidance he was instructed in science and music, eventually being despatched to a training school in Turin. At this place he stayed but a short time ; refusing to take orders, he was dismissed, and once more losing control of his restless spirit, he again became a wanderer. After re-crossing the Alps, he entered the service of the Countess de Vercellis, but not finding the situation a congenial one, he returned to Madame de Warens. With this lady he lived happily for about ten years, and at her charming retreat at Chambéry he applied himself resolutely to the study of philosophy.

A more intimate relation sprang up between him and the lady who had been his chief means of support, but this fact was not sufficient to prevent him growing jealous of his protectress ; and accordingly, in 1740, he quitted Madame de Warens, travelling in the following year to Paris, to tempt fortune as a musician.

In this he signally failed, but in another walk he proved successful, obtaining the post of secretary to the French ambassador in Venice in 1742. Eight years later he gained the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for an essay on the question *Whether the revival of learning has contributed to the improvement of morals?* In this he took the negative side. A few months only elapsed when he produced a comic opera entitled, "Devin du Village," before Louis XV., who received it with much favour. After the performance the King desired to see the author ; but, overcome with shyness, Rousseau, it is said, fled from the interview. His *Lettre sur la Musique Française*, in 1763, was hailed in a very different fashion, its appearance creating a perfect storm. He was assailed from all quarters ; impassioned

invectives were showered upon his head ; singers spread the vilest calumnies concerning him. Finally he retired to Geneva, and embracing the Protestant faith was allowed the privileges of a free citizen.

About this time Rousseau published his essay, *Sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes*, which excited a profound sensation. A little later, in company with his mistress, Thérèse Le Vasseur, a servant girl whom he first met at an inn, he journeyed to Paris, and accepted the offer of Madame d'Epinaÿ of her house, the Hermitage. In 1760 he published his first novel, *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloïse*, which was a pronounced success. This was followed two years later by his *Emile, ou de l'Education*, which was denounced by the Archbishop of Paris, and ordered by Parliament to be burnt. His *Contrat Social* appeared soon afterwards, and his fearless speculation on the destiny of man creating such alarm and causing such intense irritation, he was obliged forthwith to flee from France to Switzerland, and took refuge in Neuchâtel, where he published his *Letter to the Archbishop of Paris*, and *Lettres de la Montagne*, a remonstrance against the work of the Genevese Republic, the citizenship of which he renounced.

From this time forward he seems to have passed his days in continual travel, labouring under the imagination, rightly or wrongly, that every one was conspiring against him. As an instance of his morbid taste of suspecting even his warmest friends, it should be mentioned that David Hume, the historian, offered him a house in England. This offer he accepted, but after a sojourn of sixteen months, he quarrelled with his benefactor, and refused his friendship.

It was during his residence in England that he commenced to write his *Confessions*. In 1770 he was permitted to return to Paris, and, spending his last days at Ermenon-

ville, he died suddenly in July, 1778. Sixteen years later his remains were transferred to the Pantheon. During the last years of his life he was in receipt of an income consisting of an annuity of only sixty pounds per annum.

Rousseau was the author of numerous other works not enumerated here ; amongst others, he set to music about a hundred French "Romances." Sainte-Beuve says of the portraits in *The Confessions*—"They are lively, piquant, and spirituel."

Certainly there can be no doubt that he exercised considerable influence over the opinions of his age. His style was peculiarly his own, and if his at one time brilliant prospects were not fully realised, if his theories were based on unstable foundations, there is no denying his splendid ability, his marvellous power of thinking, his passionate eloquence.

C. D. L.

1891.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS—VOL. I.

PORTRAIT OF ROUSSEAU	<i>Frontispiece</i>
GOOD-BYE, ROAST MEAT	<i>Facing page 30</i>
THE STOLEN RIBBON	„ 84
THE TOY FOUNTAIN	„ 101
PICKING CHERRIES	„ 139
SMEARING MY FACE	„ 184
MADAME DE WARENS' "RAT"	„ 197
THE PERIWINKLE	„ 235
TAKING DEPOSITIONS AT VENICE . . .	„ 318

THE CONFESSIONS

OF

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

BOOK I.

GENEVA—BOSSEY.

I AM now entering upon a task which is without precedent, and which when achieved will have no imitator. I am going to show to my fellow-creatures a man in all the integrity of nature ; and that man shall be myself.

Yes. Myself ! I know my own heart, and have studied mankind. I am not made like any one I have seen. I do not believe that there is another man like me in existence. If I am not better, at least I am different. Whether nature did wisely in breaking the mould in which she formed me, can only be determined after having read this work.

Let the last trumpet sound when it may, I shall present myself before the sovereign Judge with this book in my hand, and proudly proclaim, “ Thus have I acted ; these were my thoughts ; you see me as I am. With equal freedom and veracity have I related what was laudable, and what was wicked. I have concealed no crimes, added no virtues ; and if I have sometimes unduly embellished my narrative, it has merely been to fill a void occasioned by defect of memory. I may have supposed that to be certain which I only knew to be probable, but I have never asserted as truth a conscious falsehood. Such as I was have I declared myself—sometimes vile and despicable, at other times virtuous, generous, and sublime. Even as Thou, Eternal Spirit, hast seen me, so have I laid bare my soul. Assemble an innumerable throng

of my fellow-mortals ; let them listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravity, let them tremble at my sufferings. At the foot of Thy throne let each in his turn expose his failings with equal sincerity, and then say, if he dare—*I was better than that man.*”

I am the son of Isaac Rousseau and his wife Susanne, citizens of Geneva, and I was born in that city, in 1712. My father's share of a moderate competency, which was divided among fifteen children, being very small, his business of a watchmaker, in which he had a reputation for great ingenuity, was his only dependence. My mother, daughter of Pastor Bernard, was richer, and she had both intelligence and beauty. Indeed, my father found some difficulty in obtaining her hand.

Their love-making had commenced almost with their lives. At eight or nine years of age they walked together every evening in the Promenades of La Treille, and before they were ten, they were inseparable. A natural sympathy of soul confirmed those sentiments of affection which habit had at first produced. Both were born with minds susceptible of the most exquisite sensibility and tenderness. It was only necessary to encounter a like disposition in another. That moment fortunately presented itself, and each surrendered a willing heart.

The obstacles that opposed themselves served only to give an additional intensity to their affection ; and the young lover, not being able to obtain his mistress, was overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. She advised him to travel—to forget her. He consented—he travelled, but returned more passionate than ever, and had the happiness to find her equally constant, equally tender. After this proof of mutual affection, how could they otherwise resolve than to dedicate their future lives to love ! The resolution was ratified with a vow, on which Heaven shed its blessing.

Fortunately my mother's brother, Gabriel Bernard, fell in love with one of my father's sisters. She had no objection to the match, but made the marriage of his sister with her brother an indispensable condition. Love soon removed

every obstacle, and the two weddings were celebrated on the same day. Thus my uncle became the husband of my aunt, and their children were doubly my cousins. Before a year had expired, both had the happiness of becoming fathers, but were soon afterwards obliged to submit to a separation.

My uncle Bernard, who was an engineer, went to serve in the Empire and Hungary, under Prince Eugène, and distinguished himself both at the siege and battle of Belgrade. My father, after the birth of my only brother, set off for Constantinople, where he had received the appointment of watchmaker to the Seraglio. During his absence, the beauty, wit, and accomplishments of my mother attracted a number of admirers, among whom M. de La Closure was the most assiduous in his attentions. His passion must have been extremely violent, since after a period of thirty years I have seen him deeply moved in speaking of her. My mother had a defence more powerful even than her virtue. She tenderly loved her husband. She pressed him to return. He gave up all his prospects, and hastened to Geneva. I was the unfortunate fruit of this return, having been born ten months after, in a very weak and sickly state. My birth cost my mother her life, and was the first of my misfortunes.

I cannot understand how my father supported her loss at the time, but I know that he was ever after inconsolable. In me he still thought he saw her he so tenderly lamented, but he could never forget that I had been the innocent cause of his misfortune. He never embraced me but his sighs, and the convulsive pressure of his arms, bore witness that a bitter regret mingled itself with his caresses, though, as may be supposed, they were not on this account less ardent. When he said to me, "Jean-Jacques, let us talk of your mother," my usual reply was, "Yes, father; but then you know we shall cry," and immediately the tears started from his eyes. "Ah!" he would exclaim, with agitation, "Give me back my wife; at least console me for her loss: fill up, my child, the void she has left in my soul. Could I love you thus if you were only

my son?" Forty years after this loss he expired in the arms of a second wife ; but the name of the first was still on his lips, and her image still engraved upon his heart.

Such were the authors of my being. Of all the gifts that Heaven had granted them, a sensitive heart was the only one they bequeathed to me. This, which had been the foundation of their happiness, was the source of all my misfortunes.

I came into the world with but few signs of life, and little hope was entertained of preserving me. I carried the seeds of a disorder that has gathered strength with years, and from which I am now relieved at intervals, only to suffer a different, though more intolerable evil. I was saved by one of my father's sisters, an amiable and intelligent girl, who took the most tender care of me. She is still living, nursing, at the age of fourscore, a husband younger than herself, but worn out with excessive drinking. Most readily do I forgive you, my dear aunt, for having preserved my life, and only lament that it is not in my power to give your declining days the tender solicitude and care you lavished on the first dawn of mine. My nurse, Jacqueline, is also living, and in good health. The hands which opened my eyes at birth may possibly close them at my death.

I suffered well-nigh before I was a conscious being : it is the common lot of humanity. But I have experienced more than my proportion of pain. I have no knowledge of what passed prior to my fifth or sixth year. I do not know how I learned to read, I only remember what effect the first exercise of it produced upon my mind ; and from that moment self-consciousness began. Every night, after supper, we read some part of a small collection of romances which had been my mother's. My father's design was only to improve me in reading, and he thought these entertaining works were calculated to give me a fondness for it. But we soon found ourselves so interested in the adventures they contained, that we read in turns for whole nights together, and could not bear to give over until we had finished a volume. Sometimes, my father, hearing the swallows at daybreak,

would say, quite ashamed of his weakness, "Come, come, let us go to bed ; I am more of a child than thou."

I soon acquired, by this dangerous custom, not only an extreme facility in reading and comprehending, but, for my age, a too intimate acquaintance with the passions. All kinds of emotions were familiar to me long before I had any precise idea of anything—I understood nothing, I felt everything. These confused emotions, following quickly one upon another, did not impair my future judgment, then non-existent—but they formed in me one of another character, giving me strange and romantic notions on human life, which notions neither experience nor reflection has ever entirely succeeded in effacing.

My novel reading concluded with the summer of 1719 ; the following winter was differently employed. My mother's library being quite exhausted, we had recourse to that part of her father's which we had inherited. Here we happily found some valuable books ; and this was not extraordinary, as they had been selected by a minister who truly deserved that title ; one in whom learning, which was then all the fashion, was but a secondary commendation, for his taste and good sense were equally remarkable. Le Sueur's "*History of the Church and Empire*," Bossuet's "*Discourses on Universal History*," Plutarch's "*Lives*," Nani's "*History of Venice*," Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*," La Bruyère, Fontenelle, and a few volumes of Molière, were transferred to my father's closet, where I daily read them to him while he was at work.

Plutarch presently became my greatest favourite ; the satisfaction I derived from constantly reading this author extinguished my passion for romances, and I shortly preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, and Aristides, to Orondates, Artemenes, and Juba. These interesting studies, seconded by the conversations they frequently occasioned with my father, produced that free and republican spirit, that proud and indomitable turn of mind which has rendered me impatient of restraint or servitude, and has been the torment of my life whenever I have found myself in situa-

tions incompatible with these sentiments. Incessantly occupied with Rome and Athens, living, as it were, with their illustrious heroes ; myself born the citizen of a republic ; the son of a father whose ruling passion was the love of his country, I was fired by his example. I could fancy myself a Greek or Roman, and readily enter into the character of the personage whose life I read. Transported by the recital of any extraordinary instance of constancy or intrepidity, animation flashed from my eyes, and gave my voice additional strength and energy. One day, at table, while relating the fortitude of Scœvola, they were terrified at seeing me start from my seat and hold my hand over a hot chafing dish to represent more forcibly the action of that determined Roman.

My brother, who was seven years older than myself, was brought up to my father's profession. The extraordinary affection which was lavished upon me might have been the reason he was somewhat neglected : a fault which was certainly without justification. His education suffered by this neglect, and he acquired the habits of a libertine before he arrived at an age to be one in reality. My father tried what effect placing him with a master would produce, but he still persisted in the same ill conduct. Though I saw him so seldom that it could hardly be said we were acquainted, I loved him tenderly, and believe he had as strong an affection for me as a youth of his dissipated turn of mind was capable of. One day, I remember, when my father was correcting him severely, I threw myself between them, embracing my brother, whom I protected with my body, and received the strokes designed for him. I persisted so obstinately, that either softened by my cries and tears, or fearing to hurt me most, my father's anger subsided, and he pardoned the fault. In the end, my brother's conduct became so bad that he suddenly disappeared, and we learned some time after that he was in Germany. But he never wrote to us, and from that day we had no news of him. Thus I became an only son.

If this poor lad was neglected, it was quite different with his brother, for the child of a king could not be treated

with more attention and tenderness than were bestowed on my infancy. I was the darling of the family, and what is rather uncommon, though treated as a pet, I was not a spoiled child. I was never permitted, until I left my father's roof, to play in the street with other children. Nor was there any occasion to repress or indulge in me those troublesome, childish humours which are usually attributed to nature, but are in reality the effects of injudicious education. I had the faults common to my age, was talkative, a glutton, and sometimes a liar. I made no scruple of stealing sweetmeats, fruits, or, indeed, any kind of eatable. But I never took delight in mischievous waste, in accusing others, or in tormenting harmless animals. I do, indeed, remember on one occasion making water in the kettle of old neighbour Clot while she was at church. And I admit that even now the recollection makes me smile, because Madame Clot, although a good woman in the main, was verily the most grumpy old soul I have ever met. Here you have, in brief, a faithful history of my childish transgressions.

How could I become wicked, when I had before my eyes only examples of kindness, and was surrounded by some of the best people in the world? My father, my aunt, my nurse, my relations, our friends, our neighbours, all I had any connection with, loved me tenderly, and I returned their affection. I found so little to excite my desires, and those I had were so seldom contradicted, that I was hardly sensible of possessing any, and can solemnly aver that I never knew what it was to be capricious until I was subjected to the restraint of a master. Those hours that were not employed in reading or writing with my father, or walking with my nurse, I spent with my aunt, and to see her embroider, to hear her sing, to sit or stand by her side, made me ever very happy. Her cheerfulness and kindness, her pleasant appearance, have left such an indelible impression on my mind, that her manner, look, and attitude are still before my eyes. I recollect a thousand little caressing questions. I could describe her clothes, her head-dress; nor have the two

curls of fine black hair which hung on her temples, according to the fashion of that time, escaped my memory.

Though my taste, or rather passion, for music did not show itself until a considerable time after this, I am fully persuaded that it is to her I am indebted for it. She knew a great number of songs, which she sang with great sweetness and taste. The serenity and cheerfulness which were conspicuous in this lovely girl banished melancholy, and made all around her happy. Such were the attractions of her singing for me, that not only have many of her songs ever since remained in my memory, but some which I have not thought of from my infancy return upon my mind, as I grow old, with a charm which I cannot express. Would any one believe that a veritable old dotard as I now am, worn out with care and infirmity, should sometimes surprise himself weeping like a child, and in a voice, querulous and broken by age, droning out one of the airs which were the favourites of his infancy? There is especially one melody which recurs to me, of which I recollect the tune perfectly, but the words which compose the latter half of it constantly defeat every effort to recall them, though I have a confused idea of the rhymes. The beginning, with what I have been able to recollect of the remainder, is as follows :

Tircis, je n'ose
Écouter ton chalumeau
Sous l'ormeau ;
Car on en cause
Déjà dans notre hameau.
.
.
.
.
.
.
un berger,
Et toujours l'épine est sous la rose.

I have endeavoured to account for the subtle charm my heart feels on recalling this fragment, but it is altogether inexplicable. I only know, that before I get to the end of it, I always find my eyes filling with tears. I have a hundred times formed the resolution of

writing to Paris for the remainder of the words, if any one should chance to know them. And yet I am almost certain the pleasure I take in the recollection would be greatly diminished were I assured that any one but my poor aunt Suson had sung them.

Such were my affections on entering this life. Thus began to form in me a nature at once haughty and tender, a character effeminate, yet full of pride—a heart which, fluctuating between weakness and courage, self-indulgence and virtue, has ever set me in contradiction to myself, causing abstinence and enjoyment, pleasure and prudence, equally to shun me.

This course of education was interrupted by an accident, of which the consequences influenced the rest of my life. My father had a quarrel with M. Gautier, a French captain, who was allied by marriage with several members of the Council. This Gautier, who was an insolent and cowardly man, happening to bleed at the nose, revenged himself by accusing my father of having drawn his sword upon him in the city. In consequence of this charge they were about to conduct him to prison. My father insisted that, according to the law of the Republic, the accuser should be confined at the same time ; and, not being able to obtain this, preferred a voluntary banishment for the remainder of his life, to giving up a point by which he must sacrifice his honour and liberty.

I remained under the tuition of my uncle Bernard, who was at that time employed upon the fortifications of Geneva. He had lost his eldest daughter, but had a son about my own age, and we were sent together to Bossey, to live at the house of a pastor named Lambercier. Here we were set to learn Latin, as well as all the insignificant twaddle which is generally comprehended under the name of education.

Two years spent in this village softened, in some degree, my Roman fierceness, and again reduced me to a state of childhood. At Geneva, where nothing was exacted, I loved reading, which indeed was my principal amusement. At Bossey, however, application to study attracted me to

play as a relaxation. The country seemed so new and so charming, that I could never have enough of it, and I conceived a passion for rural life which time has not been able to extinguish. Nor have I ever ceased to regret the pure and tranquil pleasures which I enjoyed at this place in my childhood. The recollection of those happy days has followed me through every period of my life, and even to that in which I at present find myself.

M. Lambercier was a worthy, sensible man, who without neglecting our instruction, never made our lessons burdensome or tedious. What convinces me of the wisdom of his method is, that notwithstanding my extreme aversion to restraint, the recollection of my studies is never attended with disgust; and if I learnt but little, what I learnt I learnt without trouble, and have never forgotten.

The simplicity of this rural life was of infinite advantage in opening my heart to friendship. The ideas I had hitherto formed on this subject were extremely elevated, but altogether imaginary. The habit of living in this peaceful manner soon united me tenderly to my cousin Bernard. My affection for him was greater than I had felt for my brother, nor has time been able to efface it. He was a tall, lank, sickly boy, as sweet in character as weak in body. But he did not abuse the favouritism which was naturally given to the son of my guardian. Our studies, amusements, and tastes were the same. We were only sons. We were of the same age. Each wanted a playmate. To have separated us would well-nigh have broken our hearts. Though we had not many opportunities of showing our attachment for one another, it was certainly intense. So far from ever being separated, we could not even endure the thought of such a thing. Being each of a disposition to be won by kindness and affection, when not soured by contradiction, we were always at one. If, by the favour of those who ruled us, Bernard had the ascendancy while in their presence, I was sure to acquire it when we were alone; and this preserved the balance so necessary to friendship. If he hesitated in repeating his task, I prompted him; when my

exercises were finished, I helped to write his. In our amusements I, having the more active disposition, had always the lead. In a word, our characters accorded so well, and the friendship that subsisted between us was so cordial, that during the five years we were at Bossey and Geneva we were inseparable. It is true that we often fought, but there never was any occasion for the intervention of others. No one of our quarrels lasted more than a quarter of an hour, and not once in our lives did we make any complaint of each other. It may be said these remarks are frivolous ; but a similar example among children can, perhaps, hardly be produced.

The manner in which I passed my time at Bossey suited me so well that it only required a longer duration absolutely to have fixed my character, which would have had only peaceable, affectionate, benevolent sentiments for its basis. I believe no human being ever possessed less natural vanity than myself. Now and again, by fits and starts, I arrived at sublime ideas, but presently fell again into my original languor. To be beloved by every one who knew me was my most ardent wish. I was naturally gentle ; my cousin was equally so ; and those who had the care of us were of similar dispositions. Everything contributed to strengthen my natural characteristics, and for two whole years I was neither the victim nor the witness of any violent emotions. I knew nothing so pleasant as to see every one contented with me. When repeating our catechism at church nothing gave me greater vexation, when I was obliged to hesitate, than seeing Mademoiselle Lambercier's countenance express disapprobation and uneasiness. This was much more painful to me than the shame of faltering before so many witnesses, although this was sufficiently unpleasant. While little affected by praise, I was very sensitive to shame ; and I can truly affirm that the dread of being reprimanded by Mademoiselle Lambercier alarmed me less than the thought of making her uneasy.

Neither she nor her brother was deficient in a reasonable severity, but as this was scarcely ever exerted without just

cause, I was more afflicted at their disapprobation than at their punishment. How one would change the method of treating youth if the distant effects of indiscriminate, and frequently of indiscreet, methods of chastisement could be foreseen ! I would willingly excuse myself from a further explanation, did not the lesson my example conveys, which points out an evil as frequent as it is pernicious, forbid my silence.

As Mademoiselle Lambercier felt a mother's affection, she sometimes exerted a mother's authority, even to inflicting corporal punishment on us, when we deserved it. She had often threatened us, and this threat of a treatment entirely new appeared very dreadful to me. But I found the reality much less terrible than the idea ; and, what is more unaccountable, this punishment increased my affection for the person who had inflicted it. All this affection, aided by my natural gentleness, was scarcely sufficient to prevent my seeking, by fresh offences, a return of the same chastisement ; for a degree of sensuality had mingled with the smart and shame, which left more desire than fear of a repetition. I was well convinced the same discipline from her brother would have produced a quite contrary effect. A man of his disposition, however, was not likely to inflict it ; and if I abstained from meriting correction, it was merely from a fear of offending Mademoiselle Lambercier. For kindness and passion have ever maintained an empire over me, and have given law to my heart.

My desire for further punishment, in like kind, although I had not endeavoured to hasten it, arrived, through no fault of mine, so that without my seeking I profited by it with a safe conscience. But this second was also the last time, for Mademoiselle Lambercier, who doubtless had some reason to imagine her floggings did not produce the desired effect, declared that it was too fatiguing, and she renounced it for the future. Till now we had slept in her chamber, and, during the winter, even in her bed. But two days afterwards another room was prepared for us, and from that moment I had the honour, which I could very well have dispensed with, of being treated by her as a great boy.

Who would believe this childish discipline, received at eight years of age from the hand of a woman of thirty, should influence my propensities, my desires, my passions, for the rest of my life, and that in quite a contrary way to what might naturally have been expected? The very incident that inflamed my senses gave my desires such an extraordinary turn that, satisfied with the knowledge I had already acquired, I sought no further; and with blood burning with sensuality almost from my birth, preserved my purity from all stain until I reached an age when the coldest and most backward of natures develop. Long tormented, without knowing by what, I gazed on every handsome woman with delight; imagination incessantly brought their charms to my remembrance, as I had witnessed them in the person of Mademoiselle Lamercier.

If ever a boy's education was perfectly modest and chaste, mine certainly was. My three aunts were not only of exemplary prudence, but they maintained a degree of modest reserve which women have long since thought unnecessary. My father, it is true, loved pleasure; but his gallantry was rather of the last than the present century; and he never expressed his affection for any woman he admired in terms at which the most modest virgin could have blushed. Indeed, never has that respect due to childhood been better demonstrated than it was by my family in my presence. An equal degree of reserve in this particular was observed at the house of M. Lamercier, where a good maid-servant was discharged for having once made use of an expression before us which was thought to have some degree of indelicacy. I had no precise idea of the ultimate effect of the passions, but such notions as I had formed placed the matter in an odious light. I entertained a particular aversion for prostitutes, nor could I look on a rake without disdain mingled with terror.

These prejudices of education, calculated in themselves to retard the first explosions of a combustible nature, were strengthened, as I have already hinted, by the effect which the first moments of sensuality produced in me; for,

notwithstanding the troublesome ebullition of my blood, I was satisfied with the species of voluptuousness I had already been acquainted with, and sought no further.

Thus I passed the age of puberty, with a constitution extremely ardent, without knowing or even wishing, for any other gratification of the passions than that of which Mademoiselle Lamercier had innocently given me an idea. And when I became a man, my childish desire, instead of vanishing, was only intensified. This folly, joined to a natural timidity, has always prevented my being very enterprising with women, so that I have passed my days in languishing in silence for those I most admired, without daring to disclose my wishes. To fall at the feet of an imperious mistress, obey her mandates, or implore pardon, were for me the most exquisite of enjoyments ; and the more my blood was inflamed by the efforts of a lively imagination, the more I acquired the appearance of a bashful lover. It will be readily conceived that this method of making love is not attended with very rapid progress, or with imminent danger to the virtue of its object. Yet although I have but few favours to boast of, I have not been excluded from enjoyment, however imaginary. Thus my sensibility, co-operating with a mind equally timid and romantic, has preserved my morals chaste and my feelings uncorrupted ; although I have precisely the same passions, which, seconded with a moderate degree of effrontery, might have plunged me into the most brutalizing excesses.

I have made the first and most difficult step in the obscure and painful maze of my confessions. We never feel so great a degree of repugnance in divulging what is really criminal as what is merely ridiculous. I am now assured of my resolution, for after what I have so far dared to disclose, nothing can now have power to deter me. The difficulty attending these acknowledgments will be readily conceived when I declare that, during the whole of my life, though frequently labouring under the most violent agitation, or carried away with the impetuosity of a passion which, when in the company of those I loved, has deprived me even of the faculties

of sight and hearing, I could never, in the course of the most unbounded familiarity, summon sufficient resolution to declare my folly, and implore the only favour that remained to bestow. Without entirely quitting this subject, I will tarry for a minute over a quite different matter.

One day, while I was studying in a chamber adjoining to the kitchen, the maid set some of Mademoiselle Lambercier's combs to dry by the fire, and, on coming to fetch them some time afterwards, was surprised to find the teeth of one of them broken off. Who could be suspected of this mischief? No one but myself had entered the room. I was questioned, but denied having any knowledge of it. M. and Mademoiselle Lambercier consulted, exhorted, threatened, but all to no purpose. I obstinately persisted in the denial; and though this was the first time I had been detected in a confirmed falsehood, appearances were so strong that they would give no heed to all my protestations. The affair was taken up seriously, as indeed it deserved to be. The mischief, the lie, the obstinacy, were considered to equally merit punishment, which was not now to be administered by Mademoiselle Lambercier. My uncle Bernard was written to; he arrived; and my poor cousin being charged with a crime no less serious, we were awarded the same punishment, which was inflicted with great severity. If, finding a remedy in the evil itself, they had ever sought to allay my depraved desires, they could not have chosen a shorter method to accomplish their designs, and, I can assure my readers, I was for a long time freed from the dominion of them.

All this severity could not draw from me the expected acknowledgment of guilt; my obstinacy brought on several repetitions of the punishment, which reduced me to a deplorable condition. Yet I was immovable, and resolutely determined to suffer death rather than submit. Force, at length, was obliged to yield to the diabolical stubbornness of a child, for no better name was bestowed on my constancy; and I came out of this dreadful trial, torn, it is true, but triumphant. Fifty years have gone by since this adventure,

and the fear of punishment has passed. Well, then, I declare, in the face of heaven, that I was absolutely innocent ; and, so far from breaking or even touching the comb, that I never went near the fire. How, it will be asked, did this mischief happen ? I have no idea—I only know that I was innocent.

Let any one figure to himself an individual whose leading traits were docility and timidity, but who was also haughty, ardent, and passionate ; let him conceive a child, hitherto governed by the voice of reason, and treated with mildness, equity, and generosity, one who could not even contemplate the idea of injustice, experiencing for the first time so violent an instance of it, inflicted by those he most loved and respected. What a revelation ! What a confusion in my heart and brain, in all my intellectual and moral being. Let any one, I say, imagine all this, if possible, for I am incapable of giving the least idea of what passed in my mind at the period.

My judgment was not sufficiently established to enable me to put myself in the place of others, and realize how much appearances condemned me. I had experienced the rigour of a dreadful chastisement, inflicted for a crime I had not committed. Yet I can truly affirm that, though violent, the smart I suffered was inconsiderable compared to what I felt of indignation, rage, and despair. My cousin, who was in similar circumstances, having been punished for an involuntary fault, as if he had been guilty of a premeditated crime, became furious by my example. Both in the same bed, we embraced each other in convulsive transports. We were almost suffocated, and when our young hearts found sufficient relief to breathe out our indignation, we sat up in bed, and with all our force repeated a hundred times : Carnifex ! Carnifex ! Torturer ! Tormenter !

Even while I write this I feel my pulse quicken, and if I could live a hundred thousand years the agitation of that moment would still be fresh in my memory. This first instance of violence and oppression is so deeply engraven on my soul, that everything which recalls it renews my

emotion. The sentiment of indignation, which in its origin had reference only to myself, has acquired such strength, and is at present so completely detached from personal motives, that my heart is as much inflamed at the sight of or relation of any act of injustice, whatever may be the object, or wheresoever it may be perpetrated, as if I were the immediate sufferer. • When I read the history of a merciless tyrant, or the dark and subtle machination of a knavish, designing priest, I almost feel as if I could set off on the instant to stab the miscreant, although certain to perish in the attempt. I have frequently fatigued myself by running after and stoning a cock, a cow, a dog, or any animal I saw tormenting another on account of its superior strength. This may be an innate characteristic, and I am inclined to believe that it is, although the lively impression of the first injustice I suffered was too long and too powerfully remembered not to have considerably strengthened it. This occurrence terminated my childish serenity. From that moment I ceased to enjoy pure, unadulterated happiness; and on looking back at the pleasures of my childhood, I feel they ended here. We continued at Bossey some months after this event, but we were like our first parents in Paradise after they had lost their innocence: while everything appeared the same, all was actually very different.

Affection, respect, and confidence no more bound the pupils to their teachers. We looked upon them no longer as divinities, who could read the secrets of our hearts. We were less ashamed of doing wrong, and more afraid of being found out: we learned to dissemble, to rebel, to lie. All the vices common to our years began to corrupt our happy innocence and embitter our amusements. The country itself lost in our eyes those sweet and simple charms which sink into the heart. Henceforth it appeared solitary and dull, or as if covered with a veil that concealed from us its beauties. We no longer cultivated our little gardens: our flowers were neglected. We no longer scratched away the mould, and broke out into exclamations

of delight on discovering that the seed we had sown had begun to shoot. We were disgusted with the life we were leading, and our preceptors were weary of us. My uncle took us away, and we left M. and Mademoiselle Lambercier without feeling any regret at the separation.

Nearly thirty years have passed since my leaving Bossey, without my once recalling the place to mind with any degree of satisfaction. But after having passed the prime of life, as I decline into old age, while more recent occurrences are being forgotten, I feel these remembrances revive and imprint themselves on my heart, with a force and charm that every day acquires fresh strength ; as if, feeling life flee from me, I were endeavouring to catch it again at its commencement. The most trifling incidents of those happy days delight me, for no other reason than that they belong to those days. I recall every circumstance of time and place. I see the maid or footman busy in the chamber, a swallow entering the window, a fly settling on my hand while repeating my lessons. I see the whole arrangement of the apartment where we sat. On the right hand was M. Lambercier's study, on the walls of which were a print representing the popes, a barometer, and a large almanac. The windows of the house were shaded by raspberry bushes, whose shoots sometimes found entrance. I am sensible the reader does not need to know all this, but I must recall it. Why cannot I relate some of the reminiscences of those thrice happy days, at the recollection of whose joys I even now tremble with delight ? But no, I will be content with one, and only one, provided I may draw it out to its utmost length, in order to prolong my pleasure.

That of the walnut-tree on the terrace is the most to my taste. Curious readers, whose expectations are already on the stretch for the noble history of the terrace, listen to the tragedy, and abstain, if you can, from trembling at the horrible catastrophe !

At the outside of the courtyard door, on the left hand, was a terrace on which we often sat in the afternoon. But it was subject to one inconvenience, being too much exposed

to the rays of the sun. To remedy this defect, M. Lambercier had a walnut-tree planted, an event which was attended with great solemnity. The two boarders were godfathers, and while the earth was being replaced round the roots, each of us held the tree with one hand, while we sang songs of triumph. In order to water it with more effect, a kind of basin was formed around it. I and my cousin, who were every day ardent spectators of this watering, confirmed each other in the idea that it was nobler to plant trees on the terrace than a flag on the enemy's fortress, and this glory we were resolved to obtain without sharing it with any one.

In pursuance of this resolution, we cut a slip off a willow, and planted it on the terrace, at about eight or ten feet distant from the august walnut-tree. We did not forget to make a trench round it. But the difficulty was to procure a supply of water, which had to be brought from a considerable distance, and we were not permitted to fetch it. Water was absolutely necessary for our willow, and we made use of every stratagem to obtain some.

For a few days everything succeeded so well that it began to bud, and throw out small leaves, which we hourly measured, convinced, though now scarcely a foot from the ground, that it would soon afford us a refreshing shade. This unfortunate willow, by engrossing our whole time, rendered us incapable of application to any other study, and the cause of our inattention not being known, we were kept closer than before. The fatal moment approached when water must fail, and we were already afflicted with the idea that our tree must perish from drought. At length necessity, the mother of invention, suggested a plan by which we might save our tree from death, and ourselves from despair. This was to make a tunnel under ground, which would privately conduct a part of the water from the walnut-tree to our willow. This undertaking was executed with ardour, but did not immediately succeed; our works were not skilfully planned, the water would not run, and the earth fell in and stopped up the tunnel. Yet though all went contrary,

nothing discouraged us : *Labor omnia vincit improbus*.* We made the basin deeper, to give the water a more perceptible descent. We cut the bottom of a box into narrow planks, enlarged the channel from the walnut-tree to our willow, and laying a row flat at the bottom, set two others inclining towards each other, so as to form a triangular channel. We then formed a kind of grating with small sticks at the end next the walnut-tree, to prevent the earth and stones from stopping it up, and having carefully covered our work with well-trodden earth, awaited the hour of watering in a transport of fear and hope. After an interval which seemed an age, this hour arrived, M. Lambercier, as usual, assisting at the operation. We contrived to get between him and our tree, towards which he fortunately turned his back. No sooner was the first pail of water emptied than we perceived it running towards the willow. This sight was too much for our prudence, and we involuntarily expressed our transports by a shout of joy. This sudden exclamation made M. Lambercier turn round, although at that instant he was delightedly observing how greedily the earth which surrounded the roots of his walnut-tree imbibed the water. Surprised to see two trenches partaking of it, he shouted in his turn, examined, perceived the roguery, and, sending instantly for a pick-axe, at one fatal blow made two or three of our planks fly, crying out meantime with all his strength, *an aqueduct ! an aqueduct !* He redoubled his strokes, every one of which went to our hearts. In a moment the planks, the channel, the basin, even our favourite willow were all ploughed up ; nor was one word pronounced during this terrible transaction, except the above-mentioned exclamation. *An aqueduct !* he repeated while destroying all our hopes, *an aqueduct ! an aqueduct !*

It may be supposed that this adventure had a still more melancholy ending for the young architects. This, however, was not the case ; the affair ended here. M. Lamber-

* Ceaseless labour conquers all

cier never reproached us on account of it, nor was his countenance clouded with a frown. We even heard him mention the circumstance to his sister with loud bursts of laughter. The laugh of M. Lambercier might be heard at a considerable distance. But what is still more surprising, after the first transport of sorrow had subsided, we did not find ourselves violently afflicted. We planted a tree in another spot, and frequently recalled the catastrophe of the former, repeating with a significant emphasis, *an aqueduct! an aqueduct!* Till then, at intervals, I had fits of ambition, and would fancy myself Brutus or Aristides, but this was the first practical outcome of my vanity. To have constructed an aqueduct with one's own hands, to have set a slip of willow in competition with a flourishing tree, appeared to me a glorious achievement! Perhaps I had a juster conception of glory at ten than Cæsar entertained at thirty.

The memories of this walnut-tree, with its curious history, have so well remained in my memory, that the project of visiting Bossey was that which conveyed the most pleasing anticipations during my journey to Geneva, in the year 1754. I wished to review the memorials of my childhood, and above all the beloved walnut-tree, of which the age about that time must have been well nigh a third of a century; but I was so surrounded by companions, so little my own master, that I could not find a moment to accomplish my design. There is now little probability of the occasion being renewed; but should I ever return to that charming spot, and find my favourite walnut-tree still in existence, I am convinced I should water it with my tears.

On my return to Geneva, I passed two or three years at my uncle's, until it should be decided what was to be done with me. My cousin, being intended for an engineer, was taught drawing, and instructed by his father in the elements of Euclid. I shared these instructions, and was principally fond of drawing. Meantime, they were uncertain whether to make me a watchmaker, a lawyer,

or a pastor. I should have preferred being a pastor, as I thought it must be a charming thing to preach but the trifling income which had been my mother's, and which was to be divided between my brother and myself, was too inconsiderable to defray the expense attending the prosecution of my studies. As my age did not render the choice very pressing, I remained with my uncle, passing my time to very little advantage, and paying a considerable, though not unreasonable, sum for my board.

My uncle, like my father, was a man of pleasure, but had not learned, like him, to abridge his amusements for the sake of instructing his family. Consequently our education was neglected. My aunt was a devotee, who loved singing psalms better than looking after our instruction, so that we were left entirely to ourselves, a liberty which we never abused.

Ever inseparable, we were all the world to one another ; and feeling no inclination to frequent the company of disorderly lads of our own age, we learned none of those habits of libertinism to the temptation of which our idle life exposed us. Perhaps I am wrong in charging myself and my cousin with idleness at this time, for we were never really so ; and there was at least one advantage in our occupation. The amusements that successively absorbed us kept us together indoor, so that we were not tempted to spend any part of our time in the streets. We made cages, pipes, kites, drums, houses, ships, and bows. We spoiled the tools of my good old grandfather by endeavouring to make watches in imitation of him ; but our favourite amusement was to waste paper in drawing, painting and colouring. There came an Italian mountebank to Geneva, called Gamba-Corta, who had an exhibition of puppets, which he made to perform a kind of comedy. We went once to see them, but could not spare time to go again, being busily employed in manufacturing puppets of our own, and composing comedies, which we immediately made them perform. mimicking to the best of our abilities

the uncouth voice of Punchinello. To complete our pleasure, my good aunt and uncle Bernard had the patience to see and listen to our imitations. But my uncle having one day read a serious discourse to his family, we instantly gave up our comedies, and began composing sermons.

These details, I confess, are not very amusing ; but they serve to demonstrate that the beginnings of our education were well directed, since being, at such an early age, the absolute masters of our time, we found no inclination to abuse it, and were so little in want of other companions, that we constantly neglected every opportunity of finding them. When taking our walks together, we observed the diversions of other youths without feeling any inclination to share in them. Friendship so entirely occupied our hearts, that, pleased with each other's company, the simplest pastimes were sufficient to delight us.

We were soon remarked for being thus inseparable. And we were rendered the more conspicuous, by the fact that my cousin being very tall, and I extremely short, we thus made a ludicrously matched couple. His long, thin figure, his soft expression and careless gait excited the ridicule of the children, who, in the patois of the country, nicknamed him, *Barna Bredanna*. We no sooner got out of doors than our ears were assailed with a repetition of "*Barna Bredanna*." My cousin bore this indignity with tolerable patience, but I was instantly for fighting. This was what the young rogues aimed at. I engaged accordingly, and was beaten. My poor cousin did all in his power to assist me, but he was weak, and a single stroke brought him to the ground. I then became furious, and received several smart blows, some of which were aimed at *Barna Bredanna*. This quarrel increased their antagonism so much that, in order to avoid their insults, we could only show ourselves in the streets while they were employed at school.

I had already become a redresser of grievances. To be a complete knight-errant I only required a lady, and I

found two. I frequently went to see my father at Nion, a small city in the Vandois country, where he was now settled. Being universally respected, the affection entertained for him extended to me; and during my visits his friends rivalled one another in showing me kindness. A Madame de Vulson, in particular, gave me a thousand caresses; and to complete my happiness, her daughter made me her gallant. I need not explain what kind of gallant a boy of eleven must be to a girl of two-and-twenty. The artful hussies know how to set these puppets up in front, to conceal more serious engagements. On my part, I saw no inequality between myself and Mademoiselle de Vulson. I took it seriously, giving myself up to it with my whole heart, or rather with my whole head, for this passion certainly reached no further, though it transported me almost to madness, and frequently produced scenes sufficient to make even a cynic expire with laughter.

I have experienced two kinds of love, equally real, but which have scarcely any affinity, and yet each differs materially from tender friendship. My whole life has been divided between these affections, and I have frequently felt the power of both at the same instant. For example, at the very time I so publicly and tyrannically claimed Mademoiselle de Vulson, that I could not suffer any other of my sex to approach her, I had short, but passionate, assignations with a little Mademoiselle Goton, who thought proper to act the part of schoolmistress with me, and that was all! But this all was everything to me, and seemed to me supreme happiness. I felt the whole charm of mystery, and repaid Mademoiselle de Vulson in kind, when she least expected it, the use she made of me in concealing her amours. To my great mortification, our secret was soon discovered, being less completely guarded by the young lady than by myself, and we were separated.

Truly a singular personage was this Mademoiselle Goton. She was not handsome, and yet there was something in her figure which I have never been able to forget, old fool that I am. Her eyes, in particular, did not correspond with her

age, nor did her height, nor her manner. She had a lofty, imposing air, which agreed extremely well with the character she assumed. But her most extraordinary characteristic was a mixture of forwardness and reserve difficult to be described. And whilst she took the greatest liberties with me, she would never permit any to be taken with her in return, treating me precisely like a child. This makes me suppose that she had either ceased herself to be one, or was yet sufficiently so to be ignorant of the danger to which this folly exposed her.

I was so absolutely in the power of both these mistresses, that when in the presence of one, I never gave a thought to the other. In other respects the effect they produced on me was quite different. I could have passed my whole life with *Mademoiselle de Vulson*, without having a wish to quit her. But then my delight was tranquil and unemotional. I was most particularly charmed with her in company. The sprightly sallies of her wit, the bright glance of her eye, even jealousy itself, strengthened my attachment, and I triumphed in the preference which she seemed to bestow on me while cold to more powerful rivals. Her smiles and encouragement made me very happy. When surrounded by a throng of observers I felt the whole force of love—I was transported with passion. Alone with her I should have been constrained, thoughtful, perhaps miserable. If *Mademoiselle de Vulson* was ill, I suffered indescribably, and would willingly have given up my own health to re-establish hers; and I knew even then from experience what it was to be ill and what to be well. If absent, she occupied all my thoughts. I continually sighed for her. When present, her caresses came with warmth and rapture to my heart, although my senses were unaffected. I could not have endured that she should grant to another the familiarities which she bestowed upon me. It is true that I loved her only with brotherly affection, but I experienced all the jealousy of a lover.

With *Mademoiselle Goton* my passion could have taken

furious form. I should have been a Turk or a tiger had I at any time imagined that she bestowed her favours on any one but myself. The pleasure I felt on approaching Mademoiselle de Vulson was sufficiently ardent, although unattended with uneasy sensations; but at the sight of Mademoiselle Goton I felt myself bewildered—every sense was absorbed in ecstasy. I believe it would have been impossible for me to have remained long with her. I must have been suffocated with the violence of my passion. I would not willingly have displeased either of them; but with the one I was merely obedient, with the other entirely submissive. I would not have offended Mademoiselle de Vulson for the world; but if Mademoiselle Goton had commanded me to throw myself into the flames, I think that I should instantly have obeyed her.

Happily both for her and myself, our amours, or rather meetings, were not of long duration; and although my connection with Mademoiselle de Vulson was less dangerous, that likewise had its catastrophe after a somewhat lengthier period. From Mademoiselle de Vulson I never separated without tears, and it can hardly be conceived what a void I then felt in my heart. I could neither think nor speak of anything but her. These romantic sorrows were not mere affectation, although I am inclined to believe that she was not alone the cause of them. Although I did not, of course, perceive it at the time, the entire lack of amusements had doubtless a great deal to do with it all.

To soften the rigour of absence, we agreed to correspond with one another, and the pathetic expressions our letters contained were sufficient to have burst the rocks asunder. Finally I was made proud by the thought that she could no longer endure the pain of separation. She came to see me at Geneva. My head was now completely turned; and during the two days of her visit I was intoxicated with delight. At her departure I could have thrown myself into the water after her, and I absolutely rent the air with my cries. The week following she sent me sweetmeats and gloves. This certainly would have appeared extremely

affectionate, had I not at the same instant been informed of her marriage, and that the journey I had thought to be in my honour was only to buy her wedding-dress.

My indignation may easily be conceived. I shall not attempt to describe it. In an heroic fury, I swore never again to see the perfidious girl, supposing that to be the greatest punishment which I could inflict on her. This, however, did not occasion her death, for, twenty years after, being on a visit to my father, and while on the lake, I asked who those ladies were in a boat not far from ours. "What!" said my father, smiling, "does not your heart inform you? It is your former love; it is Madame Custin, or, if you please, Mademoiselle de Vulson." I started at the almost forgotten name, and instantly ordered the boatmen to change their route, not judging it worth while to perjure myself, however favourable the opportunity for revenge, by renewing with a woman of forty my quarrel with a maiden of twenty.

Thus, before my future career was determined, did I fool away the most precious moments of my youth. After deliberating a long time on the natural bent of my mind, they resolved to dispose of me in a manner the most opposed to it. I was sent to M. Masseron, the City Registrar, to learn, as my uncle Bernard said, the thriving occupation of a "pettifogger." This nickname was inconceivably displeasing to me, and I promised myself but little satisfaction in the prospect of heaping up money by a mean employment. The assiduity and subjection required completed my disgust, and I never set foot in the office without feeling a kind of horror, which every day gained fresh strength.

M. Masseron, who was no better pleased with my abilities than I was with the employment, treated me with disdain, incessantly upbraiding me with being a fool and a blockhead, but not forgetting to add, that my uncle had assured him that I had understanding, although he could not discover that I knew anything. He had promised he said to furnish him with a sprightly boy, but had, in truth, sent him an

ass. To conclude, I was turned out of the registry, with the additional ignominy of being pronounced a fool by all M. Masseron's clerks, and only fit to handle a watchmaker's file.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice, not, however, to a watchmaker, but to an engraver, and I had been so completely humiliated by the contempt of the registrar, that I submitted without a murmur. My master, whose name was M. Ducommun, was a young man of a very violent and boorish character, who contrived in a short time to tarnish all the amiable qualities of my childhood, to stupefy a disposition naturally sprightly, and to reduce my high spirits, as well as my condition, to an absolute state of servitude. I forgot my Latin, history, and antiquities. I could hardly recollect whether such a people as the Romans ever existed. When I visited my father, he no longer beheld his idol, nor could the ladies recognize the gallant Jean-Jacques. Nay, I was so well convinced that M. and Mademoiselle Lamercier would scarcely recognize me as their pupil, that I endeavoured to avoid their company, and from that time I have never seen them. The vilest inclinations, the basest actions, succeeded my amiable amusements, and even obliterated the very remembrance of them. I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great propensity to degenerate, or the degradation could not have followed with so much ease and rapidity. Never did so promising a Caesar so quickly become a Laridon.

The trade itself did not displease me. I had a strong taste for drawing. There was nothing disagreeable in the calling; and, as it required no extraordinary abilities to attain perfection, I hoped to arrive at it. Perhaps I should have accomplished my design, if unreasonable restraint, added to the brutality of my master, had not rendered my business disgusting. I wasted his time, and employed myself in engraving medals, which served me and my companions as a kind of insignia for a new order of chivalry; and though this differed very little from my usual

employment, I considered it a pleasant relaxation. Unfortunately, my master caught me at this contraband labour, and a severe beating was the consequence. He reproached me at the same time with attempting to make counterfeit money, because our medals bore the arms of the Republic, though I can truly aver that I had no conception of false money, and very little of the true, knowing better how to make a Roman denarius than a Swiss sou.

My master's tyranny rendered the labour insupportable which I should otherwise have loved, and drove me to vices I naturally despised, such as falsehood, idleness, and theft. Nothing ever gave me a clearer idea of the difference between filial dependence and abject slavery, than the remembrance of the change produced in me at this period. Hitherto I had enjoyed a reasonable liberty; now I had suddenly lost it. I was impudent at home, free at M. Lambercier's, unobtrusive at my uncle's; but with my master I was afraid, and from that moment my mind was vitiated. Accustomed to live on terms of perfect equality, to be witness of no pleasures I could not command, to see no dish of which I was not to partake, or be sensible of a desire I might not express; what a transition!—at my master's I was scarcely allowed to speak, was forced to quit the table without tasting what I most longed for, and to leave the room when I had nothing particular to do there. I was incessantly confined to my work, while the liberty my master and his journeymen enjoyed served only to increase the weight of my subjection. When disputes happened to arise, though conscious that I understood the subject better than any of them, I dared not offer an opinion. In a word, everything I saw became an object of desire, for no other reason than because I was not permitted to enjoy anything. Farewell to gaiety, to ease, to those quaint witticisms which formerly even made my faults escape correction! I recollect with pleasure a circumstance that happened at my father's, which even now makes me smile. For some fault I was ordered to bed without any supper, and as I was passing through the kitchen with my

poor morsel of bread in my hand, I saw the meat turning on the spit. My father and the rest were round the fire. I was obliged, of course, to bow to every one as I passed. When I had gone through this ceremony, I looked with a wistful eye at the roast meat, which seemed so inviting, and smelt so savoury, and I could not abstain from making that a bow likewise, adding, in a pathetic tone, *good-bye, roast meat!* This unpremeditated pleasantry put them in such good humour, that I was permitted to stay, and partake of it. Perhaps the same thing might have produced a similar effect at my master's, but such a thought could never there have occurred to me, or if it had I should not have had courage to express it.

Thus I learned to covet, dissemble, lie, and, at length, to steal, a propensity I never before felt the least inclination to, though since that time I have never been able entirely to divest myself of it. Unsatisfied desire led naturally to this vice, and this is the reason why pilfering is so common among footmen and apprentices, although the latter, as they grow up, and find themselves in a position where everything is at their command, lose this shameful propensity.

A good-natured disposition will frequently, when mis-directed, lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations, it was more than a year before I could be persuaded to steal even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by weak compliance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

My master had a journeyman named Verrat, whose mother lived in the neighbourhood, and had a garden at a considerable distance from her house, which produced excellent asparagus. This Verrat, who had not too much money, took it in his head to rob his mother's garden, and by the sale of its produce to procure those indulgences he could not otherwise afford. But not being very nimble, he did not care to run the risk of a surprise. After some preliminary flattery, which I did not comprehend, he proposed that I should co-operate. At first I would not listen to the tempter; but he persisted in his solicitation, and as I could



GOOD-BYE, ROAST MEAT.

Vol. I., facing p. 30.

never resist the attacks of flattery, he at length prevailed. In accordance with his promptings, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the *Place du Molard*, where some good old women, who guessed that I had stolen it and wished to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions. This produced the desired effect, for being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being carried to Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and divided with a companion of his, for although I procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer ; and several days passed before it came into my head to rob the robber, and tithe M. Verrat's harvest. I never considered the risk I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but what I should have been still more sensible of, a hearty beating. For the miscreant, who received the whole benefit, would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring to accuse him, since being only an apprentice, I stood no chance of being believed in opposition to a journeyman. Thus, in every situation, powerful rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble.

This practice taught me that it was not so terrible to thieve as I had imagined. I took care to make this discovery turn to some account by helping myself to every thing within my reach that I conceived an inclination for. I was not absolutely ill-fed at my master's, and the temperate diet was only made painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The custom of sending young people from table precisely when those things are served up which seem most tempting, is calculated to increase their longing, and induces them to steal what they conceive to be so delicious. It may be supposed I was not backward in this particular. In general my knavery succeeded pretty well, although now and again I had the misfortune to be detected.

I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances which make me even now both smile and shudder. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which received light from the kitchen, by a lattice at a considerable height. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed up to this lattice to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made the pantry appear to me as the garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit—tried if it would reach them—it was too short. I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting, and darted at them several times without success. At length I was more fortunate, and was overjoyed to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice, and was going to seize it, when, who can express my grief and astonishment? I found it would not pass through—it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a stick to hold it with. At length, I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through. But it was scarcely separated—compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction—when both halves fell back into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage, but dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two obvious witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me. The next day I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; get up on the stool; take aim; and am just going to dart on my prey when—the pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and, looking up, exclaims, Bravo!—The horror of that moment returns—the pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous. It appeared a kind of set off against my crimes, and at the same time seemed to authorize me to continue them. Instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave, I thought I had a right to all the

vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and to be punished were inseparable, and gave myself up to a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be behindhand with his. This preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever the thought of the consequences occurred to my mind, my reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten ; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating, without being greedy. I am a sensualist, but not a glutton. I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this one can never predominate ; and unless my mind is unoccupied, which is very rarely the case, I pay but little attention to my appetite. This is why I soon grew weary of merely purloining eatables, and extended my knavery to everything I wished to possess. If I did not become a veritable thief, it was only because money never tempted me.

My master had a cupboard in the workshop, which he kept locked. This I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased, and laid his best tools, his fine drawings and prints—in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution. These thefts were so far innocent, that the trifles were always employed in his service ; but I was transported at having them in my possession, and imagined that with the tools I stole the skill to use them. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained gold and silver threads, a number of small jewels, valuable medals, and money. Yet though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful eye at these ; on the contrary, I beheld such valuables rather with terror than delight.

I am convinced that the dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and death. Had I even felt the temptation, these prospects would have made me tremble. As it was, my pilferings appeared to me a species of joke, and in truth they were little else. They could but occasion me a good thrashing,

and this I was already prepared for. A sheet of fine drawing-paper was a greater temptation than money sufficient to have purchased a ream. This strange characteristic is connected with one of the most striking singularities of my character, which has so far influenced my conduct, that it deserves a detailed explanation.

My passions are extremely violent ; while under their influence, nothing can equal my impetuosity. I am then an absolute stranger to discretion or decorum. I am rude, violent, and daring : no shame can stop, no danger intimidate me. My mind is frequently so engrossed by a single object, that beyond it the whole world is not worth a thought. I am all enthusiasm at one instant, and the next I am plunged into a state of dezpair. In my more temperate moments, I am indolent and timid, and it becomes an intolerable labour for me to say or do anything. The least trifle then alarms and even terrifies, and the very buzzing of a fly will make me shudder. At such a time I would gladly flee, were it possible, from mortal view. When obliged to exert myself, I am absolutely helpless. When forced to speak, I am at a loss for words. And if any one looks at me, I am instantly put out of countenance. If animated with a special subject, I can express my thoughts with fluency ; but in ordinary conversation I can say nothing—absolutely nothing—and I find that to be obliged to speak is well nigh unendurable.

I may add that I am not at all attracted by those pleasures which can be purchased. I love a good dinner, for example, but I cannot endure the conventionalities of society on the one hand, or the recklessness of a tavern on the other. I enjoy myself best with a friend, for alone, I am miserable. My thoughts are then so engrossed with other things that I cannot find any pleasure in eating. Again, women who can be bought have no charm for me. Without affection, my sensitive heart cannot be satisfied. And it is the same with other matters. I can only be gratified with what is spontaneous. In a word, I am fond only of those things which appeal to the cultivated taste.

I have never had a blind belief in money. To be enjoyed, it must be exchanged. And this process is frequently attended with dire inconvenience. You bargain, purchase ; you are overcharged, badly served, and often duped. I buy an egg, am assured that it is newly laid—I find that it is stale ! Fruit that I am told is ripe turns out to be absolutely green ! I love good wine, but where can I get it ? Not at my wine merchant's—he will most certainly poison me. If I insist upon being well served, what trouble and embarrassment will it give me : correspondence, commission-agents, going, coming, waiting, and in the end one finds oneself deceived ! What a trouble money is. I dislike this trouble more than I love good wine.

A thousand times, both during and since my apprenticeship, have I gone out to purchase some delicacy. I approach the pastry-cook's, perceive a woman at the counter, and imagine she is laughing at me. I pass a fruit shop, see some fine pears, of which the appearance tempts me ; but then two or three young people are near, or a man I am acquainted with is standing at the door. I take all that pass for persons I have some knowledge of, and my short-sightedness contributes to deceive me. I am everywhere timid, constrained, and with money in my pocket return empty-handed, for want of resolution to purchase what I had longed for.

I should enter into the most insipid details were I to relate the trouble, shame, repugnance, and inconvenience of all kinds which I have experienced in money transactions, whether in my own person or through the agency of others. As I proceed, the reader will get acquainted with my disposition, and perceive all this without my troubling him with particulars.

This once comprehended, one of my apparent contradictions will be easily accounted for, and the most sordid avarice reconciled with the greatest contempt for money. It is an article which I consider of so little value, that, when destitute of it, I am never ambitious to acquire any ; and when I have some, I keep it by me, for want of knowing how to dispose of it satisfactorily ; but let an agreeable and con-

venient opportunity present itself, and I empty my purse all too readily. Not that I would have the reader imagine that I am extravagant from ostentatious motives: quite the reverse. What I expend I disburse secretly, and always find pleasure in the act. I so well perceive that money is not a thing which I require, that I am almost ashamed of having any, and still more of spending it.

Had I but possessed a moderate independence, I am convinced that I should have had no propensity to become avaricious. I should have cheerfully lived up to my income; and required no more, but my uncertain position has constantly and necessarily kept me in fear. I love liberty, and I loathe constraint, dependence, and all kindred annoyances. As long as my purse contains money, it secures independence, and exempts me from the trouble of seeking other money, a trouble of which I have always had a perfect horror. And the dread of seeing the end of my independence makes me proportionately unwilling to part with money. The money which we possess is the instrument of liberty; that which we lack and strive to obtain is but a badge of servitude. Hence it is that I hold fast to what I have, and yet covet nothing more.

My disinterestedness, then, is in reality only idleness. The pleasure of possessing is not, in my estimation, worth the trouble of acquiring; and my dissipation is only a form of indolence. When one has an opportunity of spending one's money agreeably, one should not hesitate to avail oneself of it. I am less tempted by money than by anything else, because between the moment of possessing the money and that of using it to obtain what one wants there is always an interval, however slight; whereas with other things, to possess is to enjoy. I see something, and it tempts me; but if I see not the thing itself, but only the means of acquiring it, I am not tempted. Therefore it is that I have been a pilferer, and am so even now, in the way of mere trifles to which I take a fancy, and which I find it easier to take than to ask for. But I have never in my life, so far as I can recollect, taken a single sou from any one,

except about fifteen years ago, when I stole about seven francs. The story is worth relating, as it exhibits a combination of ignorance and stupidity which I should scarcely credit, did it relate to any one but myself.

It was in Paris : I was walking with M. de Francueil at the Palais Royal. He pulled out his watch, looked at it, and suggested that we should go to the opera. I agreed. We went together. He took two tickets, gave me one, and entered himself with the other. I followed, but found the door crowded, and, looking in, saw every one standing. Judging, therefore, that M. de Francueil might suppose me concealed by the company, I went out, asked for my ticket, and, getting the money returned, left the house, without considering that by the time I had reached the door every one would be seated, and M. de Francueil might readily perceive I was not there.

As nothing can be more opposed to my natural inclination than this abominable meanness, I note it to show that there are moments of delirium when men ought not to be judged by their actions. This was not precisely stealing the money, it was rather stealing the use of it, and yet my conduct was the more infamous because I lacked the excuse of a temptation.

I should never finish these details were I to describe all the stages by which I passed during my apprenticeship, from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a villain. Though I entered into most of the vices of my situation, I had no relish for its pleasures. The amusements of my companions were uncongenial ; and when too much restraint had made my occupation wearisome, I had nothing to amuse me. This kindled once again my taste for reading, which had long been neglected. I thus committed a fresh offence ; books made me neglect my work, and brought on additional punishment. And then, irritated by opposition, the taste became a passion. La Tribu, the proprietor of a well-known lending library, furnished me with volumes of all kinds. Good or bad, I perused them with avidity, and without discrimination.

I read at my meals, I read while running on errands, I read in the closet, and was lost there for whole hours at a time. My head was turned with reading. I did nothing but read. My master watched me, discovered my new interest, thrashed me, and took away my books. They were torn, burnt, and thrown out of window. What a lot of odd volumes must have remained with Madame La Tribu ! When I had no more money, I gave her my shirts, my neckties, my clothes. My weekly allowance of three sous was, of course, carried to her regularly every Sunday.

It will be said, that at length money became necessary. True. But this happened at a time when a taste for study had deprived me both of resolution and activity. Totally occupied by my new inclination, I only wished to read : I robbed no longer. This is another of my characteristics. The merest trifle fascinates and attracts me, to the neglect of all previous desires. Everything else is forgotten. I think only of the new delight. This now was reading. My heart was consumed with impatience to turn over the pages of the new book I carried in my pocket. I drew it out the moment I was alone, and then thought no more of ransacking my master's cabinet. ~~I was even ashamed to think that I had ever been guilty of theft, while, at the same time, I had now acquired a more extravagant taste.~~ Madame La Tribu gave me credit, and when once I had the book in my possession, I thought no more of the trifle I was to pay for it. As quickly as it came, my money passed to this woman ; and when she chanced to be pressing, nothing was so conveniently at hand as my own clothes. To steal in advance required more foresight than I possessed ; and I never felt any temptation to rob in order to pay my debts.

By reason of quarrels, blows, ill-advised and secret reading, my temper became wild and passionate, my mind disordered, and to every one I appeared as a disagreeable, churlish fellow. Meanwhile, if my taste had not preserved me from dull and insipid books, I was a stranger to obscene or licentious ones. Not that Madame La Tribu, accommo-

dating lady, made any scruple of lending these ! On the contrary, to enhance their worth, she spoke of them with an air of mystery. This produced an effect she had not foreseen, for both shame and disgust made me constantly refuse them. Chance so well seconded my bashful disposition, that I was past the age of thirty before I saw any of those dangerous books which one reads only in secret and with some measure of misgiving.

In less than a year I had exhausted Madame La Tribu's scanty library, and was unhappy for want of further amusement. My reading, though frequently ill-chosen, had worn off any childish follies, and brought back my heart to nobler sentiments than my condition could have inspired. In the meantime disgusted with all within my reach, and thinking everything charming that was out of it, my present situation appeared extremely miserable. My passions began to acquire strength ; I felt their influence without knowing what was involved in the possession of them. Sometimes, indeed, I thought of my former follies, but I retained my innocence.

At this time my imagination took a turn which helped to calm my new-born sensuousness. I grew to cherish and to continually recall my favourite situations in the books I had read, and to apply them to myself in such a manner as to become one of the personages my recollection presented. In a word, by contriving to place myself in these imaginary situations, I succeeded in becoming oblivious to my real one. This inclination to day-dreams, and the ease with which I constructed castles in the air, tended to disgust me with my surroundings and to determine that taste for solitude which has always remained with me. More than once in the future will be seen the fatal results of this disposition, so misanthropic and melancholy in appearance, but which was really the outcome of a heart too sensitive, too tender—a heart which for lack of the companionship of kindred souls is compelled to imagine their existence. For the present it suffices to have traced the origin of an inclination which has moderated all my passions, and left me

self-contained, though indolently longing for I know not what.

Thus I attained my sixteenth year, disgusted and discontented with myself and my surroundings, too dissatisfied with my position to be able to enjoy the pleasures of youth. Consumed with desires which I could not comprehend, I wept without cause for tears, sighed for I knew not what, and brooded over my dreams from very ignorance of their worthlessness. On Sundays, after service, my companions called for me, wishing me to share their diversions. I would willingly have escaped, but when once engaged in amusement, I was the most animated and enterprising of the party. It was equally difficult to excite as to restrain me, and this has always been a trait in my character. In our country walks I was ever foremost, and never thought of returning till reminded by some of my companions. I was twice obliged to spend the night in the open air, the city gates having been shut before I could reach them. The reader may imagine what treatment this procured me the following morning; and the second time I was promised so rough a reception for the third offence, that I made a firm resolution never to expose myself to the danger of it. This distressing third time, however, arrived. My vigilance was rendered useless by a vile captain, one Minutoli, who, when on guard, always shut the gate an hour before the usual time. I was returning home with my two companions, and had got within almost a mile of the city, when I heard the sound of the tattoo. I redoubled my pace, and ran with my utmost speed. I heard the drum. My limbs shook under me. Well-nigh stifled, soaked with perspiration, and with heart beating quickly, I saw from afar the soldiers at their post. I called out to them in a suffocated voice. It was too late. When but twenty paces from the guard, I saw the first bridge drawn up. I trembled to behold what was practically an angury of the fatal destiny which was from this moment to pursue me.

I threw myself on the turf in a paroxysm of despair. My

companions, who only laughed at their misfortune, immediately determined what to do. My resolution, though different from theirs, was equally sudden. I vowed on the spot never to return to my master. And the next morning, when they entered the city, I bade them adieu, begging them at the same time to inform my cousin Bernard of my determination, and of the place where he might see me for the last time.

From the beginning of my apprenticeship we had been much separated. At first, indeed, we saw one another on Sunday, but each insensibly acquired different tastes, and our meetings were less frequent. I am persuaded that his mother contributed greatly towards this change. She wished him to consider himself as a person of consequence—me as a wretched apprentice. I was only a child of St. Gervais. In spite of our relationship, we were not to consider ourselves as equals, and he degraded himself by frequenting my company. But our friendship did not cease all at once. As he was naturally a good-hearted youth, his mother's lessons did not take an immediate effect, and he followed sometimes the inclinations of his heart.

Having learned my resolution, he hastened to the spot I had appointed, not, however to dissuade me from my purpose, but to render my flight agreeable by some trifling presents, as my own resources would not have carried me far. He gave me, among other things, a small sword, of which I was very proud, and which I took with me as far as Turin, where absolute want compelled me to dispose of it. The more I reflect on his behaviour at this critical moment, the more I am persuaded that he followed the instructions of his mother, and perhaps of his father. For it is scarcely possible but that, had he been left to his own feelings, he would have endeavoured to retain, or even have been tempted to accompany me. Far from doing this, he encouraged the design; and when he saw me resolutely determined to pursue it, he left me to my fate, without seeming much affected. We have never seen or written to one another since. This is a pity, as his was a character

essentially good, and we seemed formed for a more lasting friendship.

Before I set forth in detail my unfortunate career, let me contemplate for a moment the prospect that might have awaited me had I fallen into the hands of a better master. Nothing would have been more to my taste, or more likely to have conferred happiness upon me, than the peaceful and obscure lot of a good artificer, in so respectable a calling as engraving is considered at Geneva. I could have obtained an easy subsistence, if not a fortune. This would have bounded my ambition for the rest of my days. I should have had means to indulge in moderate tastes, and should have been contented in my sphere, without meeting with any temptation to go beyond it. With an imagination sufficiently fertile to keep alive illusions in any state of life, and sufficiently powerful to transport me in my dreams from one place to another, it was immaterial in which I was fixed. It was so short a distance from my immediate surroundings to my beautiful castle in the air. That state was best adapted for me, which, requiring the least care or exertion, left my mind most at liberty. In my native country, in the sanctity of my religion, family, and friends, I should have passed a calm and peaceful life, with a pleasant occupation, and in a society dear to my heart. I should have been a good Christian, a good citizen, a good father, a good friend, a good workman, a good man in all things. I should have loved my condition, and perhaps have done honour to it. After having passed a life of happy obscurity, I should have died at peace, surrounded by my family. Doubtless I should soon have been forgotten, but while remembered, it would have been with tenderness and regret.

Instead of this—what a picture am I about to draw! Ah! why should I anticipate the miseries of my life? I shall occupy my readers too much with this melancholy subject.

BOOK II.

ANNECY—TURIN.

ALTHOUGH the moment in which fear had suggested to me the project of flight appeared a terrible one, that wherein I put my design in execution appeared delightful. To leave my country, my relatives, all that I possessed, while yet a child ; to abandon my apprenticeship before I had sufficiently mastered the trade to make a living by it ; to run upon inevitable misery and danger ; to expose myself, still so young and innocent, to all the temptations of vice and despair ; to set out in search of errors, misfortunes, snares, slavery, and death ; to endure more intolerable evils than those I meant to shun—such was the picture I should have drawn as the natural outcome of my hazardous enterprise. How different was the idea I entertained of it ! The independence which I seemed to possess was my sole thought. Having obtained my liberty, I thought everything else attainable. I fancied myself soaring aloft as if with wings. I entered with confidence into the vast world, which my merit was to captivate. At every step I expected to find amusements, treasures, and adventures, friends ready to serve, and mistresses eager to please me. I had but to show myself, and the whole universe would be interested in my concerns. No, not the entire world—I could be content with much less than this. A charming society would satisfy me. More would have been an embarrassment. My moderation was such, that the sphere in which I proposed to shine was to be a rather narrow one, but then it was to possess the most exquisite enjoyment, and I was to reign supreme. A single castle was the limit of my ambition. I was to be the favourite of the lord and lady, the lover of their daughter, the friend of their son, the protector of their neighbours. I was content. Nothing beyond this was necessary to me.

While waiting for this modest fortune, I passed a few

days in the neighbourhood of the city, lodging with some country people of my acquaintance, who received me with more kindness than I should have met with from townsfolk. They welcomed me, and cheerfully gave me food and lodging. I could not feel that I was living on charity; their generosity was so entirely free from any affectation of superiority.

After this I rambled away till I reached Confignon, in Savoy, about six miles from Geneva. The vicar was a M. de Pontverre. This name, so famous in the history of the Genevan Republic, attracted my attention. I was curious to see what a descendant of one of the noblemen of the Spoon was like. I went, therefore, to visit this M. de Pontverre.

Hereceived me kindly, talked to me of the heresy of Geneva, declaimed on the authority of the Catholic Church, and then invited me to dinner. I could find little to reply to arguments which had so desirable a conclusion, and was inclined to believe that priests who gave such excellent dinners might be as good as our pastors. Notwithstanding M. de Pontverre's ancestry, I certainly possessed more learning than he. But I rather sought to be a good companion than an expert theologian; and his Frangi wine, which I thought excellent, argued so powerfully on his side, that I should have blushed could I have silenced so kind a host. I therefore yielded him the victory, or rather declined the contest. Any one who had observed my tactics would certainly have pronounced me to be a dissembler, though in fact I was merely a courteous guest.

Flattery, or rather conciliation, is not always a vice. It is more often a virtue, and especially with young people. It is natural to feel an attachment for the individual who treats one with kindness. If I agreed with all the priest said, it was not because I was false, but because I did not wish to appear ungrateful, and did not wish to hurt his feelings. What interest had M. de Pontverre in entertaining me, and treating me well, and wishing to convince me? It was all for my own good. My young heart told me this, and I was touched with gratitude and respect for the excel

lent priest. I felt that I was his superior in argumentative power, but did not wish to overwhelm him as the reward of his hospitality.

In this forbearance I was not hypocritical, nor had I any thought of changing my religion. Indeed, I had so little idea of such a thing, that I looked on the very suggestion with horror. I only desired to avoid giving offence to one who, I was sensible, caressed me with an eye to my conversion. I wished to cultivate his good opinion, and in the meantime to leave him some hope of success by seeming less on my guard than I really was. My conduct in this particular resembled the coquetry of some very honest women, who to obtain their wishes without permitting or promising anything, sometimes encourage hopes they never mean to gratify.

Reason, piety, and love of order, certainly demanded that instead of being encouraged in my folly, I should have been dissuaded from the ruin I was inviting, and sent back to my family. And this course would have been pursued by any man who possessed genuine virtue. But although M. de Pontverre was a pious man, he was not a virtuous one. On the contrary, he was a devotee whose religious ideal was confined to the adoration of images and to telling his beads. In a word, he was an ardent proselytizer, who could imagine nothing better for the good of his faith than to write libels against the ministers of Geneva. Far from wishing to send me back, he endeavoured in every way to assist my escape, and even to put it out of my power to return, had I been so disposed. There was every probability that he was sending me to perish with hunger, or driving me to the life of a vagabond. What was that to him? He saw a soul snatched from heresy, and restored to the Church. Honest man or knave, little did it matter so long as I went to mass. Pray do not let it be thought that this standpoint is peculiar to the Catholics: it is the way with all religious dogmatists. They think more of belief than of conduct.

"You are called of God," said M. de Pontverre; "to go to Ancey, where you will find a good and charitable lady,

whom the bounty of the king enables to turn souls from those errors she has happily renounced." He spoke of a Madame de Warens, a new convert, to whom the priests contrived to send such wretches as were disposed to sell their faith, and with these she was in a manner constrained to share the pension of two thousand francs which had been bestowed on her by the King of Sardinia. I felt humiliated at the idea that I needed the charity of any good woman. I liked the idea of having everything provided for me, but did not care that it should be called charity ; and a devotee, moreover, was not in my eyes a very attractive person. Enticed, however, by the persuasions of M. de Pontverre, by the dread of hunger, and by the anticipations of pleasure on the journey, I set out for Annecy. (I could easily have reached it in a day, but did not hurry, and took three. So filled was my mind with a sense of the adventures that awaited me that I never saw a castle to the right or to the left, without hoping that within might be found my romantic destiny. And yet I was too timid to knock at a door or to enter when I saw one open. But I sang under those windows which seemed inviting, and was disappointed to find that I wasted my breath. No fine lady or beautiful girl, attracted by the sweetness of my voice, or by the sparkle of my songs, appeared to do me honour, and this although I flattered myself that they were admirably rendered. At length I arrived at Annecy, and saw Madame de Warens.)

As this period of my life in a great measure determined my character, I cannot pass it lightly over. I was in the middle of my sixteenth year. Without being what one would call a good-looking youth, I was well made for my size. I had a good foot, a well-turned leg, an animated countenance. My mouth was well proportioned, my hair and eyebrows were black ; and my eyes, though small and rather too far in my head, sparkled with vivacity, and darted forth that innate fire which inflamed my blood. Unfortunately, I knew nothing of all this, never having bestowed a single thought on my person till it was too late to be of any service to me. The timidity peculiar to my age was

heightened by a kind-heartedness which made me dread the idea of giving pain. Though my mind had received some cultivation, I had seen nothing of the world, and was sadly wanting in manners. Moreover, my mental acquisitions, so far from supplying this defect, only served to increase my embarrassment by making me sensible of my deficiencies.

Fearing that a first sight of me would not be favourable, I had recourse to other expedients. I wrote a most beautiful letter, in which, mingling all the flowers of rhetoric which I had borrowed from books with the phrases of an apprentice, I endeavoured to arrest the attention and ensure the good-will of Madame de Warens. I enclosed M. de Pontverre's letter in mine, and waited on the lady with a palpitating heart. I was informed that she had that moment gone to church. It was Palm Sunday in the year 1728. I hastened after her, overtook and spoke to her—I ought to remember the place: often have I moistened it with my tears and covered it with kisses. Why cannot I enclose with a golden fence the happy spot, and render it the object of universal veneration! Whoever wished to honour a monument of human salvation, would approach it only on his knees.

It was a passage at the back of the house, bordered on the right hand by a little rivulet which separated it from the garden, and on the left by the wall of the court. At the end was a private door, which opened into the Grey Friars' Church. Madame de Warens was about to enter this door, but on hearing my voice instantly turned round. What an effect did the sight of her produce! I expected to see a forbidding old devotee—M. de Pontverre's pious and worthy lady could be no other in my conception—instead of which I beheld a charming face, fine blue eyes full of sweetness, a complexion of which the whiteness dazzled my sight, the outline of an enchanting neck. Nothing escaped the eager eye of the young proselyte; from that instant I was her slave! A religion preached by such an apostle *must* lead to Paradise!

My letter was presented with a trembling hand. She

took it with a smile—opened it, glanced an eye over M. de Pontverre's, and again returned to mine, which she read through, and would have read again, had not her footman at that instant informed her that service was beginning. "Ah, my child," she said, in a tone of voice which made every nerve vibrate, "you are wandering about at an early age—it is very sad!" Then, without waiting for an answer, she added, "Go to my house, and bid them give you something for breakfast; after mass I will speak with you."

Louisa-Eleonora de Warens was of the noble and ancient family of La Tour de Pil, of Vevay, a city in the Vaudois country. She was married when very young to a M. de Warens, of the house of Loys, eldest son of M. de Villardin, of Lausanne. There were no children by the marriage, which was far from being a happy one. Some domestic dispute made Madame de Warens take the resolution of crossing the Lake, and of throwing herself at the feet of King Victor Amadeus, who was then at Evian. Thus she abandoned her husband, family, and country with a thoughtlessness similar to mine, and which in the same manner she had come to regret.

The king, who was fond of appearing a zealous promoter of the Catholic faith, took her under his protection, and granted her a pension of fifteen hundred livres, which was much for a prince who never had the character of being generous. But finding that his liberality made some people conjecture that he had an affection for the lady, he sent her to Annecy, escorted by a detachment of his guards, where, under the direction of Michael Gabriel de Bernex, titular Bishop of Geneva, she abjured her former religion at the Convent of the Visitation.

I came to Annecy just six years after this event. Madame de Warens was then eight-and-twenty, having been born with the century. Her beauty, which was of a kind which endures, pertaining rather to the expression than to the features, was at its height. Her manner was soothing and tender, and an angelic smile played about her small and delicate mouth. She wore her hair, which was ash-

coloured and uncommonly beautiful, with an air of negligence that made her appear still more interesting. She was short, and rather stout for her height, though by no means disagreeably so. Indeed, there could not be a more lovely face, a finer neck, or hands and arms more exquisitely formed.

Her education had been very varied. Like me, she had lost her mother at her birth, and had received such instruction as chanced to present itself. She had learned something from her governors, something from her father, a little from her masters, but much from her lovers, particularly from a M. de Tavel, who, possessing both knowledge and taste, endeavoured to adorn with them the mind of her he loved. But such a variety of instruction was somewhat self-destructive, and Madame de Warens did not acquire that degree of improvement which her natural good sense was capable of receiving. She knew something of philosophy and physics, but not enough to eradicate the fondness she had imbibed from her father for quackery and alchemy ; she made elixirs, tinctures, balsams, and pretended to magic. Charlatans, profiting by her weakness, imposed upon her. Amid furnaces and drugs she dissipated those charms and accomplishments which might have been the delight of the best society.

But though these interested wretches took advantage of her badly directed education to obscure her natural good sense, her excellent heart retained its purity. She possessed a sweet and loving character, and was always thoughtful for the unfortunate. Her inexhaustible bounty and cheerful frankness never lessened. Even at the approach of old age, when attacked by various calamities, rendered more trying by poverty, the serenity of her disposition enabled her to preserve to the end of life the pleasing gaiety of happier days.

Her errors proceeded from an inexhaustible fund of activity, which demanded continual employment. She found no satisfaction in the customary intrigues of her sex. She wished to direct important enterprises. In her place, Madame de Longueville would have been a mere trifler. In the place of Madame de Longueville, she would have

governed the State. Her talents did not accord with her fortune ; and that which would have gained her distinction in a more elevated sphere, became her ruin. In the enterprises which came to her, she arranged the plan in imagination, and conceived of something enormous, but the means which she employed being proportioned rather to her ideas than to her abilities, she failed by the mismanagement of those on whom she depended, and was ruined where another would have lost nothing. This active disposition, which involved her in so many difficulties, was at least productive of one benefit, as it prevented her from passing the remainder of her life, as she had at first contemplated, in the monastic asylum she had chosen. The simple and uniform life of a nun, with its little cabals and gossipings, was not suited to a mind so vigorous and active, and which, forming new projects every day, had need of liberty in order to carry them out.

The good Bishop of Bernex, with fewer gifts than François de Sales, resembled him in many particulars, and Madame de Warens, whom he loved to call his daughter, and who was also in some respects like Madame de Chantal, might have increased the resemblance by retiring, like her, from the world, had she not been disgusted with the idle life of a convent. It was not want of zeal which prevented this amiable woman from giving those proofs of devotion which might have been expected from a new convert living under the immediate direction of a prelate. Whatever may have influenced her to change her religion, she was certainly sincere in that which she had embraced. She might have found sufficient occasion to repent having abjured her former faith, but she had no inclination to return to it. She not only died a good Catholic, but truly lived one ; nay, I dare affirm, and I think I could read the secrets of her heart, that it was only her aversion to appearing singular which prevented her from acting the devotee in public. In a word, her piety was too sincere to permit of any appearance of affectation. But this is not the place to dwell on her goodness. I shall find other occasions to speak of it.

Let those who deny the existence of affinity of soul explain, if they can, why the first glance, the first word of Madame de Warens inspired me, not only with a lively attachment, but with the most unbounded confidence, which has since known no abatement. Say that it was love, which will at least appear doubtful to those who follow the history of our attachment, how could this passion be attended with sentiments which at first scarcely ever accompany it—peace, serenity, security, and confidence? How was it that in approaching for the first time an amiable and accomplished woman, whose station in life was so superior to mine, and so far above any I had yet approached, one on whom, in a great measure, depended my future fortune—how, I say, with so many reasons to depress me, did I feel myself as free, as much at my ease, as if I had been perfectly secure of pleasing her? Why did I not experience a moment of embarrassment, timidity, or restraint? Naturally bashful and easily confused, having seen nothing of the world, how could I, the first moment I beheld her, adopt affectionate language, and a familiar tone, as readily as when ten years of intimacy had rendered such freedom natural? Is it possible to love, I will not say without desire, for this was ever with me, but without inquietude, without jealousy? Can one avoid an anxious wish at least to know whether one's affection is returned? Yet such a question never entered my head; I should as soon have asked if I were in love with myself. Nor did she ever express a greater degree of curiosity. There was certainly something extraordinary in my attachment to this charming woman, and it will be found in the sequel that some extravagances, which could not have been foreseen, attended it.

The question now was, what was to be done with me? And in order to discuss the point with greater freedom, she made me dine with her. This was the first meal in my life at which I had experienced a want of appetite; and her waiting-woman observed that it was the first time she had seen a traveller of my age and appearance deficient in this particular. This remark, which did me no injury in the

opinion of her mistress, fell hard on an overgrown clown, who was dining with us, and who devoured sufficient for six ordinary persons. For me, I was too much enchanted to think of eating. My heart was filled with a new sensation, which absorbed all my being, and left no room for other objects.

Madame de Warens wished to hear the particulars of my little history. All the vivacity I had lost during my servitude returned and assisted the recital. The deeper the interest this excellent woman took in my story, the more she lamented the fate to which I had exposed myself. Compassion was depicted in her every gesture. She dare not exhort me to return to Geneva, being too well aware that her words and actions were strictly scrutinized, and that such advice would be thought high treason against Catholicism. But she spoke so feelingly of the affliction I must give my father, that it was easy to perceive she would have approved my returning to console him. She little thought how powerfully this pleaded against herself. The more eloquently persuasive she appeared, the less could I resolve to tear myself from her. I felt that to return to Geneva would be to place an insurmountable barrier between us, unless indeed I repeated the expedient which had brought me here, and it was certainly better to hold on to my present advantage. I was resolved not to return. Madame de Warens, seeing her endeavours were fruitless, became less importunate. But in a tone of pity, she said, "Poor child! go where God calls thee, but when thou art great, remember me." I believe she had no conception at the time in what manner her prediction would be accomplished.

The difficulty still remained as before. How could one so young subsist away from home? Hardly half through my apprenticeship, I was far from knowing my trade; and had I been more expert, I could not have made a living by it in Savoy—a country too poor to encourage the arts. The clown who had dined with us, compelled to make a pause to rest his jaws, gave some advice, which, he said, came from heaven, but which, judging by its consequences, certainly came from

the other place. This was to the effect that I should go to Turin, where, in an hospice instituted for the instruction of catechumens, I should find both temporal and spiritual food, and after being received into the bosom of the Church, should be sure to meet with some worthy people, who would procure a place for me. So far as concern the expenses of the journey, continued the brute, his Grace the Bishop will not fail, if Madame proposes this holy work, to provide of his charity, and the generous Baroness is also certain to contribute—and he turned once more to his plate.

I was by no means pleased with all these charities. I said nothing, but my heart was ready to burst with vexation. Madame de Warens, who did not seem to think so highly of this expedient as its originator professed to do, contented herself by saying that every one should endeavour to do good, and that she would speak of it to Monseigneur. But the meddling devil, who had some private interest in the affair, and was doubtful whether she would urge it satisfactorily, took care to acquaint the almoners with my story, and so far influenced these good priests, that when Madame de Warens, who feared the adventure for me, mentioned it to the Bishop, she found it so far arranged, that he immediately put into her hands the money designed for my journey. She dared not insist upon my remaining. I was approaching an age when a woman in her position could not, with any propriety, retain me near her.

My departure being thus determined by those who had undertaken the management of my concerns, I could only submit; and I did so without much regret. Although Turin was at a greater distance from Madame de Warens than Geneva, yet being the capital of the country I was now in, it seemed to have more connection with Annecy than a city under a different government and of a contrary religion. Besides, as I undertook this journey in obedience to her, I considered myself as living under her control, which was almost as good as being near her. Finally, the idea of a long journey was in accord with the passion for rambling, which already began to show itself to me. It seemed grand to cross the moun-

tains at my age, and to raise myself above my former companions by the whole height of the Alps ! To see the world is an almost irresistible temptation to a Genevese. So I gave my consent. L

The rustic was to set off in two days with his wife. I was recommended to their care, and my purse also, which had been augmented by Madame de Warens, was placed in their charge. The kind lady secretly added some more money and abundant instructions, and we set out on the Wednesday of Passion week.

The day following, my father arrived at Annecy, accompanied by his friend, a M. Rival, who was likewise a watch-maker. The latter was a man of sense and letters, who wrote better verses than La Motte, and spoke almost as well. What is still more to his praise, he was a man of the severest virtue. His taste for literature, however, only served to make one of his sons a comedian.

Having traced me to the house of Madame de Warens, they contented themselves with lamenting my fate with her, instead of following and overtaking me, which, as they were on horseback and I on foot, they might have accomplished with the greatest ease. My uncle Bernard acted in the same way. He arrived at Confignon ; received information that I had gone to Annecy ; and immediately returned to Geneva. Thus my nearest relations seemed to have conspired with my unlucky star to consign me to my fate. By a similar negligence, my brother was so entirely lost, that it was never known what had become of him.

My father was not only a man of honour, but of the strictest integrity. He had one of those noble souls which frequently make for real greatness. What is more, he was a good father. He loved me dearly, but he also loved his pleasures ; and since we had been separated, other associations had weakened his fatherly affection. He had married again at Nyon, and although his second wife was too old to give me brothers, she had relatives. Thus surrounded by another family, with other objects, I faded somewhat from my father's remembrance.

He was in the decline of life, and had nothing to support him in his old age. My mother's property came to me and to my brother, but in case of our absence the interest of it was to be enjoyed by my father. I do not mean to suggest that this consideration had an immediate effect upon his conduct, but it had an unconscious one, and it prevented him from displaying as much zeal to regain me as he would otherwise have done. This was, I think, why, having traced me as far as Annecy, he stopped short, without proceeding to Chambery, where he was almost certain to have caught me up. This also accounts for the fact that, in my several visits to him after my flight, he always received me with great kindness, but never made any effort to retain me.

Such conduct in a father, of whose affection and virtue I am well convinced, has given birth to reflections on the regulation of my own conduct, which have greatly contributed to preserve the integrity of my heart. It has taught me this great moral maxim, perhaps the only one which I have consistently put into practice, that we should, as far as possible, carefully avoid letting our interest be placed in antagonism to our duty, or anticipating happiness from the misfortunes of others. It is almost certain that in such circumstances, however sincere our love of virtue, we shall sooner or later give way, and imperceptibly become unjust and wicked in act, however upright in intention.

This maxim, strongly impressed on my mind, and reduced, though somewhat tardily, to practice, has given my conduct an appearance of folly and eccentricity, not only in public, but among my acquaintances. It may be said that I have affected originality, and have sought to act differently from other people. The truth is, I have neither endeavoured to conform to custom nor to be singular. I have only desired to do what was right, and to avoid situations in which, by setting my interest in opposition to that of another, I might be inspired with a secret, though involuntary, wish to his disadvantage.

Two years ago the Lord Marshal wished to put me in his

will. I opposed this strongly, assuring him that I would not for the world be knowingly remembered in the will of any one, least of all in his. He gave up the idea; but insisted, in return, that I should accept an annuity during his life. To this I consented. It will be said that the change was to my advantage. Perhaps it was so. But oh, my benefactor, my more than father, I now know that should I have the misfortune to survive you, I shall have everything to lose, nothing to gain!

This is to my mind the truest philosophy, and the most adapted to human needs, and in one way or another I have endeavoured to further it in all my later writings. Every day I recognize more and more its real advantage. But the frivolous public has scarcely remarked it. If I survive my present undertaking, and am able to carry out another, I intend, in a continuation of "Emile," to give the world so charming and striking an illustration of this maxim, that my readers will be compelled to listen. But for a traveller, I have made too many digressions. It is time to continue my journey.

It turned out to be more agreeable than I had expected. My clownish guide was not so morose as he had at first appeared. He was a middle-aged man, wore his black, grisly hair in a queue, had a martial air, a strong voice, was tolerably cheerful, and as if to make up for his not having been taught any trade, he could turn his hand to every one of them. He had proposed, I believe, to establish some kind of business at Annecy, and he had consulted Madame de Warens about it. She immediately agreed to the proposal, and he was now going to Turin to lay his plan before the authorities, and, if possible, to obtain their consent, and he took care to be well rewarded for his journey.

The man seemed to have the art of ingratiating himself with the priests, whom he ever appeared eager to serve. He adopted a certain tone, which he had learned by frequenting their company, and he thought himself a capital preacher. He could even quote one passage from the Bible in Latin, and it answered his purpose as well as if he had known a thou-

sand, for he continually repeated it. He was rarely at a loss for money when he knew what purse contained it. Yet he was rather adroit than knavish, and when uttering in an affected tone his absurd discourses, he resembled Peter the Hermit, preaching the crusade.

Madame Sabran, his wife, was a tolerably good sort of woman, more peaceable by day than by night. As I slept in the same chamber, I was frequently disturbed by her noisy wakefulness, and should have been more so had I understood the cause of it. But I had no idea on the subject, and, indeed, was in that stage of stupidity and ignorance from which nature at a later date was to relieve me.

I went on gaily with my pious guide and his brisk companion. No accident impeded our journey. I was in the happiest state of mind and body that I had ever experienced. Young, strong, healthy, full of confidence in myself and others, I was in that short but precious period of life when all my being was expanding, when new sensations were continually arising, and when existence seemed to be furnished with a fresh charm. My restless soul was rendered less perturbed by the new object which had fired my imagination. I regarded myself as the creation, the pupil, the friend, almost the lover of Madame de Warens. The kind things she had said, the caresses she had bestowed on me ; the tender interest which she seemed to take in me ; her sweet face, which seemed to beam upon me with love, because it inspired it—everything contributed to support me on my journey, and to give me delicious dreams. No fear or doubt as to my future arose to disturb these dreams. When I was sent to Turin, I thought that there was an undertaking to find an agreeable means of livelihood for me there. I had no further care for myself. My wants were the concern of others. Thus I passed lightly on, while young desires, enchanting hopes, and brilliant prospects occupied my mind. Every object that presented itself seemed a guarantee of my approaching felicity. Every house seemed to be filled with joyous festivity, the meadows to resound with sports and revelry, the rivers to offer refresh-

ing baths, and their banks delightful walks ! The trees I thought of as loaded with the choicest fruits, while their shade offered the most charming retreat to happy lovers ! In crossing the mountains I saw abundance on all hands, while peace and leisure, simplicity, joy, and perfect freedom were supreme. Everything I saw carried to my heart some new cause for rapture. The grandeur, variety, and rare beauty of the scene rendered the charm and illusion in some measure reasonable, although vanity, no doubt, played its part. To go so young to Italy, to have already seen so large an extent of country, to have followed Hannibal over the Alps, appeared a glory beyond my years. Add to all this our frequent and agreeable halts, a good appetite and plenty to satisfy it ; for in truth it was not worth while to be sparing, considering that, as compared with M. Sabran's appetite, mine was a mere trifle. ✓

✓ In the whole course of my life I cannot recollect an interval more perfectly exempt from care than the seven or eight days which we took on this journey. As we were obliged to walk Madame Sabran's pace, it rather appeared an agreeable stroll than a fatiguing journey. There still remain the most pleasing impressions of it on my mind ; and the idea of a pedestrian excursion, particularly among the mountains, has from that time seemed delightful. Only in my happiest days have I travelled on foot. Later on, occupied with business and encumbered with baggage, I have been forced to act the gentleman, and employ a carriage. Since then, care, embarrassment, and restraint have been my companions ; and instead of deriving satisfaction from the journey, I have wished only to arrive at my destination. When in Paris, I tried for a long time to meet with two companions of like tastes, who would each agree to devote fifty guineas of his property and a year of his time to making the tour of Italy on foot, with no other attendance than a young fellow to carry our knapsacks. Many seemed enchanted with the project, but considered it only as a visionary scheme, which served well enough to talk about, so long as we did not attempt to convert it into

action. I remember speaking one day with enthusiasm of this project to Diderot and Grimm, and they seemed to catch the contagion. I thought the matter almost settled. But it simply reduced itself to a desire to imagine such a journey on paper, and Grimm derived great satisfaction from conceiving of Diderot as committing a number of impieties, and my being seized upon by the Inquisition in mistake for him.

My regret at arriving so soon at Turin was atoned for by the pleasure of seeing so great a city, and by the hope of figuring there as a prominent personage, for my brain already began to be intoxicated with the fumes of ambition. Already I regarded myself as much above my old position of an apprentice, and I was far from foreseeing how soon I should be much below it.

Before going further, I ought to offer an excuse or justification to my reader for giving so great a number of minute details, which can have no interest in his eyes. But in order to carry out my undertaking, and to show myself undisguisedly to the public, it is desirable that I should not conceal the slightest detail. It is necessary that I should keep myself continually to the front, and that the reader should be able to follow me into every experience of my life. Not one single incident shall fail, not one gap in the narrative, such as should give rise to the inquiry: "What were you doing at *that* time." I give sufficient scope for harsh judgment by my story, without giving any by my silence.

I had spent all my money, even that which I had secretly received from Madame de Warens. I had been so indiscreet as to chatter about the possession of this reserve store, and my guides had taken care to profit by it. Madame Sabran found means to deprive me even of a little ribbon embroidered with silver, with which Madame de Warens adorned the hilt of my sword. This I regretted more than all the rest; indeed, the sword itself would have gone the same way, had I been less obstinately bent on retaining it. They had, it is true, supported me during the journey, but

they left me nothing at the end of it. I arrived at Turin without money, clothes, or linen, and was thus left in a situation to owe to my merit alone the whole honour of the fortune which I was about to acquire.

I took care in the first place to deliver my letters, and was speedily taken to the hospital of the catechumens, to be instructed in that religion, for the honour and glory of which I was to be maintained. When I had entered, the great iron-bound gate was immediately double locked upon me. This reception seemed to me more imposing than agreeable, and began to set me reflecting. I was conducted to a large apartment, the furniture of which consisted of several common chairs and a wooden altar, on which was a large crucifix. In this hall of audience were assembled four or five ill-looking scoundrels, my comrades in instruction, who looked more like servants of the devil than candidates for the kingdom of heaven. Two of these fellows were Slavonians, although they said they were Jews and Moors, and, as they assured me, they had passed their lives in travelling through Spain and Italy, embracing Christianity, and being baptized wherever it was made worth their while. Soon another iron gate was opened. It divided a large balcony, overlooking the courtyard. By this door entered our sister catechumens, who, like me, were going to be regenerated, not by baptism, but by a solemn abjuration. What a vile set of dirty and abandoned harlots they were! One among them, however, appeared pretty and interesting. She was about my own age, or perhaps a year or two older, and had a pair of roguish eyes, which frequently encountered mine. This was enough to inspire me with the desire of making her acquaintance. But she had been so strongly recommended to the care of the Superior of this respectable sisterhood, and was so narrowly watched by the pious priest, who laboured for her conversion with more zeal than judgment, that during the two months we remained together in the house, I found it absolutely impossible to exchange a word with her. She must have been extremely stupid, though she had not the appearance of it, for never was a

longer course of instruction ! The holy man could never bring her to a state of mind fit for abjuration. But she became weary of her cloister, declaring that, Christian or not, she would stay there no longer. So they were obliged to take her at her word, lest she should grow mutinous, and insist on departing as great a sinner as she came.

This little community was assembled in honour of the new comer. In a short exhortation, I was recommended obedience to the mercy which heaven had bestowed on me. The rest were admonished to assist me with their prayers, and to edify me by their good example. The 'virgins' then retired to their cloister, and I was left to contemplate, at leisure, the place wherein I found myself.

✧ The next morning we again assembled for instruction. I now began to reflect, for the first time, on the step I was about to take, and the circumstances which had led me to it.

Again and again have I expressed the opinion, of which every day I grew more and more convinced, that if ever a child received a sensible and healthy moral education, it was myself. Born in a family of refined manners, I had obtained only lessons of wisdom and examples of piety from my relatives. My father, although a man of pleasure, was thoroughly honourable and religious. In the world he shone as a gallant, in his family as a Christian, and he implanted early in my mind his more devotional feelings. All my aunts were sensible and virtuous ; the two eldest were devotees, and the youngest, who combined beauty, talent, and good sense, was perhaps the most truly religious of the three, although with less display. From this admirable family life I passed to the care of M. Lambercier, a most excellent pastor and preacher, who was true in his own life to the precepts of his pulpit. Both he and his sister cultivated by sweet and judicious instruction those principles of piety they already found in my heart. These worthy people were so well qualified for their work, their methods were so reasonable and discreet, that, far from wearying of their exhortations, I was ever deeply touched, and made all kinds of good resolutions, which I always kept

—when I remembered them. At the house of my Aunt Bernard religion was rather more wearisome, because they made a business of it. When under a master I gave the matter no more thought, although my feelings remained the same. There also I found no young people to pervert my morals. I became mischievous, but not dissolute.

I had then as much religion as could be expected from a child of my age. Nay, I had more, for I am persuaded that I was never really a child. I always felt and thought as a man. It was only as years came upon me that I grew commonplace and ordinary. In my youth I was quite otherwise. I shall be laughed at for thus modestly claiming for myself the dignity of an infant prodigy. Let people laugh by all means, and yet there remains the fact that at six years of age I sat by the hour together listening to romances, and was so interested in them as to shed floods of tears. If there are many others whose experience as children was the same, then I will acknowledge myself to be ridiculously vain.

Thus, my opinion is based upon my own observation when I say that it is not good to speak to little children about the complexities of a religion, if one wishes them to believe in it afterwards. They are incapable, even in our limited manner, of forming any proper conception of God. It may be, of course, that what I assert does not always apply, although it applied to me. Yet take a Jean-Jacques Rousseau, six years of age, talk to him of God till he is seven, and you will find yourself where you started.

It is generally accepted, I believe, that if one wishes to have a religion, it is better for a child, or even for a man, to follow the creed of his early years. One sometimes dispenses with part, one rarely adds to it; dogmatic belief is merely the outcome of youthful bias. In addition to the general principle which attached me to the faith of my fathers, I had the particular aversion for Catholicism which is characteristic of a Genevese, for in my native town it was looked upon as a frightful idolatry, and its clergy were painted in the blackest colours. Such ideas had become so much a

part of my nature, that at first I would not even enter a Catholic church : I never met a priest in vestments, I never heard the bells of a procession without trembling and terror ! Such feelings quite left me when I came to reside in towns, but I occasionally experienced them again when in country districts, for they then recalled to me the place where I had first imbibed them. These prejudices were the more singular, because of the caresses which the priests in the neighbourhood of Geneva were in the habit of bestowing on the children of the city. If the bells of the viaticum alarmed me, the chiming for mass or vespers called me to a breakfast or luncheon, to fresh beer, or fruit, or milk. The good cheer of M. de Pontverre had also produced an effect.

And so it was easy for me to shake off my past. Looking at Romanism merely through its association with amusements and feastings, I had easily reconciled myself to the idea of becoming a Catholic, but the thought of a solemn renunciation of my former faith only presented itself momentarily, and then but as something in the distant future. Now, however, the change was upon me. I remembered with horror the pledges I had given, and their inevitable consequences. The intended neophytes with whom I was surrounded were not calculated to sustain my courage by their example, and I could not disguise from myself that the holy work which I was about to perform was at bottom the action of a scoundrel. Although still young, I had the conviction that whatever religion might be the true one, I was about to sell mine ; and that, even supposing that I should choose a better, I lied to the Holy Spirit, and merited the contempt of my fellow-men. The more I thought about it, the more I was indignant with myself, and I bemoaned the destiny which had brought me there, as if it had not been my own work. There were moments when these regrets became so strong, that, had I found the door open but for an instant, I should certainly have made my escape ; but this was impossible, and my resolution was far from being very firm.

I was bound to be vanquished, for so many secret desires

struggled within me. My fixed determination not to return to Geneva, the shame, the difficulty even, of going back ; the embarrassment of finding myself poor and friendless in a strange land ; everything combined to make me consider my conscientious scruples as coming too late. I affected to reproach myself for what I had done, as a kind of excuse for my future intentions, and decided that, having so far acted foolishly, the rest was inevitable. I did not say : "Nothing is yet done, and you may, if you wish, still retain your innocence" ; but I said : "Tremble at the crime of which thou art guilty, and which has reduced thee to this extremity."

Moreover, would it not have required well-nigh unequalled strength of mind in one of my age to have recalled all that I had promised, all to which I had consented, to have broken the chains which bound me, to have bravely declared that I wished to continue in the faith of my friends and to have defied all consequences ? Such courage was not possible at my age, and it is not very probable that it would have succeeded. The matter had advanced too far for them to have let me off easily. The greater my resistance, the more certain it was, that in one way or another, they would have succeeded in surmounting it.

The sophistry which ruined me is one which influences the greater part of mankind. We complain of lack of resolution, when it is already too late to exercise it. It is only our own indolence or neglect that makes the practice of virtue difficult. It is easy to be good when one possesses a sound judgment. But we are most of us captivated by desires which should be conquered, and abandon ourselves to temptations of which we despise the danger. Well-nigh unconsciously we fall into perilous situations, from which we could easily have preserved ourselves, but from which later on we cannot withdraw without heroic efforts. Such efforts we have not the courage to make, and we finally fall into the abyss, saying to God : "Why hast Thou made me so feeble ?" But then comes the reply of the Almighty to the conscience : "I have made thee too feeble to escape from the whirlpool,

because I gave thee sufficient strength to avoid falling into it."

I had not actually resolved on becoming a Catholic, and the dreaded moment was as yet in the distance. With time I hoped to get reconciled to the idea, or better still, something might happen to relieve me from the unpleasantness of deciding. In order to gain time, I determined to make the best defence possible. Very soon, however, my vanity led me to think only of the pleasure involved in overthrowing my instructors in argument. When I observed that it was possible for me to embarrass them, I entered into the struggle with a zeal well nigh ridiculous. While my instructors were thinking only of converting me, I was foolishly contemplating the possibility of converting them. I was so ignorant as to believe that my success in the discussion might lead to their becoming Protestants.

They did not, therefore, find my conversion as easy a matter as they had expected, so far as concerned either knowledge or inclination. Protestants are usually better instructed than Catholics. This is natural. The principles of the former demand discussion, those of the latter, submission. Catholics are supposed to bow to authority, Protestants to decide for themselves. They were not ignorant of this, but neither my age nor appearance promised much difficulty to men so accustomed to disputation. They knew, also, that I had not received my first communion, and the instructions which accompany it; but, on the other hand, they had no idea how well I had been educated by M. Lambercier, and that I had besides a perfect storehouse of facts—very inconvenient for these gentry—in *l'Histoire de l'Eglise et de l'Empire*, which I had learnt almost by heart at home. Much I had, of course, forgotten, but quite sufficient came back to me when in the heat of discussion.

A venerable old priest directed the first conference, at which we were all together. For my comrades, this was rather a catechism than a controversy, and he found more trouble in teaching them than in answering their objections. But when it came to my turn, I stopped him, and raised diffi-

culty after difficulty. This rendered the conference long and tiresome to the others. The old priest talked a good deal, grew excited and absurd, and then saved himself by stating that he did not sufficiently understand French.

The next day, for fear that my indiscreet remarks should scandalize my comrades, I was taken apart into another chamber, and put under the care of a younger priest, a fine speaker, or rather a maker of fine phrases, and contented with himself, if ever man was. I did not, however, allow myself to be frightened by his overbearing manners; and feeling sure that I could maintain my ground, I replied to him with the utmost assurance, and laid about me in the best manner I was able. He thought to silence me at once with St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and the rest of the fathers, but found, to his unutterable surprise, that I could handle these worthies almost as dextrously as himself. Not that I had ever read them, or he either, perhaps, but I recalled a number of passages from my reading of *Le Sueur*, and when he bore hard on me with one citation, I parried it with another from the same father, and thus embarrassed him much. He conquered, however, in the end, for two very good reasons. In the first place, he was the elder; and as he had me at his mercy, I judged, young as I was, that it was not wise to drive matters to extremities, especially as I plainly saw that the old priest was neither friendly disposed towards me nor to my erudition. The other reason was that the young man had studied, and I had not. This gave a degree of method to his arguments which I could not boast; and whenever he found himself pressed by an unforeseen objection, he put it off to the next conference, pretending that I rambled from the question in dispute. Sometimes he even rejected my quotations, maintaining that they were false, and, offering to fetch the book, defied me to find them. He knew that he ran very little risk, and that, with all my borrowed learning, I was not sufficiently accustomed to books, and was too poor a Latinist to find a passage in a large volume, even had I been sure that it was there. I even suspected him of the very faithlessness with which he

accused our preachers, and of having sometimes fabricated passages, in order to evade an objection that inconvenienced him.

At last, sufficiently instructed and meekly disposed to the will of my masters, I was led in procession to the church of St. John, to make a solemn abjuration, and to receive a kind of baptism at their hands. Not that they really rebaptized me, but their ceremony was very like it, and it is used in order to give the populace the impression that Protestants are not Christians.

I was clothed in a grey robe, trimmed with white. Two men walked one behind the other before me carrying copper basins, and on these they kept striking with keys, in order that those who were charitably disposed might put their alms within, according as they found themselves influenced by piety or by good-will to the new convert. Nothing of Catholic ostentation was omitted that might render the solemn function edifying to the public and humiliating to me. A white dress, like that in which I had seen the Moor clothed, might have been useful to me afterwards; but as I had not the honour of being a Jew, I was not thought worthy of this additional attention.

But all was not yet over. It was now necessary for me to go before the Inquisition, in order to obtain absolution for the dreadful crime of heresy, and to be received into the bosom of Holy Mother Church with the same ceremony as that to which Henry IV. was subjected by his ambassador. The tone and manner of the right reverend Father Inquisitor was not calculated to dissipate the secret terror with which I had felt inspired from the moment I entered his house. After several questions as to my faith, my position, my family, he asked me if I did not think that my mother was damned. Fear alone suppressed the first burst of indignation. I contented myself with replying that I hoped not, and that God might perhaps have enlightened her last moments. The monk was silenced, but his face gave indications that he was anything but pleased.

When this performance was at an end, I thought that the time had come when all my hopes and ambitions were to be realized. But no. They handed me some twenty francs—the outcome of the collection—exhorted me to be a good Christian, and faithful to the new light which I had received, then, wishing me every good fortune, they turned me into the street, and closed the door upon me.

All my flattering expectations were thus in a moment at an end, and nothing remained from my self-interested conversion but the consciousness that I had been both an apostate and a dupe.

It is easy to imagine my mental condition when from a dream of brilliant fortune I was awakened to the most abject misery. In the morning I had been speculating as to the particular palace I was destined to inhabit, in the evening I saw myself reduced to sleeping in the street. It will, perhaps, be imagined that I gave myself up to despair, a despair rendered the more bitter by the consciousness that my misfortunes were all of my own creation. Nothing of the kind. For the first time in my life I had been shut up for more than two months. The one sentiment I experienced was joy at my recovered liberty. After a long slavery I was again my own master, and found myself in a great city abounding in resources and full of people of position to whom I was confident that my virtues and talents would speedily recommend me. Above all, I had time to wait, for my twenty francs seemed an inexhaustible treasure; and then the joy of being able to dispose of it freely without rendering an account to any one! It was the first time that I had been so rich. Far from giving way to tears and despair at the collapse of my visionary castle, I only changed my plans, and lost nothing in self-esteem the while. I was both sure of myself and confident in the future. I believed my fortune to be already made, and was not sorry to have only myself to thank for it.

The first thing I did was to satisfy my curiosity by rambling over the city, although this step would also have been necessary as an outward indication of my freedom. I went

to look at the soldiers, and was delighted with their military garb. I followed processions, and was pleased with the solemn music. Then I went to see the King's Palace. I approached it with awe, but seeing others enter, I followed their example, no one stopping me. This was probably due to the small bundle which I carried under my arm. Be that as it may, I formed a high opinion of my own importance from finding myself in this palace, and already looked upon myself as an occupant. At length, through continually walking, and in warm weather, too, I was thoroughly tired and hungry, and entered a milkshop. They brought me cream cheese, curds and whey, and some of that Piedmontese bread which I have always liked better than any other. And so for five or six sous I made one of the most tasty dinners I have ever had in my life.

It was necessary to look for a lodging. As I already knew enough of Piedmontese to make myself understood, it was not difficult to find one, and I had sufficient prudence to choose rather according to my purse than according to my taste. I was informed that a soldier's wife in the Via di Po furnished lodgings at one sou the night to servants out of place. One of her beds was empty, and I secured it. The woman was young, and although but recently married, had already some five or six children. We all—mother, children, lodgers—slept in the same room, and we did so all the time I was there. Although she swore like a trooper, and was always untidy and slovenly, she was really a good woman, kind of heart, and serviceable. To me she showed a friendly disposition, which I found useful.

Several days passed, during which I was entirely given over to the pleasures of independence and curiosity. I wandered up and down the town, eagerly examining everything which appeared new or curious—and what was there which did not answer to this description to a youth just escaped from confinement, and who had never before seen a great city? I was especially particular about going to Court, and I assisted daily at Royal mass. I thought it very fine to

be in the same church with the King and his suite ; but my passion for music, which was beginning to declare itself, had quite as much to do with my regular attendance as the pomp of the Court, which, indeed, very soon wearied me by its sameness. The King of Sardinia had then the best music in Europe. Somis, Desjardins, and the Bezuzzi shone one after another at his Court. Scarcely as much talent as this was necessary to fascinate a youth whom the sound of the most simple instrument, provided it was well played, sent into transports. On the other hand, I had only a stupid kind of admiration, free from all covetousness, for the splendour which I witnessed. My chief concern was to discover, amid the surrounding glitter, some young princess who should be worthy of my homage, and with whom I could enact a romance of love.

Alas ! I was destined to begin in a less ambitious sphere, but where, could I have brought matters to a crisis, I should have experienced joys a thousand times more exquisite than wealth could have provided.

Although I lived with the severest economy, my purse gradually lightened. My economy had indeed been guided less by prudence than by a natural simplicity of taste which even to this day, in spite of my experience of well-appointed tables, has ever remained with me. I have never known, nor do I now know, more agreeable cheer than that provided in a peasant's cottage. With milk and eggs, vegetables and cheese, brown bread and tolerable wine, I can always make a luxurious repast. My good appetite will atone for all deficiencies if only I am free from the embarrassing attentions of a *maitre d'hôtel* and the innumerable waiters who overwhelm one with their importunities. I had in those days better meals at the cost of some six or seven sous than I have since been able to make for six or seven francs. I was abstemious, therefore, for want of temptation to be otherwise ; yet can I really call myself abstemious when I threw into my eating so much of fastidious fancy ? With my pears, cheese, bread, and a wine so thick that you might cut it with a knife, I was the happiest of gourmands.

But even with all these economies one soon sees the end of twenty francs. This was brought home to me with added force as the days went by, and in spite of the heedlessness of youth, my uncertainty as to the future soon amounted well nigh to terror. Of all my castles in the air there was only one to which I could now give thought. I wanted some work by which to live. But this was not easy to obtain. I thought of my old calling, but I did not know enough of it to work as a journeyman, nor were engravers abundant in Turin. So while waiting for better fortune, I wandered from shop to shop and offered to engrave monograms or crests upon pieces of plate. I hoped to tempt people by the cheapness of my work, or even by leaving it to their discretion what they paid me. This experiment was not very successful. Nearly everywhere my services were refused, and where accepted I scarcely obtained enough money to purchase a meal. Early one morning, however, while passing down the *Centrà-nova*, I noticed behind a shop-counter a young woman of so attractive and kindly appearance that, in spite of my timidity in the presence of women, I did not hesitate to enter and to place my talents at her disposal. She did not rebuff me, but made me sit down and tell my story. She was all sympathy and kindness, and bade me have courage, for good christians were never abandoned by God. Then, while she sent to the house of a neighbouring workman for the tools which I had said that I should require, she went to her kitchen and brought me something for breakfast. This seemed a promising beginning, and its sequel was not less satisfactory. She appeared pleased with my modest work, and, when I had gained confidence, still more with my conversation. At first I had been too much impressed by the bright, well-dressed, and altogether gracious lady to utter a word. But the heartiness of her welcome, her kind speech, her charming manner, soon put me at my ease. I saw that I succeeded in pleasing her, and that helped me to please still more. Although an Italian, and too pretty to be quite free from coquetry, she was nevertheless so modest and I was so timid

that it was not easy for us to understand one another very quickly. Anyway, time was not given us to carry the adventure far. But I cannot recall without inexpressible emotion the all too brief moments which I passed with her ; and I can still say that it was then that I tasted the sweetest and purest pleasures of love.

She was an extremely piquant brunette, and her pretty face was rendered doubly attractive by its healthy natural colour. Her name was Madame Basile. Her husband, who was much her senior, left her during his frequent business journeys under the charge of a clerk, who was too boorish to prove attractive. Nevertheless, the man was not without abundant self-conceit which, however, was mainly shown by his ill temper. He took a violent prejudice against me, although I, on my part, enjoyed hearing him play the flute, an instrument upon which he performed moderately well. This new Egistus groaned in spirit whenever he saw me enter his mistress's room, and he treated me with a contempt for which she repaid him with interest. Indeed, in order to torment him the more, she took pleasure in caressing me in his presence. This was very agreeable, although I should have looked upon a *tête-à-tête* with her as a more complete revenge. But when we were alone her treatment of me was different. Perhaps she looked upon me as too young ; perhaps she thought that the first advances should come from me ; perhaps she really wished to continue virtuous. Whatever the cause, she always maintained an attitude of reserve, which, without absolutely repulsing me, succeeded in keeping me at a distance. Although I did not feel for her that entire and tender reverence which I gave to Madame de Warens, I was more afraid of her, and much less familiar in her company. I was embarrassed and nervous. I hardly dared look at her. I could scarcely breathe when near her. Nevertheless, I feared separation from her worse than death. How eagerly I looked at her when I could do so without being perceived. The flowers on her dress, the fair round arm which was visible between her glove and sleeve, her pretty foot, her beautiful bosom,

of which a glimpse was sometimes afforded me when she removed her neckerchief,—all tended to excite my passion and kindle my imagination. My eyes glistened, my heart palpitated. I was well nigh stifled. I had the utmost difficulty in hiding my agitation, and in preventing my sighs from being heard. Happily, Madame Basile, busy with her work, did not perceive how I was affected. Nevertheless, I sometimes observed, as if by intuition, that she both understood and sympathized. Then my self-control all but left me, and I was on the point of giving way to transports of love and devotion. But she would say a few words to me in a soothing manner, and I immediately came to myself.

I was several times alone with her in this way without there passing a word, a gesture, or even a look expressive of mutual understanding. This was a condition of things which tortured me greatly; and yet I found pleasure in it. In my innocence I could not understand how I came to feel tormented. I imagine that our quiet companionship was not altogether disagreeable to her, for she certainly did all in her power to further it. Which was certainly very disinterested, considering how little use she made of my company.

Wearied one day by the foolish conversation of the clerk, she had retired to her chamber. I hastened to finish the task upon which I was engaged in the little shop parlour, and then followed her. Her door was partly opened, and I entered unperceived. She was at work near the window, with her face turned away from the door. She did not see me enter, nor could she hear me, in consequence of the noise of traffic in the street. She always looked well, but on this occasion there was something peculiarly attractive about her. Her head was bent over her embroidery, and I could see the whiteness of her neck. Her neatly arranged hair was adorned with flowers. I had never before been so sensible of her charms, and was quite lost in admiration. I threw myself upon my knees at the door, and held out my arms towards her in an attitude of

passionate longing, not thinking that she would hear or see me. But a mirror in the room betrayed my situation. I do not know what effect my transports had upon her. She did not look at me, nor did she speak, but slightly turning the head, with a simple movement of the finger she pointed to the mat at her feet. To start up, to utter a cry of joy, and to occupy the place she had indicated, was the work of a moment. But—it will hardly be believed—I dared attempt no more! I could not speak; I could not raise my eyes; I did not even dare to touch her, although my awkward position almost compelled it. I was silent and motionless, though inwardly all in flame, all passion, and agitation, and joy. But my new-born consciousness and indefinite desires were restrained by a fear of displeasing her—a prospect which filled my young heart with uneasiness.

She appeared equally uneasy and fearful. Troubled and astonished at having thus brought me to her feet, perhaps she already saw all the possible consequences of the sign which she had given me. She neither encouraged nor repulsed me, her adorer, but kept her eyes fixed upon her work, and behaved exactly as if he were not present. But even my stupidity did not hinder me from feeling that she shared my embarrassment, and, perhaps, my longings, and that she, like myself, was held back by timidity. Yet even this persuasion did not bring me courage. In that she was five or six years my senior she ought, I thought, to have made the first advances. As she did not do this, I assumed that she might possibly take offence; and even now I think that I was right. She had too much sense not to see that a youth such as I was had need not only of encouragement, but of instruction.

I am ignorant how this animated though silent scene would have ended, or how long I should have remained motionless in a situation alike ridiculous and delicious if we had not been interrupted. In the height of my agitation I heard the door of the adjoining kitchen open, and Madame Basile, in an alarmed and hurried manner,

said : " Rise, here comes Rosina ! " Hastily rising, I seized the hand which she held out to me, and gave it two burning kisses, feeling meanwhile that this charming hand was pressing itself gently against my lips. Never before had I enjoyed so sweet a moment ; but the lost opportunity did not return and our new-born love went no further.

Perhaps for this very reason the image of this lovely woman remained imprinted on my heart with such sweet remembrance. In proportion as knowledge of the world and of women has grown with me, my imagination has endowed her with increased goodness and beauty. More experienced in the world's ways, she would have taken other measures to excite so youthful a lover. But although her will was weak her heart was pure. She involuntarily yielded, it is true, to the inclination which I had inspired ; but this was to all appearance her first infidelity, and I should, perhaps, have had more difficulty in overcoming her diffidence than my own. Without, however, becoming her lover, I experienced in her company an inexpressible joy. Not even in the entire possession of a woman have I ever known so much happiness as came to me during the few minutes which I passed at her feet without daring to touch her robe. Yes, there are no joys on earth comparable to those which can be imparted by a pure-hearted woman whom one loves ! She sanctifies all her surroundings ! A sign with her finger, the light pressure of her hand against my mouth—these are the only favours that I received from Madame Basile. But the remembrance of these favours even now fills me with rapture.

During the next day or two I anxiously desired to see her once more alone. But no opportunity offered, nor indeed did I perceive any anxiety on her part to secure it. Her manner was not colder, but it was more reserved than usual, and I believe that she avoided looking me in the face because she feared that she would be unable to control herself. Her vile clerk was meanwhile more objectionable than ever, and even became witty and jocular at my expense. He told me that I was sure to make my

way with the ladies. I was afraid that I had in some way been indiscreet, and looking upon myself as a gallant engaged in an intrigue, I commenced to give an air of mystery and secrecy to an affair which, so far as it had gone, did not certainly need such precautions. My exaggerated prudence had for its result that I never again found an opportunity of secret speech with Madame Basile.

This recalls to me an eccentric characteristic of which I have never been able to cure myself, and which, added to my natural timidity, has led me to belie the prediction of the clerk. My love is too deep and passionate to give me peace and happiness. Never was passion so sincere, so pure as mine; never was love more genuine, more honest, more disinterested. A thousand times have I sacrificed my happiness for that of the woman I have loved; her reputation has been dearer to me than my life, and never for the sake of selfish personal gratification could I have risked for one moment her peace of mind. This disposition has led me to employ so much care and secrecy in all my amours that I have never been able to succeed. My want of success with women, in fact, has resulted from loving them too well.

But to return to the flute-playing Egistus who, singularly enough, now appeared inclined to be more good-natured towards me. The traitor only succeeded in becoming more insufferable. From the first day that Madame Basile had taken me under her protection, she had endeavoured to make me useful in the shop. I had a fair knowledge of arithmetic, and so she proposed that he should teach me to keep the books. The brute, however, perhaps afraid of being supplanted, received the proposition very unfavourably. This being the case, I had nothing to do in addition to my engraving but to make out bills, to rule some ledgers, and to translate a few business letters from Italian into French. All at once Egistus made the very proposal he had but recently declined, and offered to teach me book-keeping by double entry, adding that he wished to put me in a position to offer my services to M. Basile on his return.

There was something in his tone and manner so thoroughly false and malicious that it did not inspire confidence. My mistress, without awaiting my answer, drily replied that I was much obliged to him for his offer, but that she hoped that fortune would be kind to my undoubted merit: it would be a pity for a youth of so much intelligence to remain a wretched clerk.

She had several times told me that she wished to procure me some acquaintances whom I should find useful. She had evidently come to the conclusion that it was desirable that we should part. Our silent love-making had taken place on Thursday: on Sunday she gave a dinner, at which I met a good-natured looking Jacobin, to whom she presented me. The monk treated me very affectionately, congratulated me upon my conversion, and referred to several incidents in my career, which indicated that Madame had told him my story. Then, touching me playfully on the cheek, he bade me be good and brave, and added that I was to call upon him in order that we might converse more at leisure together. I judged by the respect which every one showed him that he was a man of some consequence, and, by the paternal tone he adopted towards Madame Basile, that he was her father confessor. I likewise recall that his modest familiarity was mingled with marks of esteem and respect for his fair penitent which impressed me less at the time than now. With a maturer judgment, how much I should have been affected at the thought of having made an impression upon a young woman respected by her confessor!

The table not being large enough for all, a smaller one was improvised, where I had to sit with the clerk, as my companion. I lost nothing, however, in the way of attention and good cheer, as several dishes were sent to the side-table which were certainly not intended for him. All was going well; the women were very lively and the men very agreeable, and Madame Basile was doing the honours of the table with charming grace, when, in the middle of dinner, a carriage stopped at the door. Some one entered—

It was M. Basile. I seem to see him still as he then appeared with scarlet coat and gold buttons—I have ever since held the colour in abhorrence. M. Basile was a tall, handsome man of good presence. He entered noisily, yet with a suspicious manner, although none but his friends were present. His wife ran to embrace him, took his hands and overwhelmed him with a thousand caresses, which he received passively. He saluted the company, and when a place was made for him, dined with us. Hardly, however, had he commenced to speak of his journey, when, casting his eyes to the side-table, he demanded in a severe tone who was the small boy that he perceived there. Madame Basile told him in a few words, and then he asked if I slept in the house. When answered in the negative, he replied brusquely: “Why not? if he be here all day, he might as well be here all night.” The monk intervened, and after some just and well-chosen words in praise of Madame Basile, said something on my behalf. He added that, far from blaming the pious charity of his wife, he ought to be anxious to further it, since it had not in the slightest degree passed the bounds of discretion. The husband replied in a tone of which the ill-temper was half concealed in consideration for the monk, but which sufficed to indicate that the clerk had furnished him with information altogether unfriendly to me.

Hardly had we risen from the table, when the mischief-maker came to tell me that he had received orders that I was to leave the house at once, and that I was never to set foot in it again. He added much on his own account that was insulting and cruel. I went away without a word, but well nigh broken-hearted, less because I was compelled to part from this amiable woman, than at the thought of leaving her at the mercy of so brutal a husband. He was certainly right to wish her to remain faithful to him; but as she, though sensible and well-born, was an Italian—that is to say, sensitive and vindictive—it seemed to me that he was injudicious in adopting methods with her which were calculated to draw upon himself the very evil he most dreaded.

Such was the end of my first adventure. I walked several times up and down the street, longing for a sight of her whom my heart unceasingly regretted ; but instead of this I saw only the husband and the vigilant clerk, who, observing me, shook his yard-wand in a threatening manner. Seeing myself so well watched, I lost courage and left the spot. I then thought of calling upon the patron whom Madame Basile had provided for me, but unfortunately I did not know his name. I wandered several times round the monastery in the hope of finding him ; but in vain. Finally new experiences banished Madame Basile from my mind, and, indeed, in a short time I had so entirely forgotten her that I was as much a novice in love as before ; nor was I disposed to find anything unusually attractive in pretty women.

Meanwhile, my friend's liberality had renewed my wardrobe. This she had done, however, very modestly, and with the prudence of a careful woman, caring more for neatness than display, more for comfort than elegance. The coat which I had brought from Geneva was still passable, she only added a hat and some linen. I had no ruffles, nor would she give me any, although I coveted them. She was satisfied with putting it in my power to keep myself respectable, although advice on this point was unnecessary so long as I had to appear before her.

A few days after the catastrophe my hostess, who, as I have said, was very disposed to be friendly, told me that she had perhaps found me a situation, and that a lady of rank wished to see me. At these words I immediately believed myself on the road to great adventures, for to such my mind was always wandering. However, the thing did not prove so brilliant as I imagined it would be. I waited on the lady with the servant who had recommended me. She asked a number of questions, and my answers proving satisfactory, I immediately entered her service, not, indeed, in the quality of favourite, but in that of lackey. I was clothed in the same livery as the other servants, the only difference being that they wore shoulder-knots, while I

did not. As there was no lace on her livery, this was almost equivalent to wearing plain clothes. And thus were all my ambitious dreams brought to naught.

The Countess de Vercellis, in whose employment I now found myself, was a widow and childless. Her husband was a Piedmontese, but she, I always believed, was a Savoyard, as I could not imagine that a native of Piedmont could speak French so well, and with so pure an accent. She was of middle age, of a noble appearance and cultivated mind, loving French literature, with which she was familiar. She wrote a great deal, and always in the French language. Her letters had the same finish, and almost the same grace, as those of Madame de Sévigné, and, indeed, the resemblance might have misled a scholar. My principal occupation—and it was not a disagreeable one—was to write to her dictation; a cancer in the breast, which caused her much suffering, incapacitating her from writing herself.

Not only had Madame de Vercellis considerable intelligence, but a noble and high-minded character. I was with her during her last illness, and saw her suffer and die without one sign of weakness or affectation, and at the same time without in the least failing in genuine womanliness. Yet she was far from thinking that so much fortitude gave her a claim to be considered a philosopher, a word which was not yet in fashion, and which she had doubtless never heard in the sense in which it is used to-day. This strength of character was sometimes carried even to hardness. She appeared to feel as little for others as for herself; and when she relieved the unfortunate, it was rather for the sake of doing what was right in the abstract than from any genuine feeling of pity. During the three months that I passed near her, I had frequent experience of this coldness of heart. It would have been a natural thing to have felt an interest in a youth of some promise whom she had always under her eyes, and she might have thought, knowing that her end was near, that after her death he would have had need of assistance and support. Whether

it was that she did not deem me worthy of special attention, or that the interested relatives who were constantly hovering around gave her no opportunity, I-do not know; but certainly she did nothing for me.

I can, however, very well remember that she had displayed some curiosity to know my story. She questioned me occasionally, and was interested when I showed her the letters I had written to Madame de Warens. She even displayed some desire to learn my thoughts on things generally. But these she did not go the right way to obtain, as she never, under any circumstances, disclosed her own. Provided that I have a sympathetic listener, my heart delights to expand; but dry, cold questionings without the slightest sign of approbation or disapproval at the replies naturally failed to inspire me with confidence. When there was no indication as to whether my chatter was displeasing or otherwise, I was ever in fear. I was chiefly concerned lest I should be guilty of some *bêtise*, and accordingly I thought little of expressing my real sentiments. I have since observed that this severe manner of questioning people is a common habit among women who pride themselves on their superior understanding. They imagine that by concealing their own thoughts they will the more readily penetrate those of others. They fail to see that the actual effect is to frighten their victim into reticence. One who is thus cross-examined is immediately put on his guard, and, if he be once persuaded that you have no genuine interest in his concerns and only want to set him talking, he will tell lies, be silent, or weigh every word before he utters it. He will rather prefer to pass for a fool than to be the dupe of your curiosity. In short, it is ever a bad method to attempt to read the heart of another by endeavouring to conceal your own.

Madame de Vercellis never addressed a word to me expressive of affection, pity, or generosity. She questioned me coldly, and I replied in a reserved manner. My answers, indeed, were so timidly expressed that she doubtless thought them unintelligent and wearying. In the end she ceased to

question me, and only spoke of matters pertaining to her needs. She judged me less from what I really was than from what she had made me; and by always treating me as a lackey, she prevented me from proving that I had possibilities in me superior to my station.

I believe that I suffered at this time from the opposing interests of selfish and designing persons, and, indeed, throughout my life I have been the prey of such. Madame de Vercellis having no children, her nephew, the Count de la Roque, was her heir, and he paid court to her assiduously. In addition to this, her principal servants, seeing the end was approaching, did not fail to busy themselves about her as much as possible, so that she could not possibly have given any thought to me. At the head of her household was a man named Lorenzi, an artful fellow, with a still more artful wife. This last had so far insinuated herself into the good graces of her mistress that she was rather on the footing of a friend than a servant. She had introduced a niece of hers, a Mademoiselle Pontal, as lady's maid—a cunning creature who gave herself all the airs of her calling. She so effectively aided her aunt in ruling the Countess that the poor woman saw only with their eyes, and acted only at their dictation. With the Lorenzis and their niece I had not the good fortune to find favour. I obeyed them, but I did not wait upon them; not conceiving that my duty to our common mistress required me to be a servant to her servants. In other respects I gave them some uneasiness. They saw that I was not in my proper position, and feared that the Countess would see it also, and that she, by endeavouring to put me there, might decrease their legacies. For such people, too avaricious to be just, look on every trifle bequeathed to others as a diminution of their own rightful inheritance. They endeavoured, therefore, to keep me as much out of her sight as possible. She was fond of letter-writing. It was an excellent distraction for her. But they contrived to give her a distaste for it, persuading her by the aid of the physician that it was too fatiguing. Then, under pretence that I was not quite competent to wait upon her, they

employed two great chair porters in my place. Altogether things were so well managed, that for eight days previous to her making her will I was not once allowed to enter her room. After that, indeed, I was permitted to come and go as before, and my attentions were more unremitting than the others, for the sufferings of this poor woman positively rent my heart. The fortitude with which she endured so much anguish made her beloved and honoured in my eyes, and I sometimes, when in her chamber, shed heartfelt tears unperceived of any.

At length we lost her: I saw her die. Her life had been that of a clever and sensible woman, her death was that of a philosopher. I can truly say that she made the Catholic religion seem beautiful to me by the serenity with which she fulfilled its duties without negligence, but without affectation. She was naturally serious, but towards the end of her illness she became cheerful and even gay, and afforded in her manner a strange contrast to her tragic condition. She only kept her bed the last two days, and continued to talk pleasantly with those around her to the end.

She had bequeathed a year's wages to all the under-servants, but, as I was not included among them, I got nothing. However, the Count de la Roque gave me thirty livres, and said that I might keep the new coat that I was wearing and which M. Lorenzi wished me to give up. He even promised to find me another place, and said that I might call at his house. I went two or three times, but did not see him, and, being easily discouraged, I desisted. It will be seen later on whether I did well.

Would that I had finished all I have to say about my stay at Madame de Vercellis's house. But no. Unhappily there is more to tell. Contrary to all appearances, I did not leave her mansion precisely as I had entered it. I carried away with me the painful memory of a crime. I had been guilty of that which, even at the end of forty years, still weighs upon my conscience. Ah, the bitter thought! Far from vanishing as I grow older, it seems to gather strength. Who will believe that the evil-

doing of childhood can have had such melancholy after-consequences? But it is because of the more than probable results of my sin that my heart can find no peace. I have, perhaps, caused an amiable, pure-hearted girl, who was certainly more deserving than myself, to finish her career with shame and infamy.

It is of course very difficult to break up a household without much confusion and even the loss of some property. However, so great was the honesty of the servants and the vigilance of M. and Madame Lorenzi that nothing was missed but a piece of old red and white ribbon belonging to Mademoiselle Pontal. Although many more valuable things were within my reach, this ribbon alone had tempted me, and I had stolen it. I had taken but little trouble to conceal the bauble, and it was very soon found. They insisted on knowing where I had obtained it. I was distressed, confused, and finally said, not without a blush, that Marion had given it to me. Marion was a young Maurienne Swiss, whom Madame de Vercellis had made her cook, when, abandoning dinner-parties and with them her *chef*, she discovered that she had more need of good broths than of dainty *ragouts*. Marion was not only pretty, but she had the fresh bloom of her native mountains, and, above all, an air of modesty and sweetness which made her beloved of all who saw her. She was in all respects a good girl, virtuous, sensible, and so trustworthy that every one was astonished when I accused her. They had, however, little less confidence in me than in her, and seemed to think it necessary to examine into the matter to see which was really the thief. Marion was sent for. She came into the crowded room, the Count de la Roque being present among others. The ribbon was shown, and I boldly accused her.

She became confused and speechless, yet cast a look on me which would have disarmed a fiend, but which my base heart resisted. At length she denied with firmness but without anger, begging and exhorting me to reconsider and not to dishonour an innocent girl who had never wronged me. With infernal impudence I repeated my accusation,

and boldly charged her to her face with having given me the ribbon. The poor girl burst into tears and said, "Ah! Rousseau, I thought you were good-hearted. You make me very unhappy, but I would not be in your place." This was all she said to me. She continued simply, but firmly, to plead her innocence, but without at any moment breaking forth into invective against me. This moderation, contrasted with my emphatic assurance, did her an injury. It scarcely seemed natural to conceive of such diabolical audacity on the one side being met on the other with such angelic mildness. It was impossible to decide for certain, but appearances were in my favour. In the chaotic state of affairs then prevailing it was impossible to sift the matter thoroughly, and the Count de la Roque in sending us both away, contented himself with saying that the guilty conscience would avenge the innocent. He was right. Every day of my life fulfils his prediction.

I am ignorant as to what became of the victim of my calumny, but it is not likely that she found it easy to obtain a situation after that. The charge hanging over her compromised her too seriously. The theft was a trifle, it is true, but it was a theft—and employed to corrupt a boy! Then the lie, so obstinately persisted in, leaving nothing to be hoped for from one in whom so many different vices were united. I do not even regard the misery and the helplessness to which I exposed her as the greatest evil. Who can tell where, at her age, the despondency of maligned innocence may have led her? If remorse for having made her unhappy is insupportable, what do I not suffer at the thought of having perhaps driven her to a life even worse than my own.

This dreadful possibility so troubles and excites me that in my dreams I have sometimes imagined that she has appeared before me and has reproached me with my crime—even as though I had committed it but yesterday. In my happier moments I have thought but little of the matter, but when the troubles and agitations of life have come to me, I have been deprived of the sweet consolation of injured innocence. I have felt, in fact, what I believe I have already stated in

one of my works, that remorse sleeps in the calm sunshine of prosperity, but awakes amid the storms of adversity. Meanwhile, I have never been able to relieve my heart of this trouble by confiding it to a friend. I have not cared to speak of the matter to my closest intimates—not even to Madame de Warens. I have only got so far as to say that I have to reproach myself with a base action ; I have never said what it was. The weight, therefore, has remained heavily on my conscience to this day ; and I may admit that the desire of relieving myself in some measure from it has contributed considerably to my resolution of writing these confessions.

I have behaved straightforwardly in what I have just written, and surely no one will accuse me of attempting to palliate the baseness of my crime ; but I should not fulfil the purpose of this book, did I not at the same time excuse myself as far as is consistent with truth.

Never was wickedness farther from my thoughts than in that cruel moment ; and when I accused the unhappy girl, it is strange, but strictly true, that my friendship for her was the immediate cause of it. She was present to my thoughts—I had formed my excuse from the first object that presented itself to my mind. I accused her of doing for me what I meant to have done for her, and, as my intention was to have given her the ribbon, I asserted that she had given it to me. When she appeared, my heart was agonized, but the presence of so many people was more powerful than my repentance. I did not fear punishment, but I dreaded shame, I dreaded it more than death, more than baseness, more than all the world. I would have willingly buried myself, have hid myself in the centre of the earth—shame bore down every other sentiment ; shame alone made me so impudent, and in proportion as I became criminal, the fear of discovery rendered me brazen. I felt no dread but that of being detected, of being publicly, and to my face, declared a thief, liar, and calumniator. An overwhelming fear of this overcame every other feeling. Had I been left to myself, I

should certainly have declared the truth. If M. de la Roque had taken me aside, and said, "Do not injure this poor girl; if you are guilty, confess it,"—I am convinced that I should instantly have thrown myself at his feet. But they intimidated, instead of encouraging me. My age, also, must be borne in mind. I was hardly out of my childhood, or rather, was yet in it. In youth, a deed of villainy is more criminal than at a riper age; but weakness of character is much less so. And of this last only was I really guilty, and I am less afflicted at the deed itself than at its consequences. It had, indeed, one good effect in preserving me through the rest of my life from any other criminal action, so terrible an impression having remained with me from the only one I ever committed; and I think that my hatred of falsehood proceeds, in some measure, from my having been guilty of so black a one. If it be a crime that can be expiated, as I would fain believe, forty years of uprightness and honour, combined with the many misfortunes that have overwhelmed my later years, may have accomplished it. Poor Marion has found so many avengers in this world, that, however great may have been my offence against her, I am not afraid of bearing the guilt with me to another. This is all I have to say on this subject, and I earnestly desire never to speak of it again.

BOOK III.

TURIN-ANNECY.

LEAVING the house of Madame de Vercellis in almost the same pecuniary condition as I had entered it, I returned to my former hostess, and remained there five or six weeks; during this time youthfulness and idleness alike contributed to render me dissatisfied. I was restless, absorbed, dreamy; I wept, I sighed, longing for a happiness of the nature of which I had no idea, but of which I, nevertheless, felt the need. This state of mind cannot be described; and few men can even have any conception of it, because the majority of them have escaped that fulness of life, at once so tormenting and so delicious, which in the excess of desire gives a foretaste of happiness. My thoughts were continually occupied with girls and women, but in a manner peculiar to myself. My senses were ever in a state of disagreeable activity, although fortunately no means of deliverance presented itself. I would have given my life for a few moments in the company of a Mademoiselle Goton. But the time had passed when the playfulness of childhood was possible. Shame, the companion of knowledge of evil, had come with years, and had increased my natural timidity till it had become unconquerable; so that neither at that time nor since have I been able to speak lightly to women, without being in some measure compelled by their advances, even in the case of those whose scruples I had no cause to dread.

I had made some acquaintances while with Madame de Vercellis, and I continued to associate with them in the hope that they might prove of service to me. I went occasionally to see a Savoyard Abbé, a M. Gaime, who was tutor to the children of the Count de Mellarède. He was young and unknown, it is true, but sensible and upright; and, indeed, I must count him as one of the best men I have ever met.

He was of no service for the object which attracted me to his house, for he had not sufficient influence to obtain me a situation. But he did me invaluable and life-long service by the lessons of healthy morality and sound judgment which he inculcated. My tastes and thoughts always seemed to fluctuate between the noble and the base. At one moment I was as heroic as Achilles, at another as contemptible as Thersites. M. Gaime attempted to inspire me with more self-control and dignity. Candidly, but in a manner too kindly to prove discouraging, he emphasized my faults and weaknesses, though at the same time he spoke very highly of my disposition and abilities. He added, however, that he foresaw obstacles, which would prevent my profiting by these last. According to him, they were to serve less as steps to enable me to mount to fortune than as resources that might enable me to exist without it. He gave me a true picture of human life, of which I had as yet formed only false ideas. He showed me how, in spite of adverse fate, a wise man can always come very near to happiness, and by skilful management even attain it. He urged that there was no true felicity without wisdom, and that wisdom is possible under all conditions. He considerably diminished my admiration for rank and power by demonstrating that our rulers were neither wiser nor happier than those they governed. One of his observations has often recurred to me. He said that if every man could see into the hearts of his fellows, there would be more people who would wish to descend in life than to rise in it. This thought, so epigrammatically expressed, and yet so free from extravagance, has always been of great service to me in encouraging me to accept my humble destiny without complaint. He gave me my first true idea of life and its duties. My vivid imagination had, so far, only pictured the matter in fanciful form. He made me understand that sublime ideals of virtue were of little use in practical social life. If he endeavoured to rise too high, a man was liable, he said, to fall only the more disastrously. The thorough discharge of trivial duties required no less strength of

character than the performance of heroic actions. Much more of real honour and happiness, he said, would actually be forthcoming from the former course ; and the life-long esteem of one's fellow-men was infinitely more precious than their fitful admiration.

From a discussion of the duties of men, it was a natural transition to religious questions, and this the more especially as my conversion was of so recent date, and was in a manner the cause of my present situation. It is already apparent that good M. Gaime was in a great measure the original of the *Savoyard Vicar*. Prudence, of course, forced him to speak with more reserve, and his opinions on certain points were less openly expressed ; but his precepts, his sentiments, and his counsel were the same ; and everything, even to the advice to return to my own country, took place exactly as I have since given it to the public. Without, therefore, dwelling on conversations the substance of which one may read elsewhere, I will only say that his wise lessons, though at first without effect, were as so many germs of piety and virtue in my heart. They were never forgotten, and to bring them to fruition they only needed the fostering care of a still dearer friend.

Although my conversion was not very sincere, I could not help being affected. His discourses, far from wearying me, attracted me by their clearness, simplicity, and, above all, by the genuine good-feeling they displayed. My affectionate disposition is always attracted towards people less by the good they have actually done me than by that they may have wished to do ; and I am able to discover the latter as if by instinct. Moreover, I had really become attached to M. Gaime. I felt towards him as a disciple to his master ; and he did me at this time the inestimable service of turning me from that path of vice and degradation towards which my idle life was leading me.

One day, when I was least expecting such a thing, the Count de la Roque sent for me. I had wearied of my fruitless efforts to see him, and had ceased to call at his house. I imagined that he had forgotten me, or at least that any

impression I had made was unfavourable. I was mistaken. He had more than once been a witness of the willingness with which I had fulfilled my duties when in his aunt's service. He had even spoken of it to her, and he recalled the fact to me when it had quite passed out of my own mind. He received me kindly, and told me that, although he had not cheered me with vague promises, he had really been endeavouring to get me a situation, and had at last succeeded. He was about, he said, to put me in the way of rising in the world, although, of course, the future rested with myself. The family whose circle I was about to enter was wealthy and powerful, and no other patrons would be necessary. Although at first I should, as in my last place, be only a servant, I might feel assured that if my conduct and good sense proved superior to that station, there would be no disposition to leave me in it. The termination of this speech proved a cruel disappointment, after the brilliant hopes which the beginning of it had inspired. What, always a lacquey! I said to myself, with a sense of bitterness, which, however, my usual self-confidence speedily effaced. I already felt far too superior to the position to have the slightest fear that I should long be kept in it.

I was taken to the house of the Count de Gouvon, the Queen's Master of the Horse and head of the illustrious House of Solar. The dignified appearance of this estimable old man rendered his reception of me the more touching. His questions gave indication of genuine interest, and I answered him honestly. He told the Count de la Roque that I had a good appearance, and showed signs of good sense, but that the future alone could decide. Then, turning to me, he said, "In all affairs of life, my child, one has to be content with humble beginnings, but your lot will not be a hard one. Be good, and try to please every one. For the present these are your sole duties. Have no fear, we will take care of you." He almost immediately presented me to the Marquise de Breil, his daughter-in-law, and then to his son, the Abbé de Gouvon. All this struck me as a promising beginning, for I already knew enough of the

world to understand that it was not customary to use so much ceremony in introducing a lacquey to his duties. In fact, I was not treated as a lacquey. I did not wear a livery, and I dined at the steward's table. Moreover, when the giddy young Count de Favria instructed me to ride behind his coach, his grandfather gave instructions that I was not to ride behind any coach, and that I was to have no duties outside the house. I served at table, however, and did actually perform a footman's duties—with very considerable freedom, however, and without being definitely appointed to any particular office. In fact, except writing some letters which were dictated to me, and cutting out some ornaments for the Count de Favria, I was the absolute master of my time. This freedom was assuredly very dangerous, although I did not then recognize it as such. It was also not really kind; for with so little to employ my time how could I help contracting vices from which I should otherwise have been free!

But this, fortunately, did not happen. M. Gaime's good advice had made a considerable impression upon me, and indeed, I occasionally slipped out of the house in order to obtain a repetition of it. I am sure that those who saw me depart with so great an appearance of mystery must have thought that I had a far less creditable purpose. The advice which he gave me was excellent, and I profited by it. At first my conduct was all that could be desired. I charmed every one with my assiduity and zeal; but the good Abbé warned me not to be too enthusiastic for fear that a reaction should set in, and then any deterioration would be taken for culpable neglect. "Your first behaviour," he said to me, "will be the standard by which you will be ever afterwards judged. Endeavour to gradually increase your attentions, but on no account permit yourself to diminish them."

No one had made the slightest attempt to gauge my abilities, and, indeed, I was scarcely credited with possessing any beyond the average of ordinary mortals. Therefore, there seemed to be no prospect, in spite of the Count

de Gouvon's promise, of my position being improved, and other matters coming to the front, I was, in fact, well nigh forgotten. The Marquis de Breil, son of the Count de Gouvon, was at that time ambassador at Vienna. Some movement connected with the Imperial Court was of great interest to my master's family, and during some weeks of continued excitement they had no time to think of me. Meanwhile I did not diminish my attentions, although there was one member of the family who at this time commenced to influence me for both good and evil, making me more secure from outside temptations, but less attentive to my immediate duties.

Mademoiselle de Breil was about my own age, well-formed, and rather handsome. She had jet-black hair; and although a brunette, had a sweetness in her face such as I usually associate with blondes, and which my heart has never been able to resist. Evening dress, so sacred to the young, displayed her fine neck and bosom to advantage; and the mourning it was then the fashion to wear rendered her complexion still more dazzling. It may be said that it was not for a servant to take notice of these things. It was no doubt wrong, but I saw it nevertheless; nor was I alone in this. The steward and other men-servants frequently talked about her at meals with a grossness that pained me exceedingly. My head was not, however, so completely turned as to allow of my being head over ears in love. I delighted to see Mademoiselle de Breil, and to hear her say things which gave evidence that she possessed wit and good sense, but my ambition was limited to the pleasure of waiting upon her; it went no further. At table I was ever on the alert to be of service. If her footman quitted the back of her chair, I instantly supplied his place, and on other occasions I always took care to be opposite to where she was sitting. I anticipated her every need, reading in her eyes what she was about to ask for, and changing her plate to the second. What would I not have given to have had her speak a single word or even look at me! But no! I had the mortification of finding that I was beneath her

notice. She did not even know that I was there. However, her brother, who frequently spoke to me while at table, said something one day which I thought rude, and I made a reply so clever and bright that it attracted her attention. She glanced up at me. This slight glance filled me with transports. The next day an occasion presented itself of obtaining yet another, and I profited by it. A grand dinner was given, and I saw for the first time with much astonishment the steward serving at table, hat on head and sword by his side. By chance the conversation turned upon the motto of the House of Solar, which was, with the coat of arms, on the tapestry—*Tel fieri qui ne tue pas*. The Piedmontese are not usually very well acquainted with the French language, and some one found fault with the spelling, saying that in the word *fieri* there should be no *t*.

The old Count de Gouvon was about to reply, when, having glanced at me, he saw that I was smiling, without, of course, daring to say anything. He immediately told me 'to speak. I then said that I did not think that the *t* was redundant; that *fieri* was an old French word, which did not come from *ferus*, "arrogant," "threatening," but from the verb *ferit*, "he strikes," "he wounds"; and that thus the legend did not appear to mean that *some threaten*, but *some strike who do not kill*.

The whole company looked at me, and at one another, without saying anything. They were all of them evidently unusually astonished. But I was most gratified by noting a pleased expression on the face of Mademoiselle de Breil. The young lady deigned to cast upon me a second glance, which I valued even more than the first; and then, turning to her grandfather, she seemed to wait with impatience to hear me praised. This praise he gave me in the fullest measure, and with such evident pleasure that the whole company re-echoed his sentiments. It was a brief but delicious moment; one of those moments, in fact, when real merit is in some degree avenged for its subjection at the hands of wealth and folly. Some minutes later Mademoiselle de Breil again raised her eyes, and asked me in a voice

alike timid and kindly to give her something to drink. It may easily be supposed that I hastened to comply ; but all at once I was possessed with so much nervousness that I filled her glass too full, and not only spilled some of the water over her plate, but also over herself. Her brother asked me roughly why I trembled thus. This question did not conduce to my recovery, and Mademoiselle de Breil blushed to the roots of her hair.

This ended the romance ; and it will be observed here, as with Madame Basile and all that succeeded, that I am not fortunate in my love-affairs. In vain I waited about the ante-chamber of Madame de Breil : I failed to draw the slightest mark of attention from her daughter. She went in and out without looking at me, and I myself hardly dared to raise my eyes to her. I was even so foolish and stupid that, one day, on her dropping her glove as she passed, instead of seizing and covering it with kisses, as I would so gladly have done, I could not even summon courage to quit my place, but suffered it to be taken up by a great booby of a footman, whom I could willingly have knocked down for his officiousness. To complete my trepidation, I perceived I had not the good fortune to please Madame de Breil. She not only never requested, but even rejected my services ; and having twice found me in her ante-chamber, asked me, drily, if I had nothing to do. I was obliged, therefore, to renounce this dear ante-chamber. At first it caused me some unhappiness, but other things intervening, I presently thought no more of it.

The disdain of Madame de Breil was fully compensated for by the kindness of her father-in-law, who at length began to think of me. The evening after the entertainment I have already mentioned, he had half an hour's conversation with me, and with this he appeared as contented as I was enchanted. This amiable man had less intelligence than Madame de Vercellis, but more feeling ; I therefore succeeded much better with him. He bade me attach myself to his son, the Abbé Gouvon, who had taken a fancy to me. If I cared to profit by this attachment, I should not fail to attain there-

by to some measure of the success which he desired for me. The very next day I flew to the Abbé, who did not receive me as a servant, but bade me sit down by the fire, and then questioned me with great friendliness. He very soon saw that my education consisted of a superficial acquaintance with a great number of subjects. Discovering in particular that I knew a little Latin, he undertook to teach me more. It was agreed that I should come to his room every morning, and I commenced the very next day. Thus, by one of those eccentricities which have so often entered into my life—now too meanly placed, now too exalted—I find myself both pupil and valet at the same time; and, though in bondage, have a tutor whose birth qualifies him to fill the position to the children of kings.

The Abbé de Gouvion was a younger son, destined by his family for a bishopric, and for that reason educated far beyond the point usual with people of quality. He had studied for some years at the University of Siena, and had brought thence no slight amount of pedantry—sufficient, in fact, for him to aspire to occupy very much the same position at Turin as the Abbé de Dangeau had formerly filled at Paris. Disgust with theological studies had turned his mind to literature—not an infrequent occurrence in Italy with those who take up the ecclesiastical career. He had studied the poets, and wrote tolerable Latin and Italian verses. In fact, he possessed every qualification for forming my mind and for systematizing the ill-digested knowledge I had so far acquired. But whether it was that my imprudent chatter had misled him as to the extent of my knowledge, or that he found it too wearisome to teach me the elements of Latin I do not know, but it is certain I commenced at far too advanced a stage. Hardly had I translated some fables of Phædrus, when he set me to read Virgil, of whom I could scarcely understand a line. I was destined, as will afterwards appear, to begin Latin again and again, but never really to master it. Meanwhile, I worked with considerable enthusiasm, and the Abbé assisted me with so much kindness, that I even now look back upon it with gratitude. I passed the greater part of the morning

with him, not only in order that he might instruct me, but that I might be of use to him. It was not, however, personal service that he required of me—this he would not permit—but I wrote to his dictation and copied letters. My position as secretary was of more use to me than that of pupil. Not only did I thus learn the Italian language in its utmost purity, but I acquired a taste for literature and a discernment for good books such as I had not obtained from *La Tribu*. This was of infinite service to me when I afterwards came to work alone.

At this period of my life I could reasonably have looked for success, without indulging in extravagant dreams. M. de Gouvion told every one how much pleased he was with me; and his father had taken so great a liking to me that, according to the Count de Favria, he had spoken of me to the King. Even Madame de Breil seemed to have abandoned her contemptuous manner. Altogether I had become a general favourite, to the great chagrin of the other servants, who, seeing me honoured with lessons from the son of the house, were persuaded that I should not long remain their equal.

As far as I could judge from words dropped at random, and which I reflected on afterwards, it would seem that the House of Solar wished to shine in the sphere of diplomacy, and perhaps even of government. What more excellent idea than that of having some one talented and trustworthy upon whom they could always depend, who would owe everything to their patronage, and would repay them with boundless zeal and devotion? This idea of the Count's was noble, well judged, and altogether worthy of a powerful and far-sighted nobleman. But apart from my not being able at the time to understand it fully, it was altogether too sober and solemn for my taste, and necessitated too long a subjection. My absurd ambition only conceived of fortune through the medium of adventures, and as, in particular, there were no women in the scheme, it had no attractions in my eyes. I ought to have found it so much the more honourable and creditable in that women were not mixed up in it; the kind

of merit that attracts them not being precisely of the character I was supposed to possess.

All was going well. I had obtained and almost compelled the esteem of every one. The period of trial was at an end, and I was generally regarded as a youth of very great promise, who had not, at present, secured his proper place, but was shortly to find it. My sphere of life, however, was not to be assigned me by man, and I was to reach it in a quite different way. Here I find myself treating of one of my peculiar characteristics. It will suffice to present it to the reader without comment.

Although there were several converts at Turin much in the same position as myself, I did not like them, and had never wished to have anything to do with them. But I had seen some Genevose who were of a quite different character, and among others a M. Mussard, surnamed Tord-Guele, a miniature painter and a distant relative. This M. Mussard hearing of my position with the Count de Gouvion, came to see me. He was accompanied by another Genevose, one Bâcle, who had been my comrade during my apprenticeship. This Bâcle was a very lively and amusing youth, full of comicalities which immensely fascinated me. I at once came under the charm of M. Bâcle, and in so extreme a manner that I could not tear myself from his company. He was very soon to return to Geneva. What a loss this would be to me! I felt it very keenly. To make the most of the time that remained, I never left his company; or rather, I should say that he never left mine, for I had not at present so completely lost my senses as to think of leaving the house for a day without leave. But the influence that he exercised over me being very soon observed, he was forbidden to visit me. This made me so angry that, forgetting everything but my friend Bâcle, I kept out of the way of the Abbé and the Count; and was no longer to be found when required. I paid no attention to repeated remonstrances, and was at length threatened with dismissal. This threat was my ruin, as it suggested the idea that it was possible for M. Bâcle to have a companion. From that moment I could

think of no other pleasure, could conceive of no other happiness than that of taking this journey with him. To render the prospect still more enticing, I pictured to myself Madame de Warens at the end—for I never dreamt of returning to Geneva. My imagination pictured the mountains; meadows, woods, and streams succeeding one another, with idyllic villages by the way. The prospect of the journey entranced me. I recalled with delight the joys I had experienced on the journey to Turin. How much greater would they be when joined with independence, and a lively, good-humoured companion of my own age. We should have no restraints and no duties, no obligation to go on or stand still—nothing to consult but our own whims! I should be foolish to forego such good fortune for ambitious projects which were slow, difficult, uncertain. Even suppose they might some day be realized, they were valueless compared with a few moments of the true joys and pleasure of youth.

Full of this brilliant illusion, I behaved in such a manner that at last I got my dismissal, not, however, without some trouble. One evening, as I was coming in, the steward informed me that he had received the Count's instructions to dismiss me. This was exactly what I wanted, because, while I could not help feeling that I was acting extravagantly I wished, by adding both injustice and ingratitude, to excuse myself, throwing the blame on others, and thus pretending that I was forced into the position of freedom for which I longed. I was told that the Count de Favria wished to speak with me the next morning before my departure. The steward was aware that I had grown sufficiently reckless to be capable of disregarding this injunction, and so he declined to pay the money that was intended for me—and which I had certainly very badly earned—until after the interview had taken place; for my patrons, not wishing to consider me precisely on the footing of a valet, had never paid me a fixed wage.

The Count de Favria, young and frivolous though he was, talked to me on this occasion in a sensible and serious manner, and, indeed, with the greatest tenderness. He reminded me in his most kindly manner of the goodness of his

uncle and the intentions of his grandfather. Finally, after having given me a vivid picture of all that I was sacrificing by the disastrous course I was taking, he offered to make my peace without other condition than that I should never again see the worthless fellow who had so led me astray.

It was perfectly obvious that he did not say all this of himself: and, notwithstanding my blind infatuation, I felt touched by the kindness of my good old master. But this precious journey had taken far too strong a hold on my imagination for any rational consideration to outweigh its attractiveness. I seemed like one bewitched. I was resolute and boastful, and ~~arrogantly~~ remarked that as they had chosen to give me notice, I was quite ready to take it; that it was too late to retract, and that, whatever might happen to me in the future, at least I was resolved not to be driven a second time from the same house. Then the young man, justly irritated, called me some well-deserved names, pushed me out of his room, and shut the door in my face. As for me, I left triumphantly, and like a proud conqueror. But, fearful of another conflict, I had the heartlessness to go away without saying good-bye to my friend the Abbé or thanking him for his kindness.

To form a just conception of my delirium at this time, it is necessary to understand something of my excitable temperament and the readiness with which I am drawn away by the phantasy of the moment. The most absurd and childish plans suffice for a justification of any project of which I have dreamt, and persuade me that it is reasonable to sacrifice everything to possess it. Would any one believe that a youth of nineteen would build his whole future projects upon an empty phial? But listen!

The Abbé de Gouvion had, some weeks earlier, made me a present of a very pretty toy fountain, with which I was delighted. Playing with this, and speaking of our departure, the sage Bâcle and myself thought it might be of considerable advantage, and enable us to lengthen our journey. What in the world was so curious as a toy fountain? Upon this idea we built our future fortune: we were



THE TOY FOUNTAIN.

Vol. I., facing p. 101.

to assemble the country people in every village we might pass through, and delight them with the sight of our novelty, and then feasting and good cheer would be sure to pour on us abundantly. We were both, it may be said, firmly persuaded that provisions could cost nothing to those who grew and gathered them ; and that if the villagers did not recklessly feast all wayfarers, it was due solely to ill-nature. We pictured everywhere entertainments and feasts and weddings, and imagined that without any expense but wind from our lungs, and water from our fountain, we could pay our way through Piedmont, Savoy, France, and, indeed, all over the world. There was no end to our projected travels, and we at first directed our course northward, rather for the pleasure of crossing the Alps, than from any supposed necessity for an ultimate destination.

Such was the sorry plan I set out with, abandoning without regret my patron, my preceptor, my studies, and my hopes, combined with the almost certain attainment of a fortune, to lead the life of a veritable vagabond. Farewell to the capital ; adieu to the court, ambition, love, the fair, and all the great adventures that hope had led me into during the preceding year ! I departed with my fountain and my friend Bâcle, my purse lightly furnished, but my heart overflowing with joy, and only thinking how to make the most of this gipsy's paradise in which all my former brilliant projects had suddenly become engulfed.

This extravagant journey was performed almost as agreeably as I had expected, though not exactly on the same plan ; for although our fountain highly amused the hostess and servants for some minutes at all the ale-houses where we halted, yet we found it none the less necessary to pay on our departure ; but that gave us no concern, as we never thought on depending on it entirely until our money should be expended. An accident spared us that trouble ; our fountain was broken near Bramant, without great regret on our part, for we both felt (though without daring to own it to each other) that it was beginning to weary us. The misfortune rendered us gayer than ever, and we laughed heartily

at our thoughtlessness in having forgotten that our clothes and our shoes would wear out, or in having imagined that we could replace them by the proceeds from exhibiting our fountain. We continued our journey as merrily as we had commenced it, only striking a rather straighter line towards the goal which our fast-dwindling purse rendered it necessary that we should reach.

At Chambéry I became thoughtful ; not over the folly I had committed, for never did any one bury the past more quickly or more thoroughly than I did, but with reference to the reception I should meet with from Madame de Warens ; for I looked on her house as my paternal home. I had written her an account of my reception at the Count de Gouvion's ; she knew on what footing I had been received, and in congratulating me on my good fortune, had added some wise lessons on the return I ought to make for the kindness with which they treated me. She looked on my fortune as already made, if I did not destroy it by my own carelessness. What, then, would she say on my arrival ? It never entered my mind that she might shut the door against me, but I dreaded the pain I might give her ; I feared her reproaches, to me harder to bear than want ; but I resolved to endure them in silence, and, if possible, to appease her. I now saw only her in the universe, and to continue in disgrace with her was impossible.

I was most concerned about my companion, whom I did not wish to offend, and feared I should not easily get rid of. I prepared for separation by assuming coldness during the last day's journey. The rascal understood me perfectly ; in fact, he was rather giddy than deficient in point of sense. I expected he would have been hurt at my inconstancy, but I was quite mistaken ; nothing affected my friend Bâcle, for hardly had we set foot in the town, on our arrival at Annecy, before he said, "You are now at home"—embraced me—bade me adieu—turned on his heel, and disappeared ; nor have I ever heard of him since. Our acquaintance and friendship lasted six weeks in all, but its effects on me will last during my life.

How my heart beat as I approached the house of Madame de Warens ! My legs trembled under me, my eyes were clouded with a mist ; I saw nothing, heard nothing, nor should I have recognized any one ; frequently I was obliged to stop that I might draw breath, and recall my bewildered senses. Was it the fear of not obtaining that succour I stood in need of which agitated me thus ? At the age I then was, does the fear of perishing with hunger give such alarms ? No ; I declare with as much truth as pride that it was not in the power of interest nor want, at any period of my life, to expand or contract my heart. In the course of a life of alternative prosperity and distress, and certainly more than commonly full of vicissitudes, frequently destitute of an asylum, and without bread, I have contemplated with equal indifference both opulence and misery. In want I may have begged or stolen, as others have done in the like circumstances, but never yet have I felt distress at being reduced to such necessities. Few men have grieved more than myself, few have shed so many tears ; yet never has poverty, or the fear of it, wrung from me a sigh or a single tear. My soul, in despite of fortune, has only been sensible of real good and evil, which did not depend on her ; and it has been, at times when the ordinary benefits of life have been least wanting to me, that I have most often known what it is to be miserable.

The first glance of Madame de Warens banished all my fears. My heart leaped at the sound of her voice ; I threw myself at her feet, and in transports of the most lively joy, pressed my lips upon her hand. I was ignorant whether she had received any recent information of me ; I discovered but little surprise on her countenance, and no sorrow. " Poor child ! " said she, in an affectionate tone, " art thou here again ? I knew you were too young for this journey ; I am very glad, however, that it has not turned out so badly as I apprehended." She then made me recount my history ; it was not long, and I did it faithfully, suppressing only some trifling circumstances, but on the whole neither sparing nor excusing myself.

The question was, where could I lodge? She consulted her maid on this point—I hardly dared to breathe during the deliberation; but when I heard I was to sleep in the house, I could scarce contain my joy, and saw the little bundle I brought with me carried into my destined apartment with much the same sensation as Saint-Preux saw his chaise put up at Madame de Wolmar's. To complete all, I had the satisfaction to find that this favour was not to be transitory; for at a moment when they thought me attending to something else, I heard Madame de Warens say, "They may talk as they please, but since Providence has sent him back, I am determined not to abandon him."

Behold me, then, established at her house; not, however, that I date the happiest days of my life from this period, but it certainly served to prepare me for them. Though that sensibility of heart, which enables us truly to enjoy our being, is the work of nature, and perhaps a mere effect of organization, yet it requires environment for its development; and without a certain concurrence of favourable circumstances, a man born with the most acute sensibility may go out of the world without ever having been acquainted with his own temperament. This was my case till that time, and such perhaps it might have remained had I never known Madame de Warens, or even having known her, had I not remained with her long enough to contract that pleasant habit of affectionate sentiment with which she inspired me. I dare affirm, that those who only love, do not feel the most charming sensations we are capable of: I am acquainted with another sentiment less impetuous but a thousand times more delightful; sometimes joined with love, but frequently separated from it. This feeling is not simply friendship, it is more enchanting, more tender; nor do I imagine it can exist between persons of the same sex; at least I have been truly a friend, if ever a man was, and yet never experienced it for any of my male friends. This distinction is not sufficiently clear, but will become so hereafter: sentiments are only distinguishable by their effects.

Madame de Warens inhabited an old house, but large

enough to have a handsome spare apartment, which she made her drawing-room. I now occupied this chamber, and it led from the passage I have before mentioned as the place of our first meeting. Beyond the brook and gardens was a prospect of the country, a most delightful thing to me, this being the first time, since my residence at Bossey, that I had seen anything before my windows but walls, roofs, or the dirty street. How pleasing, then, was this novelty ! It helped to increase the tenderness of my disposition, for I looked on this charming landscape as the gift of my dear patroness, who I could almost fancy had placed it there on purpose for me. Peaceably seated here, my eyes followed her everywhere amidst the flowers and the verdure; her charms and those of the spring, became inseparable in my eyes; my heart, till now contracted, here found room to expand, and my sighs were breathed freely in this charming retreat.

The magnificence I had been accustomed to at Turin was not to be found at Madame de Warens', but in lieu of it there was neatness, regularity, and a patriarchal abundance, which is seldom attached to pompous ostentation. She had very little plate, no china, no game in her kitchen, or foreign wines in her cellar; but both were well furnished, and at every one's service; and her coffee, though served in earthenware cups, was excellent. Whoever came to her house was invited to dinner, and never did labourer, messenger, or traveller depart without refreshment. Her family consisted of a pretty chambermaid from Fribourg, named Merceret; a valet from her own country, called Claude Anet (of whom I shall speak hereafter); a cook, and two hired chairmen when she visited, but this seldom happened. This was a great deal to be done out of two thousand livres a year; yet, with good management, it might have been sufficient in a country where land is extremely good and money very scarce. Unfortunately, economy was never her favourite virtue; she contracted debts—paid them—thus her money passed from hand to hand like a weaver's shuttle, and quickly disappeared.

The arrangement of her housekeeping was exactly what I

should have chosen, and I shared it with satisfaction. I was least pleased with the necessity of remaining too long at table. Madame de Warens was so much incommoded with the first smell of soup or meat that it almost occasioned fainting ; from this she slowly recovered, talking meantime, and never attempting to eat for the first half-hour. I could have dined thrice in the time, and had always finished my meal long before she began ; I then ate again for company ; and though by this means I usually dined twice, felt no inconvenience from it. In short, I was perfectly at my ease, and the happier as my situation required no care. Not being at this time instructed in the state of her finances, I supposed her means were adequate to her expenses ; and though I afterwards found the same abundance, yet being more conversant with her real situation, and knowing that her pension was always anticipated, I never enjoyed the same tranquillity. Foresight with me has always embittered enjoyment ; in vain I saw the approach of misfortunes, I was never the more likely to avoid them.

From the first moment of our meeting, the softest familiarity was established between us, and in the same degree it continued during the rest of her life. "Petit" was my name ; "Maman," was hers ; and "Petit" and "Maman" we have ever continued, even after a number of years had almost effaced the apparent difference of age between us. I think those names convey an exact idea of our behaviour, the simplicity of our manners, and, above all, the similarity of our dispositions. To me she was the tenderest of mothers, ever preferring my welfare to her own pleasure ; and if my own satisfaction found some interest in my attachment to her, it was not to change its nature, but only to render it more exquisite and intoxicate me with the charm of having a mother young and handsome, whom I was delighted to caress ; I say literally, to caress, for never did it enter into her imagination to deny me the tenderest maternal kisses and endearments, or into my heart to abuse them. It will be said, at length our connexion was of a different kind : I confess it ; but have patience, that will come in its turn.

The sudden sight of her, on our first interview, was the only truly passionate moment she ever inspired me with, and even that was principally the work of surprise. With her I had neither transports nor desires, but remained in a ravishing calm, sensible of a happiness I could not define ; and thus could I have passed my whole life, or even eternity, without feeling an instant of uneasiness.

She was the only person with whom I never experienced that want of conversation, which to me is so painful to endure. Our *tête-à-têtes* were rather an inexhaustible chat than conversation, which could only conclude from interruption. So far from finding discourse difficult, I rather thought it a hardship to be silent ; unless, when contemplating her projects, she sank into a reverie ; when I silently let her meditate, and, gazing on her, was the happiest of men. I had another singular fancy, which was that without pretending to the favour of a *tête-à-tête*, I was perpetually seeking occasions to cause them, enjoying such opportunities with rapture ; and when importunate visitors broke in upon us, no matter whether it was man or woman, I went out murmuring, not being able to remain a secondary object in her company ; then, counting the minutes in her ante-chamber, I used to curse these eternal visitors, thinking it inconceivable how they could find so much to say, because I had still more.

If ever I felt the full force of my attachment, it was when I did not see her. When in her presence, I was merely contented ; when absent, my uneasiness reached almost to melancholy, and the desire to be with her gave me bursts of tenderness ending in tears. Never shall I forget one great holiday, while she was at vespers, when I took a walk out of the city, my heart full of her image, and the ardent wish to pass my life with her. I could easily enough see that at present this was impossible ; that the happiness I enjoyed would be of short duration ; and this idea gave to my contemplations a tincture of melancholy, which, however, was not gloomy, but tempered with a flattering hope. The ringing of bells, which ever affects me, the singing of birds, the

fineness of the day, the beauty of the landscape, the scattered country houses, among which in idea I placed our future dwelling—all these together made an impression on me so lively, tender, melancholy, and powerful, that I saw myself in ecstasy transported into that happy time and abode where my heart, possessing all the felicity it could desire, might taste it with raptures inexpressible. I never recollect to have enjoyed the future with such force of illusion as at that time ; and what has particularly struck me in the recollection of this reverie, is that, when realized, I found everything exactly as I had imagined it. If ever waking dream had an appearance of a prophetic vision, it was assuredly this ; I was only deceived in its imaginary duration, for days, years, and life itself passed ideally in perfect tranquillity, while in reality it all lasted but a moment. Alas ! my most durable happiness was but as a dream, which I had no sooner had a glimpse of than I instantly awoke.

I know not when I should have done if I were to enter into full particulars of all the follies that affection for my dear "Maman" made me commit when absent from her. How often have I kissed the bed, thinking that she had lain there ; the curtains and all the furniture of my chamber, on recollecting they were hers, and that her charming hands had touched them ; nay, the floor itself, when I considered she had walked there. Sometimes even in her presence extravagances escaped me, which only the most violent passion seemed capable of inspiring. One day at dinner, just as she had put a morsel in her mouth, I called out that there was a hair in it ; she put the piece back on her plate, when I instantly seized and devoured it. In a word, there was but one essential difference to distinguish me from an absolute lover, and that particular renders my situation almost inconceivable.

Intoxicated with the charm of living with her, with the ardent desire of passing my life there, absent or present I saw in her a tender mother, an amiable sister, a respected friend, but nothing more ; meantime, her image filled my heart, and left room for no other object. The extreme tenderness with which she inspired me excluded every other

woman from my consideration, and preserved me from the whole sex ; in a word, I was virtuous, because I loved her. Let these particulars, which I recount but indifferently, be considered, and then let any one judge what kind of attachment I had for her ; for my part, all I can say is, that if it hitherto appears extraordinary, it will appear much more so in the sequel.

My time passed in the most agreeable manner, although it was occupied in a way by no means calculated to please me ; such as having projects to digest, bills to write fair, recipes to transcribe, herbs to pick, drugs to pound, or distillations to watch ; and in the midst of all this came crowds of travellers, beggars, and visitors of all denominations. Sometimes it was necessary to converse at the same time with a soldier, an apothecary, a prebendary, a fine lady, and a lay brother. I grumbled, swore, and wished all this troublesome medley at the devil, while she seemed to enjoy it, laughing at my chagrin till the tears ran down her cheeks. What excited her mirth still more, was to see that my anger was increased by not being able myself to refrain from laughter. These little intervals, in which I enjoyed the pleasure of grumbling, were charming ; and if, during the dispute, another importunate visitor arrived, she would add to her amusement by maliciously prolonging the visit, meantime casting glances at me, for which I could almost have beaten her : nor could she without difficulty refrain from laughter on seeing my constrained politeness, though every moment glancing at her the look of a fury ; while, in spite of myself, I could not help seeing the humour of the situation.

All this, without being pleasing in itself, contributed to amuse, because it made up a part of a life which I thought delightful. Nothing that was carried on around me, nothing that I was obliged to do, suited my taste, but everything suited my heart ; and I believe at length I should have liked the study of medicine, had not my natural distaste to it perpetually engaged us in mad scenes, that prevented my thinking of it in a serious light. It was

perhaps the first time that this art produced mirth. I pretended to distinguish a medical book by its smell; and, what was more diverting, was seldom mistaken. Madame de Warens made me taste the most nauseous drugs: in vain I ran, or endeavoured to defend myself; in spite of resistance or wry faces, in spite of my struggles, or even of my teeth, when I saw her charming fingers approach my lips, I was obliged to give up the contest. When shut up in an apartment with all her medical apparatus, any one who had heard us running and shouting amidst peals of laughter would rather have imagined we had been acting a farce than preparing opiates or elixirs.

My time, however, was not entirely passed in these fooleries. In the apartment I then occupied I found a few books—there was the “Spectator,” Puffendorf, St. Evremond, and the “Henriade.” Though I had not my old passion for books, yet I amused myself with reading a part of them. The “Spectator” was particularly pleasing and serviceable to me. The Abbé de Gouvion had taught me to read less eagerly, and with a greater degree of attention, thus rendering my studies more serviceable. I accustomed myself to reflect on the elocution and the elegance of composition; exercising myself in discerning pure French from my provincial idiom. For example, I corrected an orthographical fault (that I had in common with all Genevese) by these two lines of the “Henriade”:—

Soit q'un ancien respect pour le sang de leur maître,
Parlât encore pour lui dans le cœur de ces traîtres.

I was struck with the word *parlât*, and found a *t* was necessary to form the third person of the subjunctive, whereas I had always written and pronounced it *parla*, as in the present of the indicative.

Sometimes my studies were the subject of conversation with Madame de Warens; sometimes I read to her, in which I found great satisfaction; and, as I endeavoured to read well, it was extremely serviceable to me. I have already observed that her mind was cultivated; her understanding

was at this time in its meridian. Several people of learning having been assiduous to ingratiate themselves, had taught her to distinguish works of merits; but her taste (if I may so express myself) was rather Protestant; ever speaking warmly of Bayle, and highly esteeming St. Evremond, who was long since almost forgotten in France; but this did not prevent her having a taste for literature, or expressing her thoughts with elegance. She had been brought up in select society, and coming young to Savoy, by associating with people of the best fashion, had lost the affected manners of her own country, where the ladies mistake wit for sense, and only speak in epigrams.

Though she had seen the Court but superficially, that glance was sufficient to give her a competent idea of it; and notwithstanding secret jealousies and the murmurs excited by her conduct and running in debt, she always preserved friends there, and never lost her pension. She knew the world, and her powers were sufficiently reflective to make her experience useful. This was her favourite theme in our conversations, and was, in view of my chimerical ideas on the subject, exactly the kind of instruction I particularly had occasion for. We read La Bruyère together; he pleased her more than Rochefoucauld, who is a dull, melancholy author, particularly to the young, who are not fond of contemplating man as he really is. In moralizing, she sometimes bewildered herself by the length of her discourse; but by kissing her lips or hand from time to time, I was easily consoled, and never found them wearisome.

This life was too delightful to be lasting. I felt this, and the uneasiness that thought gave me was the only thing that disturbed my enjoyment. Notwithstanding her playfulness, she studied my disposition, observed and interrogated me, forming projects for my future fortune, which I could readily have dispensed with. Happily, it was not sufficient to know my disposition, inclinations, and talents; it was likewise necessary to find a situation where they could be made useful, and this was not the work of a day. Even the prejudices this good woman had conceived in favour of my

merit put off the time of calling it into action, by rendering her more difficult in the choice of the means ; thus (thanks to the good opinion she entertained of me) everything answered to my wish ; but a change soon happened that put a period to my tranquillity.

A relation of Madame de Warens, named M. d'Aubonne, came to see her ; he was a man of great understanding and intrigue, being, like her, fond of projects, though careful not to ruin himself by them. He had offered Cardinal Fleury a very compact plan for a lottery, which, however, had not been approved of, and he was now going to propose it to the Court of Turin, where it was accepted and put into execution. He remained some time at Annecy, where he fell in love with the Intendant's lady, who was very amiable, much to my taste, and the only person I saw with pleasure at the house of Madame de Warens. M. d'Aubonne saw me. I was strongly recommended by his relative, and he promised to question me, and see what I was fit for, and if he found me capable, to seek a situation for me. Madame de Warens sent me to him two or three mornings, under pretence of messages, without acquainting me with her real intention. He spoke to me gaily, on various subjects, without any appearance of observation ; his familiarity presently set me talking, which by his cheerful and jesting manner he encouraged without restraint. I was absolutely charmed with him. The result of his observations was that, notwithstanding the animation of my countenance, and my promising exterior, I was, if not absolutely silly, a lad of very little sense, and without ideas or learning ; in fine, very ignorant in all respects, and if I could manage to become a village priest, it was the utmost honour I ought ever to aspire to. Such was the account he gave of me to Madame de Warens. This was the second or third time such an opinion had been formed of me, and it was not the last, the judgment of M. Masseron having been repeatedly confirmed.

The cause of these opinions is too much connected with my character not to need a particular explanation ; for it

will not be supposed that I can in conscience subscribe to them ; and with all possible impartiality, whatever M. Masseron, M. d'Aubonne, and many others may have said, I cannot help thinking them mistaken.

Two things, very opposite, unite in me, without my being able to think how. My disposition is extremely ardent, my passions lively and impetuous, yet my ideas are produced slowly, with great embarrassment, and never arise until after the event. One would say my heart and understanding do not belong to the same individual. A sentiment takes possession of my soul with the rapidity of lightning, but instead of illuminating, it dazzles and confounds me ; I feel all, but see nothing ; I am carried away, but I am stupid ; to think, I must be cool. What is astonishing is, that I have plenty of tact, penetration, and even acuteness, if I am not hurried ; I can make excellent impromptus at leisure, but on the instant could never say or do anything worth notice. I could hold a tolerable conversation by the post, as they say the Spaniards play at chess ; and when I read that anecdote of a duke of Savoy, who turned round, while on a journey, to cry out, *à votre gorge, marchand de Paris !* I said, " Here is a trait of my character ! "

This slowness of thought, joined to vivacity of feeling, I am not only sensible of in conversation, but even when I am alone and working. My ideas arrange themselves in my head with incredible difficulty ; they circulate there in a dull way, and ferment till they agitate me, fill me with heat, and give me palpitations. During this stir of emotions I see nothing clearly, cannot write a single word, and must wait till it is over. Insensibly the tumult subsides, the chaos acquires form, and each circumstance takes its proper place ; but very slowly, and only after long and confused agitation. Have you never seen an opera in Italy ? There during the change of scene every thing is in confusion, the decorations are intermingled, and any one would suppose that all would be overthrown ; yet by little and little everything is arranged, nothing appears wanting, and we feel surprised to see the tumult succeeded by the most delightful spectacle. This is

a resemblance of what passes in my brain when I attempt to write. Had I always waited till that confusion was past, and then painted, in all their beauty, the objects that had presented themselves, few authors would have surpassed me.

Thence arises the extreme difficulty I find in writing ; my manuscripts blotted, scratched, and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me ; nor is there one of them but I have been obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to press. Never could I do anything when placed at a table, pen in hand ; it must be walking among the rocks, or in the woods. It is at night in my bed, during my wakeful hours, that I compose : it may be judged how slowly, particularly for a man who has not the advantage of verbal memory, and never in his life could retain by heart six verses. Some of my periods I have turned and returned in my head five or six nights before they were fit to be put to paper—thus it is that I succeed better in works that require laborious attention than those that appear more trivial, such as letters, in which I could never succeed, and being obliged to write one is to me a serious punishment ; nor can I express my thoughts on the most trivial subjects without it costing me hours of fatigue. If I write immediately what strikes me, I know neither where to end nor where to begin ; my letter is a long, confused, unconnected string of expressions, that, when read, can hardly be understood.

Not only are my ideas painful in their expression, but are so even in their formation. I have studied men, and think myself a tolerably keen observer of them, yet I know nothing from what I see, but all from what I remember ; it is only amidst the images of my memory that my mind works freely. From all that is said, from all that passes in my presence, I feel nothing, conceive nothing, the exterior sign being all that strikes me ; afterwards it returns to my remembrance ; I recollect the place, the time, the manner, look, and gesture, not a circumstance escapes me ; it is then, from what has been done or said that I imagine what has been thought, and I have rarely found myself mistaken.

So little master of my understanding when alone, let any

one judge what I must be in conversation, where to speak with any degree of ease you must think of a thousand things at the same time. The bare idea of so many requisites, of which I am sure to forget some, is sufficient to intimidate me. I cannot comprehend how people can have the confidence to converse in large companies, where each word must pass in review before so many, and where it must be necessary to know their several characters and histories to avoid saying what might give offence. In this particular, those who frequent the world would have a great advantage, as they know better where to be silent, and can speak with greater confidence; yet even they sometimes let fall absurdities. In what predicament, then, must he be who drops as it were from the clouds? It is almost impossible he should speak for a single minute with impunity.

In a *tête-à-tête* there is a still worse inconvenience: that is, the necessity of talking perpetually, or at least the necessity of answering when spoken to, and keeping up the conversation when the other is silent. This insupportable constraint is alone sufficient to disgust me with society; for I cannot form an idea of a greater torment than being obliged to speak continually without time for recollection. I know not whether it proceeds from my mortal hatred to all constraint; but it is certain that if I am obliged to speak, I infallibly talk nonsense. What is still worse, instead of learning how to be silent when I have absolutely nothing to say, it is generally at such times that I have a violent inclination to chatter; and endeavouring to pay my debt of conversation as speedily as possible, I hastily gabble a number of words without ideas, only too happy when they mean nothing at all. Thus in my endeavours to conquer or hide my incapacity, I rarely fail to make it apparent.

I think I have said enough to show that, though not a fool, I have frequently passed for one, even among people capable of judging; this was the more vexatious, as my physiognomy and eyes promised otherwise, and expectation being frustrated, my stupidity appeared the more shocking. This explanation, which a particular incident rendered it

necessary to give, will not be useless in the sequel, being a key to many of my actions that might otherwise appear attributable to a morose temper, and this I by no means possess. I should love society as much as any man if I were not certain to exhibit myself in it, not only to my disadvantage, but of a nature totally different from what I really am. The plan I have adopted of writing and retirement is exactly that which suits me. Had I frequented society, my worth would never have been known, no one would even have suspected it; this is proved by the fact that Madame Dupin, although she was a woman of intellect, and one in whose house I lived for several years, has often since remarked it to me. This rule is, of course, subject to some exceptions; to these I shall return later on.

The measure of my abilities having been thus fixed, and the situation I was most fitted for laid down, the question only remained how to render me capable of fulfilling my destined vocation. The principal difficulty was that I did not know enough Latin for a priest. Madame de Warens determined to have me taught for some time at the seminary, and accordingly spoke of it to the superior, who was a Lazarist, called M. Gras, a good-natured little fellow, half blind, spare, grey-haired, and the least pedantic, and most intelligent Lazarist I have ever known; which, indeed, is not saying much.

He sometimes visited Madame de Warens, who entertained, caressed, and made much of him, letting him sometimes lace her stays, an office he was willing enough to perform. While thus employed she would run about the room, this way or that, as occasion happened to call her. Drawn by the lace, Monsieur the Superior followed grumbling, repeating at every moment, "Pray, madame, do stand still," the whole forming a highly diverting scene.

M. Gras willingly assented to the project of Madame de Warens, and for a very moderate stipend, charged himself with the care of instructing me. The consent of the bishop was all that remained necessary, and he not only granted it, but offered to pay the money, permitting me to retain the

secular habit till they could judge by a trial what success might be hoped for.

What a change ! I was obliged to submit, though I went to the seminary with about the same spirits as if they had been taking me to execution. What a melancholy abode ! especially for one who had left the house of a pretty woman. I carried one book with me that I had borrowed of Madame de Warens, and found it a capital resource. It will not be easily conjectured what kind of book this was—it was a music-book. Among the talents she had cultivated, music was not forgotten ; she had a tolerably good voice, sang agreeably, and played a little on the harpsichord. She had taken the pains to give me some lessons in singing, and had found it necessary to begin at the commencement, for I hardly knew the music of our psalms. Eight or ten lessons from a woman, full of interruptions, far from putting me in a condition to improve myself, did not teach me half the notes ; notwithstanding, I had such a passion for the art, that I determined to practise it alone. The book I took—the *Cantatas of Clerambault*—was certainly none of the easiest. It may be conceived with what attention and perseverance I studied, when I say that without knowing anything of transposition or quantity, I contrived to make out and sing, with tolerable correctness, the first recitative and air in the cantata of *Alpheus and Arethusa* ; it is true this air is so justly set, that it is only necessary to recite the verses in their just measure to catch the music.

There was at the seminary a confounded Lazarist, who, by undertaking to teach me Latin, made me detest it. His hair was coarse, black, and greasy, his face like those formed in gingerbread ; he had the voice of a buffalo, the countenance of an owl, and the bristles of a boar in lieu of a beard ; his smile was sardonic, and his limbs played like those of a puppet moved by wires. I have forgotten his odious name, but the remembrance of his frightful countenance remains with me, and even now I cannot recollect it without trembling ; I think I can see him now meeting me in the corridor, graciously holding out his filthy square cap as

a sign for me to enter his apartment, which appeared more dismal to me than a dungeon. Let any one judge the contrast of such a master for the pupil of an Abbé of the Court.

Had I remained two months at the mercy of this monster, I am certain my head could not have sustained it ; but the good M. Gras, perceiving I was melancholy, grew thin, and did not eat my food, guessed the cause of my uneasiness (which indeed was not very difficult). Taking me from the claws of this beast, he, by way of a still more striking contrast, placed me with the gentlest of men, a young Fancignerian Abbé, named M. Gâtier, who studied at the seminary, and out of friendship for M. Gras, and pity for myself, spared some time from the prosecution of his own studies in order to direct mine. Never did I see a more pleasing countenance than that of M. Gâtier. He was of fair complexion, his beard rather inclining to red ; his behaviour, like that of the generality of his countrymen (who, under a coarseness of countenance, conceal much understanding), marked in him a truly sensible and affectionate soul. In his large blue eyes there was a mixture of softness, tenderness, and melancholy, which made it impossible to see him without being interested in him. From the expression and air of this young Abbé, one would have said at once that he foresaw his destiny, and that he was aware that he was born to be unhappy.

His disposition did not belie his countenance ; full of patience and sympathy, he rather appeared to study with than instruct me. It did not need this to make me love him ; his predecessor had rendered that very easy ; yet, notwithstanding all the time he bestowed on me, notwithstanding the mutual good will we threw into my studies, and that his plan of teaching was excellent, with much labour I made little progress. It is very singular, that though possessing power of thought, I could never learn much from masters except my father and M. Lambercier ; the little I know besides I have learned alone, as will be seen hereafter. My spirit, impatient of every species of

constraint, cannot submit to the law of the moment ; even the fear of not learning prevents my being attentive, and a dread of wearying those who teach makes me feign to understand them ; thus they proceed faster than I can comprehend, and the result is that I learn nothing. My understanding must take its own time, and cannot submit to that of another.

The time of ordination having arrived, M. Gâtier returned to his province as deacon, leaving me with gratitude, attachment, and sorrow for his loss. The vows I made for him were no more answered than those I offered for myself. Some years after I learned that, being vicar of a parish, a young girl, the only one whom he ever loved (notwithstanding a very tender heart), became with child by him. This was a dreadful scandal in a diocese severely governed, where the priests (being under good regulation) ought never to have children—except by married women. Having infringed this politic law, he was put in prison, defamed, and driven from his benefice. I know not whether it was ever after in his power to re-establish his position ; but the remembrance of his misfortunes, which were deeply engraven on my heart, returned to me when I was writing my *Emile*, and, uniting M. Gâtier with M. Gaimé, I formed from these two worthy priests the character of the Savoyard Vicar ; I flatter myself that the imitation has not dishonoured the originals.

While I was at the seminary, M. d'Aubonne was obliged to quit Annecy, he having displeased the Intendant by making love to his wife. This was acting like a dog in the manger, for though Madame Corvezi was extremely amiable, he lived on very bad terms with her, treating her with such brutality that a separation was talked of. He was a disagreeable man ; as black as a mole and as knavish as an owl, and at length brought about his own dismissal through his continual oppression. It is said the Provençals revenge themselves on their enemies by songs ; M. d'Aubonne revenged himself on his by a comedy, which he sent to Madame de Warens, who showed it to me. I was pleased with it, and immediately

conceived the idea of writing one myself, to try whether I was as silly as the author had pronounced me. This project was not executed, however, till I went to Chambéry, where I wrote *The Lover of Himself*. Thus when I said in the preface to that piece, that it was written at eighteen, I lied to the extent of several years.

Nearly about this time an event happened, not very important in itself, but the consequences of which affected me, and made a noise in the world when I had forgotten it. Once a week I was permitted to go out; it is not necessary to say what use I made of this liberty. Being one Sunday at Madame de Warens', a building belonging to the Cordeliers, which joined her house, took fire; this building, which contained their oven, being full of dry faggots, blazed violently, and greatly endangered the house; for the wind, happening to drive that way, covered it with flames. The furniture, therefore, was hastily got out, and carried into the garden, which was opposite my windows, on the other side of the streamlet I have before referred to. I was in such a state of alarm that I threw everything that came to hand indiscriminately out of the window, even to a large stone mortar, which at another time I should have found it difficult to remove, and should have thrown a handsome looking-glass after it, had not some one prevented me. The good bishop, who that day was visiting Madame de Warens did not remain idle; he took her into the garden, where they joined in praying with the rest that were assembled there; and there, some time afterwards, I found them on their knees, and presently joined them. While the good man was at his devotions, the wind changed, so suddenly, and at such a critical time, that the flames, which had covered the house, and were beginning to enter the windows, were carried to the other side of the court, and the house received no damage. Two years after, Monseigneur de Bernex being dead, the Antoinnes, his former brethren, began to collect anecdotes which might serve as arguments in favour of his beatification. At the desire of Père Boudet, I joined to these an attestation of what I had just related, in doing this,

though I attested no more than the truth, I certainly acted ill, as it tended to make an accidental occurrence pass for a miracle. I had seen the bishop in prayer, and had likewise seen the wind change during that prayer, and just at the right time ; but that one of these facts was the cause of the other I ought not to have attested, because it is what I could not possibly know. Thus much I may say, that as far as I can recollect what my ideas were, being at that time a sincere Catholic, I acted in good faith. Love of the marvellous is natural to the human heart ; my veneration for the virtuous prelate, and secret pride in having myself, perhaps, contributed to the miracle, helped to lead me astray ; and certainly, if this miracle was the effect of ardent prayer, I had a right to claim a share of the merit.

More than thirty years after, when I published the *Lettres de la Montagne*, M. Fréron (I know not by what means) discovered this attestation, and made use of it in his paper. I must confess the discovery was very happily timed, and appeared very diverting, even to me.

I was destined to be an outcast from every walk of life ; for, notwithstanding M. Gâtier gave the least unfavourable account he possibly could of my studies, it was plainly seen that the improvement I received bore no proportion to the pains taken to instruct me, and thus no encouragement was given for their continuance. The bishop and superior, therefore, were disheartened, and I was sent back to Madame de Warens, as a subject not even fit to make a priest of ; but as they allowed at the same time that I was a tolerably good lad, and far from being vicious, this account counterbalanced the former, and determined her not to abandon me.

I carried back in triumph the dear music-book, which had been so useful to me, the air of *Alpheus and Arethusa* being almost all I had learned at the seminary. My predilection for this art started the idea of making a musician of me. A convenient opportunity offered : once a week, Madame de Warens had a concert at her house, and the music-master from the cathedral, who directed on these

occasions, came frequently to see her. This was a Parisian named M. le Maître, a good composer, very lively, gay, young, well-made, of little understanding, but, upon the whole, a good sort of man. Madame de Warens made us acquainted; I attached myself to him, and he seemed not displeased with me. A payment was talked of, and agreed on; in short, I went home with him, and passed the winter the more agreeably at his chambers, as they were not above twenty paces distant from Madame de Warens', where we frequently supped together. It may easily be supposed that this life, with its gaiety and constant singing with the musicians and children of the choir, pleased me more than the seminary and fathers of St. Lazarus. My existence, though free, was regular; here I learned to prize independence, but never to abuse it. For six whole months I never once went out except to see Madame de Warens, or to church, nor had I any inclination to do so. This interval is one of those in which I enjoyed the greatest satisfaction, and which I have ever recollected with pleasure. Among the various situations I have been placed in, some were marked by so strong an atmosphere of well-being, that the bare remembrance of them affects me as if the old times had once more returned. I vividly recollect the time, the place, the persons, and even the temperature of the air, and this accurate memory of surroundings, never so strongly felt as during that period, transports me back again to the very spot. For example, all that was repeated at our meetings, all that was sung in the choir, everything that passed there—the beautiful and noble habits of the canons, the chasubles of the priests, the mitres of the singers, the persons of the musicians, an old lame carpenter who played the counter-bass, a little fair abbé who performed on the violin, the ragged cassock which M. le Maître (after taking off his sword) used to put over his secular habit, and the fine surplice with which he covered the rags of the former when he went to the choir, the pride with which I held my little flute to my lips, and seated myself in the orchestra, to assist in a recitative which M.

le Maître had composed on purpose for me, the good dinner that afterwards awaited us, and the hearty appetites we carried to it, are as present to me now as if everything had happened yesterday. This concourse of objects, strongly retained in my memory, has charmed me a hundred times as much, or perhaps more, than ever the reality did. I have always preserved an affection for a certain air of the *Conditor alme Siderum*, because one Sunday in Advent I heard that hymn sung on the steps of the Cathedral (according to the custom of that place) as I lay in bed before daybreak. Mademoiselle Merceret, Madame de Warens' chambermaid, knew something of music; I shall never forget a little piece that M. le Maître made me sing with her, and which her mistress listened to with great satisfaction. In a word, every particular, even down to the servant Perrine, who was so good-natured a girl, and whom the boys of the choir took such delight in teasing, comes back to me in the remembrances of this time of happiness and innocence, as delicious as they are sad.

I lived at Annecy during a year without the least reproach, giving universal satisfaction. Since my departure from Turin, I had been guilty of no follies, committing none while under the eye of Madame de Warens. She was my conductor, and ever led me right; my attachment to her had become my only passion; and, a fact that proves it was not a foolish one, my heart and understanding were in unison. It is true that a single sentiment, absorbing all my faculties, robbed me of the capacity for learning even music; but this was not my fault, since to the strongest inclination I added the utmost assiduity. I was abstracted, dreamy, melancholy; but what could I do! Nothing was wanting towards my progress that depended on myself; but it only required a subject to inspire me to the commission of new follies; that subject presented itself, chance arranged circumstances in its favour, and (as will be seen hereafter) my imprudent head took advantage of it.

One evening in the month of February, when it was very cold, and we were all seated round the fire, we heard some

one knock at the street door. Perrine took a light, went down, and opened it. A young man entering, came upstairs, presented himself with an easy air, and, making M. le Maître a short but well-turned compliment, announced himself as a French musician, constrained by the state of his finances to take this liberty. The heart of the good Le Maître leaped at the name of a French musician, for he passionately loved both his country and his profession ; he therefore offered his services and the use of his apartment to the young traveller, who appeared to stand much in need of such help, which he accepted without much ceremony. I observed him while he was chatting and warming himself before supper. He was short and thick, having some fault in his shape, though without any particular deformity. He had (if I may so express myself) an appearance of being hunchbacked with flat shoulders, and I think he limped. He wore a black coat, rather worn than old, which hung in tatters, a very fine but dirty shirt, frayed ruffles ; a pair of gaiters so large that he could have put both his legs into either of them ; and to protect himself against the snow a little hat only fit to be carried under his arm. With this whimsical get up he had, however, an air of nobleness about him which his demeanour did not belie ; his countenance was expressive and agreeable, and he spoke with facility, if not with modesty. In short, everything about him bore the marks of a young rake of good education, who did not crave assistance like a beggar, but like a ne'er-do-well. He told us his name was Venture de Villeneuve, that he came from Paris, and had lost his way ; and seeming to forget that he had announced himself as a musician, he added that he was going to Grenoble to see a relation who was a Member of Parliament.

During supper we talked of music, on which subject he spoke well. He knew all the great virtuosi, every celebrated work, and all the actors, actresses, pretty women, and grandees. In short, nothing was mentioned that he did not seem thoroughly acquainted with, though no sooner was any topic started, than by some drollery, which set

every one laughing, he made them forget what had been said. This was on a Saturday; the next day there was to be music at the cathedral. M. le Maître asked him if he would sing there. "Very willingly." "What part would he choose?" "The counter-tenor;" and immediately began speaking of other things. Before he went to church they offered him his part to peruse, but he did not even look at it. This off-handedness surprised Le Maître. "You'll see," said he, whispering to me, "that he does not know a single note." I replied, "I am very much afraid of it." I followed them into the church extremely uneasy, and when they began my heart beat violently, for I had taken a great fancy to him.

I was soon reassured. He sang his two recitatives with all imaginable taste and judgment; and, what was more, with a very agreeable voice. I never enjoyed a more pleasing surprise. After mass M. Venture received the highest compliments from the canons and musicians, whom he answered jokingly, though with great grace. M. le Maître embraced him heartily; I did the same; he saw I was rejoiced at his success, and appeared pleased at my satisfaction.

It will easily be surmised that, after having been delighted with M. Bâcle, who after all was only a clown, I should be infatuated with M. Venture, who had education, wit, talents, and a knowledge of the world, and might be called an agreeable rake. This was exactly what happened, and would, I believe, have happened to any young man in my place, especially supposing him possessed of better judgment to distinguish merit, and more susceptibility to attraction by it; for Venture doubtless possessed a considerable share of merit, and had a quality in addition, very rare at his age, namely, that of never being in haste to display his talents. It is true, he boasted of many things he did not understand, but of those he knew (which were very numerous) he said nothing; patiently waiting some occasion to display them, which he then did with ease, though without forwardness, and thus gave them the more effect. As there was always

some interval between the proofs of his various abilities, it was impossible to conjecture when he would have revealed all he could do. Playful, light-hearted, inexhaustible, seductive in conversation, and always smiling, though never laughing, he would say the rudest things in the most elegant manner, so that they passed without notice. Even the most modest women were astonished at what they would endure from him : it was in vain for them to make up their minds to be angry ; they could not accomplish it. Of course, he had numerous successes with them, and though I do not believe that he was calculated to make a large fortune, yet he was to cause infinite diversion in the society of those who had one. It was extraordinary that with so many agreeable talents, in a country where they are so well understood, and so much admired, he so long remained only a musician.

My attachment to M. Venture, more reasonable in its cause, was also less extravagant in its effects, though more lively and more durable, than that I had conceived for M. Bâcle. I loved to see him, to listen to him ; all his actions appeared charming, everything he said was an oracle to me, but the enchantment did not extend far enough to render it impossible for me to leave him. I had at hand a capital preservative against any such excess of affection. Besides, although his maxims might be good enough for his own conduct, I felt that they were not fitted for my own use ; another sort of pleasure was necessary for me, of which he had no idea, and of which I dared not speak to him, for fear of his ridicule. Yet I would willingly have cemented my attachment to one who had so much influence over me. I spoke of him with transport to Madame de Warens ; Le Maître likewise spoke in his praise, and she consented we should bring him to her house ; but the interview did not succeed. He thought her affected : she considered him a libertine, and, alarmed that I had formed such an evil acquaintance, not only forbade me bringing him there again, but painted so strongly the danger I ran with this young man, that I became a little more circumspect in giving

myself up to him ; and very happily, both for my manners and my sense, we were soon separated.

M. le Maître, like most of his profession, loved good wine. At table he was moderate, but whilst working in his study he must drink. His maid was so well acquainted with this, that no sooner had he prepared his paper to compose, and taken his violoncello, than the jug and glass arrived, the former being replenished from time to time ; thus, without being ever absolutely intoxicated, he was usually in a state of elevation. This was much to be regretted, for he was a good fellow, and was so full of mirth, that Madame de Warens used to call him "The Kitten." Unhappily, he loved his profession, and drank in proportion to his labour at it ; thus he injured his health, and at length soured his temper. Sometimes he was gloomy and easily offended, though incapable of rudeness, or giving offence to any one ; he never uttered a harsh word, even to the boys of the choir ; but he would not endure a slight from any one, which was but just. The misfortune was that, having little understanding, he did not properly discriminate and was often angry without cause.

The ancient Chapter of Geneva, to which in former times so many princes and bishops had thought it an honour to belong, had lost in exile its pristine splendour, but had preserved its exclusiveness. To be admitted, you must either be a gentleman or doctor of Sorbonne. If there is a pardonable pride, after that derived from personal merit, it is doubtless the one arising from birth, though, in general, priests having laymen in their service treat them with considerable haughtiness : and a notable instance of it was the treatment by the canons of poor M. le Maître. The chanter, in particular, who was called the Abbé de Vidonne, in other respects a well-behaved man, but too full of his nobility, did not always show him the attention his talents merited. M. le Maître could not bear these indignities patiently ; and this year, during Passion Week, they had a more serious dispute than ordinary. At an institution dinner given to the canons by the bishop, and to which Le Maître was always

invited, the Abbé failed in some formality, adding, at the same time, some harsh words, which the other could not digest. He instantly formed the resolution to quit them the following night: nor could any consideration make him give up his design, though Madame de Warens (whom he went to take leave of) spared no pains to appease him. He could not relinquish the pleasure of leaving his tyrants embarrassed for the Easter feast, at which time he knew they stood in the greatest need of him. He was most concerned about his music, which he wished to take with him; but this could not easily be accomplished, as it filled a large case, and being very heavy, could not be carried under the arm.

Madame de Warens did what I should have done in her situation; and, indeed, what I should yet do. After many useless efforts to retain him, seeing he was resolved to depart, whatever might be the result of it, she determined to give him every possible assistance. I must confess *Le Maître* deserved it of her, for he was (if I may use the expression) dedicated to her service; in whatever appertained either to his art, or his knowledge, his help was always ready, and the readiness with which he obliged gave a double value to his kindness. Thus she only paid back on a critical occasion the many favours he had been conferring on her; though, indeed, she possessed a nature that, to fulfil such duties, had no occasion to be reminded of previous obligation. She sent for me, ordered me to follow *Le Maître* to Lyons, and continue with him as long as he might have occasion for my services. She has since confessed that a desire of detaching me from *Venture* had much to do with this arrangement. She consulted *Claude Anet*, her faithful servant, as to the conveyance of the music-case. He advised that, instead of hiring a beast at *Annecy*, which would infallibly lead to our discovery, it would be better to take it at night to some neighbouring village, and there hire an ass to carry it to *Seyssel*, where, being in the French territory, we should have nothing to fear. This plan was adopted; we departed the same night at seven, and Madame de Warens, under pretence of paying my expenses, increased the purse of

poor Le Maître by an addition that was very acceptable. Claude Anet, the gardener, and myself carried the case to the first village, then hired an ass, and the same night reached Seyssel.

I think I have already remarked upon there being times when I am so unlike myself that I might be taken for a man of a directly opposite character ; I shall now give an example of this. M. Reydelet, curate of Seyssel, was canon of St. Peter's, consequently known to M. le Maître, and one of the people from whom he should have taken most pains to conceal himself ; my advice, on the contrary, was to present ourselves to him, and, under some pretext, entreat entertainment as if we visited him by consent of the Chapter. Le Maître adopted this idea, and, in doing so, gave his revenge an edge of satire and mockery ; we went, therefore, boldly to Reydelet, who received us very kindly. Le Maître told him he was going to Bellay by desire of the bishop, that he might superintend the music during the Easter holidays, and that he proposed returning that way in a few days. To support this tale I told a hundred others in so natural a manner that M. Reydelet thought me a very agreeable youth, and treated me with great friendship and civility. We were well feasted and well lodged : M. Reydelet scarcely knew how to make enough of us ; and we parted the best friends in the world, with a promise to stop longer on our return. We found it difficult to refrain from laughter, or wait till we were alone to give free vent to our mirth. Indeed, even now the bare recollection of it forces a smile, for never was a practical joke better or more successfully carried out. This would have made us merry during the remainder of our journey, if M. le Maître (who did not cease drinking) had not been two or three times attacked with a complaint that he afterwards became very subject to, and which resembled an epilepsy. These fits threw me into the most fearful difficulties, from which I resolved to extricate myself at the first opportunity.

In accordance with the account given to M. Reydelet, we passed our Easter holidays at Bellay, and, though not

expected there, we were received by the music-master, and welcomed by every one with great pleasure. M. le Maître was of considerable note in his profession, and indeed merited that distinction. The music-master of Bellay (who was fond of his own works) endeavoured to obtain the approbation of so good a judge, for, besides being a connoisseur, M. le Maître was a fair-minded man, neither a jealous, ill-natured critic, nor a servile flatterer. He was so superior to the generality of country music-masters, and they were so sensible of it, that they treated him rather as their chief than a brother musician.

Having passed four or five days very agreeably at Bellay, we departed, and continued our journey without meeting with any accidents, except those I have just spoken of. When we arrived at Lyons, we put up at *Notre Dame de Pitié*, and while awaiting for the arrival of the music-case (which, by the assistance of another lie, and the care of our good patron M. Reydelet, we had embarked on the Rhone), M. le Maître went to visit his acquaintance, and among others Père Caton, a Cordelier, who will be spoken of hereafter, and the Abbé Dortan, Count of Lyons, both of whom received him well, but afterwards betrayed him, as will be seen presently ; indeed, his good fortune terminated with M. Reydelet.

Two days after our arrival at Lyons, as we passed a little street not far from our inn, Le Maître was attacked by another fit ; and this was so violent that it gave me the utmost alarm. I screamed with terror, called for help, and naming our inn, entreated some one to bear him to it ; then (while the people were assembled, and busy round a man that had fallen senseless and foaming in the street), he was abandoned by the only friend on whom he could have any reasonable dependence. I seized the instant when no one heeded me, turned the corner of the street and disappeared. Thank Heaven, I have made my third painful confession ! If many such remained, I should certainly abandon the work I have undertaken.

Of all the incidents I have yet related, a few traces are

remaining in the places where I then lived ; but what I am about to relate in the following book is almost entirely unknown : these are the greatest extravagances of my life, and it is happy they had not a worse conclusion. My head (if I may use the simile), screwed up to the pitch of an instrument it did not naturally accord with, [had lost its diapason ; in time it returned to it again, when I discontinued my follies, or at least gave in to those more consonant to my disposition. This epoch of my youth I am least able to recollect, nothing having happened sufficiently interesting to engrave itself on my heart, or make me clearly recover the remembrance. In so many successive changes it is difficult not to make some transpositions of time or place. I write absolutely from memory, without notes or materials to help my recollection. Some events are as fresh in my memory as if they had recently happened, but there are certain chasms and voids which I cannot fill up but by the aid of recitals as confused as the images of the things themselves. It is possible, therefore, that I may have erred in trifles, and perhaps shall again until I reach the periods when I shall have more certain materials to write from ; but in every matter of importance I can answer that the account is faithfully exact, and with the same veracity the reader may depend I shall be careful to continue it.

My resolution was soon taken after quitting *Le Maître*. I set out immediately for *Annecy*. The cause and mystery of our departure had greatly interested me in the security of our retreat, and this interest, entirely employing my thoughts for some days, banished every other idea ; but no sooner was I secure and in tranquillity, than my predominant sentiment regained its place. Nothing flattered, nothing tempted me ; I had no wish but to return to *Madame de Warens* ; the tenderness and truth of my attachment to her had rooted from my heart every imaginable project, and all the follies of ambition. I conceived no happiness but living near her, nor could I take a step without feeling that the distance between us was increased. I

returned, therefore, as soon as possible, with such speed and with my spirits in such a state of agitation that, though I recall with pleasure all my other travels, I have not the least recollection of this; I remember only my leaving Lyons and reaching Annecy. Let it be judged whether this last event can have slipped my memory, when it is known that on my arrival I found Madame de Warens was not there, she having departed for Paris!

I was never accurately informed of the motives of this journey. I am certain she would have told me had I asked her, but never was man less curious to learn the secrets of his friends. My heart is ever so entirely filled with the present that there is not a chink or corner left, except for past pleasures, which henceforth form my sole enjoyment. All that I conceive from what I heard is, that in the revolution caused at Turin by the abdication of the King of Sardinia, she feared that she would be forgotten, and wished, by favour of the intrigues of M. d'Aubonne, to seek the same advantage at the Court of France, where she has often told me she would have preferred to be, as the multiplicity of business there prevents one's conduct from being so closely overlooked. If this was the reason of her absence, it is astonishing that on her return she was not ill-received, and that she continued to enjoy her allowance without any interruption. Many people imagined she was charged with some secret commission, either by the bishop, who was then in communication with the Court of France, where he himself was obliged to go soon after, or by some one yet more powerful, who knew how to ensure her a gracious reception on her return. If it was so, it is certain the ambassadress was not ill-chosen, since being young and handsome, she had all the necessary qualifications to succeed in a negotiation.

BOOK IV.

ANNECY—LAUSANNE—NEUCHÂTEL—PARIS—CHAMBERY.

LET any one judge of my surprise and grief at not finding her on my arrival. I now felt regret at having abandoned M. le Maître, and my uneasiness increased when I learned the misfortunes that had befallen him. His box of music, containing all his fortune—that precious box, preserved with so much care and fatigue—had been seized at Lyons at the instigation of Count Dortan, who had received information from the Chapter of our having absconded with it. In vain did Le Maître reclaim his property, his means of existence, the labour of his life ; his right to the music in question was, at least, subject to litigation, but even that liberty was not allowed him, the affair being instantly decided on the principle of superior strength. Thus, poor Le Maître lost the fruit of his talents, the labour of his youth, and principal dependence for the support of his old age.

Nothing was wanting to render the news I had received truly afflicting, but I was at an age when even the greatest calamities are to be sustained ; accordingly I soon found consolation. I expected shortly to hear news of Madame de Warens, though I was ignorant of her address, and she knew nothing of my return. As to my desertion of Le Maître (all things considered), I did not find it so very culpable. I had been serviceable to him in his retreat ; it was not in my power to give him any further assistance. Had I remained with him in France, it would not have cured his complaint. I could not have saved his music, and should only have doubled his expense. From this point of view I then saw my conduct ; I see it otherwise now. It is not at the time of its perpetration that a villainous action torments us, but it is when we recall it long after ; for its memory can never be blotted out.

I could obtain news of Madame de Warens by remaining at Annecy. Where should I seek her at Paris, or how bear

the expense of such a journey? Sooner or later, there was no place I could be so certain to hear of her as that I was now at; this consideration determined me to remain. I remained, but I conducted myself very badly. I did not go to the bishop who had already befriended me, and might continue to do so. My patroness was absent, and I feared his reprimands on the subject of my flight; still less did I go to the seminary—M. Gras was no longer there; in short, I went to none of my acquaintances. I would gladly have visited the Intendant's lady, had I dared. I did much worse: I sought out M. Venture, whom (notwithstanding my enthusiasm) I had never thought of since my departure. I found him quite gay, in high spirits, and the universal favourite of the ladies of Annecy.

This success completed my infatuation. I saw nothing but M. Venture; he even made me almost forget Madame de Warens. That I might profit by his instructions and example at greater ease, I proposed to share his lodging, to which he readily consented. It was at a shoemaker's—a pleasant, jovial fellow, who, in his *patois*, called his wife nothing but “slut,” a name she certainly deserved. Venture took care to augment their differences, though under an appearance of doing exactly the opposite, throwing out in a distant manner, and provincial accent, hints that produced the utmost effect, and furnished such scenes as were sufficient to make us almost die with laughter. Thus the mornings passed without our thinking of them; at two or three o'clock we took some refreshment. Venture then went to his various engagements, where he supped; while I walked alone, meditating on his great merit, coveting and admiring his rare talents, and cursing my own unlucky stars, that did not call me to so happy a life. How little I then knew of myself! Mine had been a hundred times more delightful, had I not been so great a fool, or known better how to enjoy it.

Madame de Warens had taken no one with her but Anet; Merceret, her chambermaid, whom I have before mentioned, still remained in the house. Merceret was a little older than

myself, not pretty, but tolerably agreeable ; good natured, free from malice, having no fault, to my knowledge, but that of being a little refractory with her mistress. I often went to see her ; she was an old acquaintance, who recalled to my remembrance one more beloved, and this made her dear to me. She had several friends, and among others one Mademoiselle Giraud, a Genevese, who, for the punishment of my sins, took it in her head to have an inclination for me, always pressing Merceret, when she returned her visits, to bring me with her. As I liked Merceret, I felt no disinclination to accompany her ; besides, I met there with other young people whose company pleased me. For Mademoiselle Giraud, who offered every kind of enticement, nothing could increase the aversion I had for her. When she drew near me, with her nostrils smeared with Spanish snuff, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could refrain from expressing my distaste ; but I cultivated patience, being pleased with her visitors. Among these were two girls who (either to please Mademoiselle Giraud or myself) paid me every possible attention. I conceived this to be only friendship, but have since thought it depended only on myself to have discovered something more, though I did not even think of it at the time.

There was another reason for my stupidity. Seamstresses, chambermaids, or milliners never tempted me ; I sighed for ladies ! Every one has his peculiar taste ; this has ever been mine, I being in this particular of a different opinion from Horace. Yet it is not riches or rank that attracts me ; it is a well-preserved complexion, fine hands, elegance of ornaments, an air of delicacy and neatness throughout the whole person ; more refinement in the manner of expression, a finer or better made gown, a well-turned ankle, small feet, ribbons, lace, and well-dressed hair : I even prefer those who have less natural beauty, provided they are gracefully decorated. I freely confess this preference is very ridiculous, yet my heart yields to it spite of my understanding. Well, even this advantage presented itself, and it only depended on my own resolution to have seized the opportunity.

How do I love, from time to time, to return to those moments of my youth, which were so charmingly delightful : so short, so scarce, and enjoyed at so cheap a rate !—how fondly do I wish to dwell on them ! Even yet the remembrance of these scenes warms my heart with a chaste rapture, which appears necessary to reanimate my drooping courage and enable me to sustain the weariness of my latter days.

The appearance of Aurora seemed so delightful one morning, that, putting on my clothes, I hastened into the country to see the rising of the sun. I enjoyed that pleasure to its utmost extent. It was one week after Midsummer ; the earth was covered with verdure and flowers ; the nightingales, whose soft warblings were almost over, seemed to vie with each other, and in concert with birds of various kinds to bid adieu to spring, and hail the approach of a beautiful summer's day—one of those lovely days that are no longer to be enjoyed at my age, and which have never been seen on the melancholy soil I now inhabit.

Having rambled insensibly to a considerable distance from the town, and the heat having greatly increased, I was walking in the shade along a valley by the side of a brook, when I heard behind me the step of horses and the voices of some young girls, who, though they seemed embarrassed, did not laugh the less heartily on that account. I turn round, hear myself called by name, and, approaching, find two young people of my acquaintance, Mademoiselle de Graffenried and Mademoiselle Galley, who, not being very excellent horsewomen, could not make their horses cross the stream.

Mademoiselle de Graffenried was a native of Berne. She was very amiable ; and, having been sent from that country for some youthful folly, had imitated Madame de Warens, at whose house I had sometimes seen her, but not having, like her, a pension, she had been fortunate in an attachment to Mademoiselle Galley, who had prevailed on her mother to engage her young friend as a companion till she could be otherwise provided for. Mademoiselle Galley was one year younger than her friend, handsomer, more delicate, more ingenuous, and, to complete all, extremely well made. They

loved each other tenderly, and the good disposition of both could not fail to render their union durable, if some lover did not derange it. They informed me they were going to Toune, an old castle belonging to Madame Galley, and implored my assistance to make their horses cross the stream, not being able to compass it themselves. I would have given the horses a cut or two with the whip, but the girls feared I might be kicked and themselves thrown. I therefore had recourse to another expedient. I took hold of Mademoiselle Galley's horse and led him through the brook, the water reaching half-way up my legs. The other followed without any difficulty. This done, I would have paid my compliments to the ladies, and walked off like the great booby I was, but after whispering to each other, Mademoiselle de Graffenried said, "No, no ; you must not think to escape thus ; you have got wet in our service, and we ought in all conscience to take care of and dry you. If you please, you must go with us ; you are now our prisoner." My heart began to beat. I looked at Mademoiselle Galley. "Yes, yes," added she, laughing at my fearful look ; "our prisoner of war. Come, get up behind her, we shall give a good account of you." "But, Mademoiselle," continued I, "I have not the honour to be acquainted with your mother ; what will she say on my arrival ?" "Her mother," replied Mademoiselle de Graffenried, "is not at Toune. We are alone ; we shall return at night, and you shall come back with us."

The stroke of electricity has not a more instantaneous effect than these words produced on me. Leaping behind Mademoiselle de Graffenried, I trembled with joy ; and when it became necessary to clasp her in order to hold myself on, my heart beat so violently that she perceived it, and told me hers beat also—from a fear of falling. In my present posture, I might naturally have considered this an invitation to satisfy myself of the truth of her assertion, yet I did not dare ; and during the whole way my arms served as a girdle—a very close one, I must confess—without being a moment displaced. Some women that may read this would

be for giving me a box on the ear, and, truly, I deserved it.

The gaiety of the journey and the chat of those girls so enlivened me that, during the whole time we passed together, we never ceased talking a moment. They had set me so thoroughly at ease that my tongue spoke as fast as my eyes, though not exactly the same things. Some minutes, indeed, when I was left alone with either, the conversation became a little embarrassed, but neither of them was absent long enough to allow time for explaining the cause.

We arrived at Toune, and having well dried myself, we breakfasted together; after which it was necessary to settle the important business of preparing dinner. The young ladies cooked, kissing from time to time the farmer's children, while the poor scullion looked on grumbling. Provisions had been sent for from town, and there was everything necessary for a good dinner, but unhappily they had forgotten the wine. This forgetfulness was by no means astonishing in girls who seldom drank any, but I was sorry for the omission, as I had reckoned on its help, thinking it might add to my confidence. They were sorry likewise, and perhaps from the same motive; though I have no reason to say this, for their lively and charming gaiety was innocence itself; besides, there were two of them, what could they expect from me? They went everywhere about the neighbourhood to seek for wine, but none could be procured, so pure and sober are the peasants in those parts. As they were expressing their concern, I begged them not to give themselves any uneasiness on my account, for while with them I had no occasion for wine to intoxicate me. This was the only gallantry I ventured on during the whole of the day, and I believe the sly rogues saw well enough that I said nothing but the truth.

We dined in the kitchen. The two friends were seated on the benches, one on each side the long table, and their guest at the end, between them, on a three-legged stool. What a dinner! how charming the remembrance! While



PICKING CHERRIES.

Vol. I., facing p. 139.

we can enjoy, at so small an expense, such pure, such true delights, why should we be solicitous for others? Never did those *petites soupers*, so celebrated in Paris, equal this; I do not only say for real pleasure and gaiety, but even for sensuous gratification.

After dinner we were economical; instead of drinking the coffee we had reserved at breakfast, we kept it for an afternoon collation, with cream, and some cakes they had brought with them. To keep our appetites in play, we went into the orchard, meaning to finish our dessert with cherries. I got into a tree, throwing them down bunches, from which they returned the stones through the branches. One time Mademoiselle Galley, holding out her apron, and drawing back her head, stood so fair, and I took such good aim, that I dropped a bunch into her bosom. On her laughing, I said to myself, "Why are not my lips cherries? how gladly would I throw them there likewise!"

Thus the day passed with the greatest freedom, yet with the utmost decency; not a single equivocal word, not one attempt at double-meaning pleasantry; yet this delicacy was not affected, we only performed the parts our hearts dictated; in short, my modesty, some will say my folly, was such that the greatest familiarity that escaped me was once kissing the hand of Mademoiselle Galley. It is true, the attending circumstances helped to stamp a value on this trifling favour; we were alone, I was embarrassed, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and my lips, instead of uttering words, were pressed on her hand, which she drew gently back after her salute, without any appearance of displeasure. I know not what I should have said to her, but her friend entered, and at that moment I thought her positively ugly.

At length they bethought themselves that they must return to town before night; even now we had but just time to reach it by daylight, and we hastened our departure in the same order we came. Had I pleased myself, I should certainly have reversed this order, for the glance of Mademoiselle Galley had reached my heart, but I dared not mention it, and the proposal could not reasonably come from

her. On the way we expressed our sorrow that the day was over ; but far from complaining of the shortness of its duration, we were conscious of having prolonged it by every possible amusement.

I quitted them nearly in the spot where I had overtaken them. With what regret we parted ! With what pleasure we formed projects to renew our meeting ! Delightful hours which we passed so innocently together, ye were worth ages of familiarity ! The sweet remembrance of this day cost those amiable girls nothing ; the tender union that reigned among us equalled more lively pleasures, with which it could not have existed. We loved each other without shame or mystery, and wished to continue our reciprocal affection. There is a species of enjoyment connected with innocence of manners which is superior to any other, because it has no interval : for myself, the remembrance of such a day touches me nearer, delights me more, and returns with greater rapture to my heart, than any other pleasures I ever tasted. I hardly knew what I wished with those charming girls. I do not say that had the arrangement been in my power, I should have divided my heart between them ; I certainly felt some degree of preference : though I should have been happy to have had Mademoiselle de Graffenried for a mistress, I think, by choice, I should have liked her better as a confidant ; be that as it may, I felt on leaving them as though I could not live without either. Who would have thought that I should never see them more, and that here our ephemeral amours must end ?

Those who read this will not fail to laugh at my gallantries, and remark, that after very promising preliminaries, my most forward adventures concluded by a kiss of the hand. Yet be not mistaken, reader, in your estimate of my enjoyments : I have, perhaps, tasted more real pleasure in my amours which concluded by a kiss of the hand, than you will ever have in yours, which, at least, begin there.

Venture, who had gone to bed late the night before, came in soon after me. I did not now see him with my usual satisfaction, and took care not to inform him how I passed

the day. The ladies had spoken of him slightly, and appeared discontented at finding me in such bad hands. This hurt him in my esteem ; besides, whatever diverted my ideas from them was at this time disagreeable. However, he soon brought me back to myself by speaking of the situation of my affairs, which was too critical to last ; for though I spent very little, my slender finances were almost exhausted. I was without resource ; no news of Madame de Warens ; not knowing what would become of me, and feeling a cruel pang at heart to see the friend of Mademoiselle Galley reduced to beggary.

I now learned from Venture that he had not only spoken of me to the judge-major, but that he would take me next day to dine with him ; he being a man who by means of his friends might render me essential service. In other respects she was a desirable acquaintance, being a man of wit and letters, of agreeable conversation, and one who possessed talents and loved them in others. After this discourse (in which the most serious concerns were mingled with the most trifling frivolities), Venture showed me a pretty couplet, that had come from Paris, on an air in one of Mouret's operas, then being played. Monsieur Simon (the judge-major) was so pleased with this couplet that he determined to make another in answer to it on the same air. He had desired Venture to write one, and he wished me to make a third, that, as he expressed it, they might see couplets start up next day like incidents in a comic romance.

During the night (not being able to sleep) I composed my couplet. For my first essay in poetry, it was passable ; better, or at least composed with more taste, than it would have been the preceding night, the subject being tenderness, to which my heart was now entirely disposed. In the morning I showed my performance to Venture, who, being pleased with the couplet, put it in his pocket, without informing me whether he had made his. We dined with M. Simon, who treated us very politely. The conversation was agreeable ; indeed, it could not be otherwise between two men of natural good sense, improved by reading. For

me, I acted my proper part, which was to listen without attempting to join in the conversation. Neither of them mentioned the couplet, neither did I, nor do I know that it ever passed for mine.

M. Simon appeared satisfied with my behaviour ; indeed, it was almost all he saw of me in this interview. We had often met at Madame de Warens', but he had never paid much attention to me. It is from this dinner, therefore, that I date our acquaintance, which, though of no use in regard to the object I then had in view, was afterwards productive of advantages which make me recollect it with pleasure.

I should be wrong not to give some account of his person, since from his office of magistrate, and the reputation of wit on which he piqued himself, no idea could be formed of it. The judge-major, certainly, was not two feet high ; his legs, spare, straight, and tolerably long, would have added something to his stature had they been vertical, but they stood in the direction of an open pair of compasses. His body was not only short, but thin, being in every respect of most inconceivable smallness—when naked he must have appeared like a grasshopper. To his head, which was of the common size, belonged a well-formed face, a noble look, and tolerably fine eyes ; in short, it appeared a borrowed head stuck on a miserable stump. He might very well have dispensed with dress, for his large wig alone covered him from head to foot.

He had two voices, perfectly different, which intermingled perpetually in his conversation, forming at first a diverting, but afterwards a very disagreeable contrast. One, grave and sonorous, was, if I may hazard the expression, the voice of his head ; the other, clear, sharp, and piercing, the voice of his body. When he paid particular attention, and spoke leisurely, so as to preserve his breath, he could continue his deep tone ; but if he was the least animated, or attempted a lively accent, his voice sounded like the whistling of a key, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could return to the bass.

With the figure I have just described, and which is by no means overdrawn, M. Simon was gallant, ever entertaining the ladies with soft tales, and carrying the decoration of his person even to foppery. Willing to make use of every advantage, he, during the morning, gave audience in bed; for when a handsome head was discovered on the pillow, no one could have imagined what belonged to it. This circumstance gave birth to scenes which I am certain are yet remembered by all Annecy.

One morning, when he expected to give audience in bed, or rather on the bed, having on a handsome night-cap ornamented with rose-coloured ribbon, a countryman arriving knocked at the door; the maid happened to be out; the judge, therefore, hearing the knock repeated, cried, "Come in," and as he spoke rather loud, it was in his shrill tone. The man entered, looked about, endeavouring to discover whence the female voice proceeded, and at length seeing a handsome head-dress set off with ribbons, was about to leave the room, making the supposed lady a hundred apologies. M. Simon, in a rage, screamed the more; and the countryman, yet more confirmed in his opinion, conceiving himself to be insulted, began railing in his turn, saying that, "Apparently, she was nothing better than a common street-walker, and that the judge-major should be ashamed of setting such ill examples." The enraged magistrate having no other weapon than a piece of bedroom ware, he was just going to throw it at the poor fellow's head as the servant returned.

This dwarf, so ill used by nature in his person, was recompensed by possessing a naturally agreeable understanding, which he had been careful to cultivate. Though he was esteemed a good lawyer, he did not like his profession, delighting more in the finer parts of literature, which he studied with success: above all, he possessed that superficial brilliancy, the art of pleasing in conversation, and that even with ladies. He had learnt by heart a number of little stories, and these he very well knew how to make the most of, relating with an air of secrecy, and as an anecdote

of yesterday, what happened sixty years before. He understood music, and could sing agreeably; in short, for a magistrate, he had many pleasing talents. By flattering the ladies of Annecy, he became fashionable among them, appearing continually in their train. He even pretended to favours, at which they were much amused. A Madame d'Épagny used to say "the greatest favour he could aspire to, was to kiss a lady on her knees."

As he was well read, and spoke fluently, his conversation was both amusing and instructive. When I afterwards acquired a taste for study, I cultivated his acquaintance, and found much profit in it. When at Chambery, I frequently went from thence to see him. To his praise, which increased my desire to make progress, he added good advice respecting the pursuit of my studies that was very useful. Unhappily, this weakly body contained a very feeling soul. Some years after, he was chagrined by I know not what unlucky affair, but it cost him his life. This was really unfortunate, for he was a good little man, whom at a first acquaintance one laughed at, but afterwards loved. Though our situations in life were very little connected with each other, as I received some useful lessons from him, I thought gratitude demanded that I should dedicate a few sentences to his memory.

As soon as I found myself at liberty, I ran into the street where Mademoiselle Galley lived, flattering myself that I should see some one go in or out, or at least open a window; but I was mistaken—not even a cat appeared, the house remaining as quiet all the time as if it had been uninhabited. The street was small and lonely, any one loitering about was, consequently, more likely to be noticed; from time to time people passed in and out of the neighbouring houses. I was much embarrassed, thinking I might be known, and the cause that brought me there conjectured; this idea tortured me, for I have ever preferred the honour and happiness of those I love to my own pleasures.

At length, weary of playing the Spanish lover, and having no guitar, I determined to write to Mademoiselle de

Graffenried. I should have preferred writing to her friend, but did not dare take that liberty, as it appeared more proper to begin with her to whom I owed the acquaintance, and with whom I was most familiar. Having written my letter, I took it to Mademoiselle Giraud, as the young ladies had agreed at parting, they having suggested this expedient. Mademoiselle Giraud was a quilter, and sometimes worked at Madame Galley's, which procured her free admission to the house. I must confess, I was not thoroughly satisfied with this messenger, but was cautious of starting difficulties, fearing that if I objected to her no other might be named, and it was impossible to intimate that she had an inclination for me herself. I even felt humiliated that she should think that I could imagine her of the same sex as those young ladies; in a word, I accepted her agency rather than none, and availed myself of it at all events.

At the very first word, Giraud discovered me. I must own this was not a difficult matter, for if sending a letter to young girls had not spoken sufficiently plain, my foolish, embarrassed air would have betrayed me. It will easily be supposed that the employment gave her little satisfaction; she undertook it, however, and performed it faithfully. The next morning I ran to her house and found an answer ready for me. How did I hurry away that I might have an opportunity to read and kiss it alone! though this need not be told, but the plan adopted by Mademoiselle Giraud (and in which I found more delicacy and moderation than I had expected) should. She had sense enough to conclude, that her thirty-seven years, hare's eyes, daubed nose, shrill voice, and black skin, stood no chance against two elegant young girls, in all the height and bloom of beauty; she resolved, therefore, neither to betray nor assist them, choosing rather to lose me entirely than entertain me for them.

As Merceret had not heard from her mistress for some time, she thought of returning to Freiburg, and the persuasions of Giraud determined her; nay, more, she intimated it was proper some one should conduct her to her father's, and proposed me. As I happened to be agreeable

to little Merceret, she approved the idea, and the same day they mentioned it to me as a fixed point. Finding nothing displeasing in the manner they had disposed of me, I consented, thinking it could not be above a week's journey at most; but Giraud, who had arranged the whole affair, thought otherwise. It was necessary to avow the state of my finances, and the conclusion was, that Merceret should defray my expenses; but to retrench on one hand what was expended on the other, I advised that her little baggage should be sent on before, and that we should proceed by easy journeys on foot.

I was sorry to have so many girls in love with me, but as there is nothing to be very vain of in the success of these amours, I think I may tell the truth without scruple. Merceret, younger and less artful than Giraud, never made me so many advances, but she imitated my manners, my actions, repeated my words, and showed me all those little attentions I ought to have had for her. Being very timorous, she took great care that we should both sleep in the same chamber, a circumstance that usually produces some consequences between a lad of twenty and a girl of twenty-five.

For once, however, it went no farther; my simplicity being such, that though Merceret was by no means a disagreeable girl, an idea of gallantry never entered my head, and even if it had, I was too great a novice to have profited by it. I could not imagine how two young persons could bring themselves to sleep together, thinking that such familiarity must require an age of preparation. If poor Merceret paid my expenses in hopes of any return, she was terribly cheated, for we arrived at Freiburg exactly as we had quitted Annecy.

I passed through Geneva without visiting any one. While going over the bridges, I found myself so affected that I could scarcely proceed. Never could I see the walls of that city, never could I enter it, without feeling my heart sink from excess of tenderness, at the same time that the image of liberty elevated my soul. The ideas of equality,

union, and gentleness of manners touched me even to tears, and inspired me with a lively regret at having forfeited all these advantages. How great my mistake, but yet how natural ! I imagined I saw all this in my native country, because I bore it in my heart.

It was necessary to pass through Nyon : could I do this without seeing my good father ? Had I resolved on doing so, I must afterwards have died with regret. I left Merceret at the inn, and ventured to his house. How wrong I was to fear him ! On seeing me, his soul gave way to the parental tenderness with which it was filled. What tears were mingled with our embraces ! He thought I had returned to him. I related my history, and informed him of my resolution. He opposed it feebly, mentioning the dangers to which I exposed myself, and telling me the shortest follies were the best, but did not attempt to keep me by force, in which particular I think he acted rightly ; but it is certain he did not do everything in his power to retain me, even by fair means. Whether, after the step I had taken, he thought I ought not to return, or was puzzled to know what to do with me, I cannot say, but I have since found that he conceived a very unjust opinion of my travelling companion. My stepmother, good woman, a little coaxingly put on an appearance of wishing me to stay for supper. I did not, however, comply, but told them I proposed remaining longer with them on my return, leaving as a deposit my little packet that had come by water, as it would have been an encumbrance had I taken it with me, I continued my journey the next morning, well satisfied that I had seen my father, and had taken courage to do my duty.

We arrived without any accident at Freiburg. Towards the conclusion of the journey, the politeness of Mademoiselle Merceret rather diminished, and after our arrival she even treated me with coldness. Her father, who was not in the best circumstances, did not show me much attention, and I was obliged to lodge at a small tavern. I went to see them the next morning, and received an invitation to dine there,

which I accepted. We separated without tears at night ; I returned to my paltry lodging, and departed the second day after my arrival, almost without knowing whither to go.

、 This was a circumstance of my life in which Providence offered me precisely what was necessary to make my days pass happily. Merceret was a good girl, neither witty, handsome, nor ugly ; not very lively, but tolerably rational, except while under the influence of some little humours that usually evaporated in tears, without any violent outbreak of temper. She had a real inclination for me ; I might have married her without difficulty, and followed her father's occupation.* My taste for music would have made me love her ; I should have settled at Freiburg, a small town, not pretty, but inhabited by very worthy people. I should certainly have missed great pleasures, but should have lived in peace to my last hour, and I must know best what I should have gained by such a step.

I did not return to Nyon, but to Lausanne, wishing to gratify myself with a view of that beautiful lake, which is seen there in its utmost extent. The greater part of my secret motives have not been so reasonable. Distant expectation has rarely strength enough to influence my actions, the uncertainty of the future ever making me regard projects whose execution requires a length of time as deceitful lures. I give in to visionary scenes of hope as well as others, provided they cost nothing ; but if attended with any trouble, I have done with them. The smallest, the most trifling pleasure that is conveniently within my reach, tempts me more than all the joys of paradise. I must except, however, those pleasures that are necessarily followed by pain. I only love those enjoyments which are unadulterated, and this can never be the case where we are conscious they must be followed by repentance.

It was necessary I should arrive at some place, and the nearest was best, for having lost my way on the road, I

* Probably that of a teacher of music.

found myself in the evening at Moudon, where I spent all that remained of my little stock except ten *kreutzers*, which served to purchase my next day's dinner. Arriving in the evening at Lausanne, I went into a tavern, without a *sou* in my pocket to pay for my lodging, or knowing what would become of me. I found myself extremely hungry. Setting, therefore, a good face on the matter, I ordered supper, made my meal, went to bed without thought, and slept with great composure. In the morning, having breakfasted and reckoned with my host, I offered to leave my waistcoat in pledge for seven *batz*, which **was** the amount of my expenses. The honest man refused this, saying, thank Heaven, he had never stripped any one, and would not now begin for seven *batz*, adding I should keep my waistcoat and pay him when I could. I was affected with this unexpected kindness, but felt it less than I ought to have done, or have since experienced at the remembrance of it. I did not fail to send him his money, with thanks, by one I could depend on. Fifteen years after, passing Lausanne on my return from Italy, I felt a sensible regret at having forgotten the name of both landlord and house. I wished to see him, and should have felt real pleasure in recalling to his memory that worthy action. Services, which doubtless have been much more important, but rendered with ostentation, have not appeared to me so worthy of gratitude as the simple, unaffected humanity of this honest man.

As I approached Lausanne, I thought of my distress, and the means of extricating myself, without appearing in want to my stepmother. I compared myself, in this walking pilgrimage, to my friend Venture on his arrival at Annecy, and was so warmed with the idea, that, without recollecting that I had neither his gentility nor his talents, I determined to act the part of little Venture at Lausanne ; to teach music, which I did not understand, and say I came from Paris, where I had never been.

In consequence of this noble project (as there was no company where I could introduce myself without expense, and

not choosing to venture among professional people), I inquired for some little inn where I could lodge cheaply, and was directed to a man named Perrotet, who took in boarders. This Perrotet, who was one of the best men in the world, received me very kindly, and after having heard my feigned story and profession, promised to speak of me, and endeavour to procure me scholars, saying he should not expect any money till I had earned it. His price for board, though moderate in itself, was a great deal to me ; he advised me, therefore, to begin with half board, which consisted of good soup only for dinner, but a plentiful supper at night. I closed with this proposition, and the poor Perrotet trusted me with great cheerfulness, sparing, meantime, no trouble to be useful to me.

Having found so many good people in my youth, why do I find so few in my age ? Is this race extinct ? No ; but I do not seek them in the same situation I did formerly among the commonalty, where violent passions predominate only at intervals, and where nature speaks her genuine sentiments. In the higher ranks they are entirely smothered, and, under the mask of sentiment, only interest or vanity is heard.

Having written to my father from Lausanne, he sent my packet and some excellent advice, of which I should have profited better. I have already observed that I have moments of inconceivable delirium, when I entirely cease to be myself. The adventure I am about to relate is an instance of this : to comprehend how deeply my brain was turned, and to what degree I had *Venturized* (if I may be allowed the expression), the many extravagances I ran into at the same time should be considered. Behold me, then, a singing master, without knowing how to read at first sight the notes of a simple air ; for if the five or six months passed with Le Maître had improved me, they could not be supposed sufficient to qualify me for such an undertaking ; besides, being taught by a master was enough (as I have before observed) to make me learn ill. Being a Parisian from Geneva, and a Catholic in a Protestant country, I

thought I should change my name with my religion and country, still approaching as near as possible to the great model I had in view. He called himself Venture de Villeneuve. I changed by anagram the name Rousseau into that of Vaussore, calling myself Monsieur Vaussore de Villeneuve. Venture was a good composer, though he had not said so ; without knowing anything of the art, I boasted of my skill to every one. This was not all : being presented to Monsieur de Treytorens, professor of law, who loved music, and who gave concerts at his house, nothing would do but I must give him a proof of my talents ; and accordingly I set about composing a piece for his concerts as boldly as if I had really understood the science. I had the constancy to labour a fortnight at this curious business, to copy it fair, write out the different parts, and distribute them with as much assurance as if I had composed a master-piece of harmony ; in short (although hardly to be believed, yet strictly true), I tacked to the end of it a very pretty minuet that was commonly played about the streets, and which many may remember from these words, so well known at that time :—

Quel caprice !
Quel injustice !
Quoi, ta Clarisse
Trahiroit tes feux ? &c.

Venture had taught me this air with the bass, set to other words, by the help of which I had retained it : thus, at the end of my composition I added this well-known minuet, suppressing the words, and uttering it for my own as confidently as if I had been speaking to the inhabitants of the moon.

They assemble to perform my piece : I explain to each the movement, style of execution, with reference to his part—I am fully occupied. They are five or six minutes preparing, to me so many ages ; at length, everything is adjusted, myself in a conspicuous situation, a fine roll of paper in my hand, gravely preparing to beat time. I give four or five strokes with my paper, attending it

with "take care!" They begin. No, never since French operas existed was there such a confused discord! Whatever they had thought of my pretended talent, the effect was worse than they could possibly have imagined—the musicians choking with laughter; the auditors, staring, would gladly have stopped their ears, but that was impossible. My confounded performers (who seemed to enjoy the sport) scraped away without mercy, and the din was sufficient to have pierced the tympanum of one born deaf. I had to continue the performance in my place, perspiring at every pore, but restrained by shame, and not daring to attempt a retreat. For my consolation I heard the company whispering to each other, but maliciously loud enough for me to hear. "It is not bearable!" said one. "What mad music!" cried another. "What a devilish din!" added a third. Poor Jean-Jacques! in that cruel moment little didst thou think that one day, before the King of France and all his Court, thy sounds would excite exclamations of wonder and applause, and that in the surrounding boxes thou shouldst hear the most amiable women whispering to each other, "What charming sounds! What enchanting music! Every note reaches the heart!"

The minuet, however, presently put all the company in good humour; hardly was it begun, before I heard bursts of laughter from all parts, every one congratulating me on my pretty taste for music, declaring this minuet would make me spoken of, and that I merited the loudest praise. It is not necessary to describe my uneasiness, or to own how much I deserved it.

Next day, one of the musicians, named Lutold, came to see me, and was kind enough to congratulate me on my success. The profound conviction of my folly, shame, regret, and the state of despair to which I was reduced, with the impossibility of concealing the cruel agitation of my heart, made me open it to him; giving loose, therefore, to my tears, not content with owning my ignorance, I told all, conjuring him to secrecy; how he kept his word, every

one will guess. The same evening, all Lausanne knew who I was, but, what is more remarkable, no one *seemed* to know, not even the good Perrotet, who (notwithstanding what had happened) continued to lodge and board me.

I led a melancholy life here ; the consequences of such a *début* had not rendered Lausanne a very agreeable residence. Scholars did not present themselves in crowds, not a single girl nor any one belonging to the town. I had only two or three great dunces, as stupid as I was ignorant, who fatigued me to death, and in my hands were not likely to improve much.

At length, I was sent for to a house, where a little serpent of a girl amused herself by showing me a parcel of music that I could not read a note of, and which she had the malice to sing before her master, to teach him how it should be executed ; for I was so unable to read an air at first sight, that in the charming concert I have just described, I could not possibly follow the execution a moment, or know whether they played truly what lay before them, and I myself had composed.

In the midst of so many humiliating circumstances, I had the pleasing consolation, from time to time, of receiving letters from my two charming friends. I have ever found the utmost consolatory virtue in the fair ; when in disgrace, nothing softens my affliction more than to be sensible that an amiable woman is interested for me. This correspondence ceased soon after, and was never renewed : indeed, it was my own fault, for in changing situations I neglected sending my address, and forced by necessity to think perpetually of myself, I soon forgot them.

It is a long time since I have mentioned Madame de Warens, but it must not be supposed I had forgotten her ; never was she a moment absent from my thoughts. I anxiously wished to find her, not merely because she was necessary to my subsistence, but because she was infinitely more necessary to my heart. My attachment to her (though, in truth, lively and tender) did not prevent my loving others, but then it was not in the same manner. All

equally claimed my tenderness for their charms, but it was those charms alone I loved, my passion would not have survived them ; while Madame de Warens might have become old or ugly without my loving her the less tenderly.

My heart had entirely transmitted to herself the homage it first paid to her beauty, and whatever change she might experience, while she remained herself, my sentiments could not change. I was sensible how much gratitude I owed to her ; but, in truth, I never thought of it, and whether she served me or not, it would ever have been the same thing. I loved her neither from duty, interest, nor convenience ; I loved her because I was born to love her. During my attachment to another, I own this affection was in some measure deranged ; I did not think so frequently of her, but still with the same pleasure, and never, in love or otherwise, did I think of her without feeling that I could expect no true happiness in life while separated from her.

Though in so long a time I had received no news from Madame de Warens, I never imagined I had entirely lost her, or that she could have forgotten me. I said to myself, she will know sooner or later that I am wandering about, and will find some means to inform me of her situation : I am certain I shall find her. In the meantime, it was a pleasure to live in her native country, to walk in the streets where she had walked, and before the houses that she had lived in ; yet all this was the work of conjecture, for one of my foolish peculiarities was, not daring to inquire after her, or even pronounce her name without the most absolute necessity. It seemed in speaking of her that I declared all I felt, that my lips revealed the secret of my heart, and in some degree injured the object of my affection. I believe fear was likewise mingled with this idea ; I dreaded to hear ill of her. Her management had been much talked about, as well as her conduct in other respects ; fearing, therefore, that something might be said which I did not wish to hear, I preferred being silent on the subject.

As my scholars did not take up much of my time, and the town where she was born was not above four leagues from

Lausanne, I made it my walk every three or four days ; during these walks a most pleasant emotion never left me. A view of the lake of Geneva and its beautiful banks has had ever, in my idea, a particular attraction that I cannot describe—not arising merely from the beauty of the prospect, but something, I know not what, more interesting, which affects and softens me. Every time I have approached the Vaudois country, I have experienced an impression composed of the remembrance of Madame de Warens, who was born there ; of my father, who lived there ; of Mademoiselle de Vulson, who had been my first love, and of several pleasant journeys I had made there in my childhood, mingled with some nameless charm, more powerfully attractive than all the rest. When that ardent desire for a life of happiness and tranquillity (which ever follows me, and for which I was born) inflames my mind, 'tis ever to the country of Vaud, near the lake, in those charming plains, that imagination leads me. An orchard on the banks of that lake, and no other, is absolutely necessary ; a firm friend, an amiable woman, a cow, and a little boat ; nor could I enjoy perfect happiness on earth without these concomitants. I laugh at the simplicity with which I have several times gone into that country for the sole purpose of seeking this imaginary happiness, when I was ever surprised to find the inhabitants, particularly the women, of a quite different disposition to that I sought. How strange did this appear to me ! The country and people who inhabit it were never, in my idea, formed for each other.

Walking along these beautiful banks, on my way to Vevay, I gave myself up to the soft melancholy ; my heart rushed with ardour into a thousand innocent felicities ; melting to tenderness, I sighed and wept like a child. How often, stopping to weep more at my ease, and seated on a large stone, did I amuse myself with seeing my tears drop into the water.

On my arrival at Vevay, I lodged at “*La Clef*,” and during the two days I remained there, without any acquaintance, conceived a love for that town, that has followed me

through all my travels, and was finally the cause that I fixed on this spot, in the novel I afterwards wrote, for the residence of my hero and heroines. I would say to any one who has taste and feeling, "Go to Vevay, visit the surrounding country, examine the prospects, go on the lake, and then say whether nature has not designed this country for a Julia, a Clara, and a Saint-Preux; but do not seek them there." I now return to my story.

Describing myself as a Catholic, I followed without mystery or scruple the religion I had embraced. On a Sunday, if the weather was fine, I went to hear mass at Assens, a place two leagues distant from Lausanne, and generally in company with other Catholics, particularly a Parisian embroiderer, whose name I have forgotten. Not such a Parisian as myself, but a real native of Paris, an arch-Parisian from his maker, yet honest as a peasant. He loved his country so well, that he would not doubt my being his countryman, for fear he should not have so much occasion to speak of it. The lieutenant-governor, M. de Crouzas, had a gardener, who was likewise from Paris, but not so complaisant; he thought the glory of his birthplace compromised when any one claimed that honour who was not really entitled to it. He put questions to me; therefore, with an air and tone of a man certain to detect me in a falsehood, and once, smiling malignantly, asked me what was remarkable in the *Marché-Neuf*? It may be supposed I evaded the question; but I have since passed twenty years at Paris, and certainly know that city; yet, was the same question repeated at this day, I should be equally embarrassed to answer it, and from this embarrassment it might be concluded I had never been there: thus, even when we meet with truths, we are subject to build our opinions on circumstances that may easily deceive us.

I formed no ideas, while at Lausanne, that were worth recollecting, nor can I say exactly how long I remained there; I only know that, not finding sufficient to subsist on, I went from thence to Neuchâtel, where I passed the winter. Here I succeeded better, I got some scholars, and

saved enough to pay my good friend Perrotet, who had faithfully sent my baggage, though at that time I was considerably in his debt.

By continuing to teach music, I insensibly gained some knowledge of it. The life I led was sufficiently agreeable, and any reasonable man might have been satisfied, but my unsettled heart demanded something more. On Sundays, or whenever I had leisure, I wandered, sighing and thoughtful, about the adjoining woods, and when once out of the city, never returned before night. One day being at Boudry, I went to dine at a tavern, where I saw a man with a long beard, dressed in a violet-coloured Grecian habit, with a fur cap, and whose air and manner were rather noble. This person found some difficulty in making himself understood, speaking only an unintelligible jargon, which bore more resemblance to Italian than any other language. I understood almost all he said, and I was the only person present who could do so, for he was obliged to make his requests known to the landlord and others about him by signs. On my speaking a few words in Italian, which he perfectly understood, he got up and embraced me with rapture; a connection was soon formed, and from that moment I became his interpreter. His dinner was excellent, mine rather worse than indifferent; he gave me an invitation to dine with him, which I accepted without much ceremony. Drinking and chatting soon rendered us familiar, and by the end of the repast we had all the disposition in the world to become inseparable companions. He informed me he was a Greek prelate, and Archimandrite of Jerusalem; that he had undertaken to make a gathering in Europe for the re-establishment of the Holy Sepulchre, and showed me some very fine patents from the Czarina, the Emperor, and several other sovereigns. He was tolerably content with what he had collected hitherto, though he had experienced inconceivable difficulties in Germany; for not understanding a word of German, Latin, or French, he had been obliged to have recourse to his Greek, Turkish, and the *Lingua Franca*, which did not procure him much in the country he was

travelling through ; his proposal, therefore, to me was, that I should accompany him in the quality of secretary and interpreter. In spite of my violet-coloured coat, which accorded well enough with the proposed employment, he guessed from my meagre appearance that I should easily be gained : and he was not mistaken. The bargain was soon made, I demanded nothing, and he promised liberally ; thus, without any security or knowledge of the person I was about to serve, I gave myself up entirely to his conduct, and the next day behold me on an expedition to Jerusalem.

We began our expedition unsuccessfully with the canton of Freiburg. Episcopal dignity would not suffer him to play the beggar, or solicit help from private individuals ; but we presented his commission to the Senate, who gave him a trifling sum. From thence we went to Berne, where we lodged at *Le Faucon*, then a good inn, and frequented by respectable company, the public table being well supplied and numerously attended. I had fared indifferently so long, that I was glad to make myself amends, therefore took care to profit by the present occasion. My lord the Archimandrite was himself an excellent companion, loved good cheer, was gay, spoke well for those who understood him, and knew perfectly well how to make the most of his Grecian erudition. One day, at desert, while cracking nuts, he cut his finger pretty deeply, and as it bled freely showed it to the company, saying, with a laugh, *Mirate, Signori ; questo è sangue Pelasgo.*

At Berne, I was not useless to him, nor was my performance so bad as I had feared ; I certainly spoke better and with more confidence than I could have done for myself. Matters were not conducted here with the same simplicity as at Freiburg ; long and frequent conferences were necessary with the Premiers of the State, and the examination of his titles was not the work of a day ; at length, everything being adjusted, he was admitted to an audience by the Senate : I entered with him as interpreter, and was ordered to speak. I was quite taken by surprise, for it never entered my mind, that after such long and

frequent conferences with the members, it was necessary to address the assembly collectively, as if nothing had been said. Judge my embarrassment!—a man so bashful to speak, not only in public, but before the whole of the Senate of Berne! to speak impromptu, without a single moment for recollection; it was enough to annihilate me. I was not even intimidated. I described distinctly and clearly the commission of the Archimandrite; extolled the piety of those princes who had contributed, and to heighten that of their excellences by emulation, added that less could not be expected from their well-known munificence; then endeavoured to prove that this good work was equally interesting to all Christians, without distinction of sect; and concluded by promising the benediction of Heaven to all those who took part in it. I will not say that my discourse was the cause of our success, but it was certainly well received; and on our quitting, the Archimandrite was gratified by a very acceptable present, to which some very handsome compliments were added on the understanding of his secretary; these I had the agreeable office of interpreting, but could not take courage to render them literally.

This was the only time in my life that I spoke in public, and before a sovereign; and the only time, perhaps, that I spoke boldly and well. What difference in the disposition of the same person. Three years ago, having been to see my old friend, M. Rougin, at Yverdun, I received a deputation to thank me for some books I had presented to the library of that city. The Swiss are great speakers; these gentlemen, accordingly, made me a long harangue, which I thought myself obliged in honour to answer, but so embarrassed myself in the attempt, that my head became confused, I stopped short, and was laughed at. Though naturally timid, I have sometimes acted with confidence in my youth, but never in my advanced age: the more I have seen of the world, the less I have been able to adopt its manners.

On leaving Berne, we went to Soleure; the Archimandrite designing to re-enter Germany, and return

through Hungary or Poland to his own country. This would have been a prodigious tour ; but as the contents of his purse rather increased than diminished during his journey, he was in no haste to return. For me, who was almost as much pleased on horseback as on foot, I would have desired no better than to have travelled thus during my whole life ; but it was preordained that my journey should soon end.

The first thing we did after our arrival at Soleure, was to pay our respects to the French ambassador there. Unfortunately for my bishop, this chanced to be the Marquis de Bonac, who had been ambassador at the Porte, and consequently was acquainted with every particular relative to the Holy Sepulchre. The Archimandrite had an audience that lasted about a quarter of an hour, to which I was not admitted, as the ambassador spoke French and Italian at least as well as myself. On my Grecian's retiring, I was prepared to follow him, but was detained. It was now my turn. Having called myself a Parisian, as such, I was under the jurisdiction of his Excellency : he therefore asked me who I was, exhorting me to tell the truth. This I promised to do, but entreated a private audience, which was immediately granted. The ambassador took me to his closet, and shut the door ; there, throwing myself at his feet, I kept my word ; nor should I have said less, had I promised nothing, for a continual wish to unbosom myself puts my heart perpetually upon my lips. After having disclosed myself without reserve to the musician Lutold, there was no occasion to attempt acting the mysterious with the Marquis de Bonac, who was so well pleased with my little history, and the ingenuousness with which I had related it, that he led me to the ambassadress, and presented me, with an abridgment of my recital. Madame de Bonac received me kindly, saying that I must not be suffered to follow that Greek monk. It was accordingly resolved that I should remain at their hotel till something better could be done for me. I wished to bid adieu to my poor Archimandrite, for whom I had conceived an attach-

ment, but was not permitted. They sent him word that I was to be detained there, and in a quarter of an hour after, I saw my little bundle arrive. M. de la Martinière, secretary to the embassy, had in a manner the care of me. While following him to the chamber appropriated to my use, he said, "This apartment was occupied, under the Count de Luc, by a celebrated man of the same name as yourself; it is in your power to succeed him in every respect, and cause it to be said hereafter, Rousseau the First, Rousseau the Second." This similarity, which I did not then expect, would have been less flattering to my wishes could I have foreseen at what price I should one day purchase the distinction.

What M. de la Martinière had said, excited my curiosity; I read the works of the person whose chamber I occupied, and on the strength of the compliment that had been paid me (imagining I had a taste for poetry), made my first essay in a poem in praise of Madame de Bonac. This inclination was not permanent, though from time to time I have composed tolerable verses. I think it is a good exercise to teach elegant turns of expression, and to write well in prose, but could never find attractions enough in French poetry to give myself entirely up to it.

M. de la Martinière wished to see my style, and asked me to write the details of what I had told the ambassador; accordingly I wrote him a long letter, which I have since been informed was preserved by M. de Marianne, who had been long attached to the Marquis de Bonac, and has since succeeded M. de la Martinière as secretary to the embassy of M. de Courteilles. I entreated M. de Malesherbes to get me, if possible, a copy of this letter, and should I procure it by this or any other means, it will be found in the collection which is to accompany my "Confessions."

The experience I began to acquire tended to moderate my romantic projects: for example, I did not fall in love with Madame de Bonac, but also felt I did not stand much chance of succeeding in the service of her husband. M. de la Martinière was already in the only place that could have

satisfied my ambition, and M. de Marianne in expectancy : thus my utmost hopes could only aspire to the office of under-secretary, which did not infinitely tempt me ; this was the reason that, when consulted on the situation I should like to be placed in, I expressed a great desire to go to Paris. The ambassador readily gave in to the idea, for it, at least, tended to disembarass him of me. M. de Merveilleux, interpreting secretary to the embassy, said that his friend, M. Godard, a Swiss colonel in the service of France, wanted some one to be with his nephew, who had entered the service very young, and made no doubt that I should suit him. On this idea, so lightly formed, my departure was determined ; and I, who saw a long journey to perform, with Paris at the end of it, was enraptured at the project. They gave me several letters, a hundred livres to defray the expenses of my journey, accompanied with some good advice ; and thus equipped, I started.

I made the journey in fourteen days, which I may reckon among the happiest of my life. I was young, in perfect health, with plenty of money, and the most brilliant hopes : added to this, I was on foot, and alone. It may appear strange I should mention the latter circumstances as advantageous, if my peculiarity of temper is not already familiar to the reader. I was continually occupied with a variety of pleasing chimeras, and never did the warmth of my imagination produce them with greater magnificence. When offered an empty place in a carriage, or if any person accosted me on the road, how vexed was I to see that fortune overthrown, whose edifice, while walking, I had taken such pains to rear.

For once, my ideas were all martial : I was going to live with a military man ; nay, to become one, for I concluded I should begin with being a cadet. I already fancied myself in regimentals, with a fine white feather nodding on my hat, and my heart was inflamed by the noble idea. I had some smattering of geometry and fortification ; my uncle was an engineer : I was, in a manner, a soldier by inheritance. My short-sight, indeed, presented some little

obstacle, but did not by any means discourage me, as I reckoned to supply that defect by coolness and intrepidity. I had read, too, that Marshal Schomberg was remarkably short-sighted, and why might not Marshal Rousseau be the same? My imagination was so warmed by these follies, that it presented nothing but troops, ramparts, gabions, batteries, and myself in the midst of fire and smoke, an eye-glass in hand, commanding with the utmost tranquillity. Notwithstanding, when the country presented a delightful prospect, when I saw charming groves and rivulets, the pleasing sight made me sigh with regret, and feel, in the midst of my glory, that my heart was not formed for such havoc; and soon, without knowing how, I found my thoughts wandering among my dear sheepfolds, renouncing for ever the labours of Mars.

How far short did Paris come of the idea I had formed of it! The exterior decorations I had seen at Turin, the beauty of the streets, the symmetry and regularity of the houses, contributed to this disappointment, since I concluded that Paris must be infinitely superior. I had figured to myself a splendid city, beautiful as large, of the most commanding aspect, whose streets were ranges of magnificent palaces, composed of marble and gold. On entering the Faubourg St. Marceau, I saw nothing but dirty, evil-smelling streets, filthy black houses, an air of slovenliness and poverty, beggars, carters, and butchers, and heard nothing but cries of tisane and old hats. This struck me so forcibly, that all I have since seen of real magnificence in Paris could never erase this first impression, which has ever given me a particular disgust to residing in that capital; and I may say, the whole time I remained there afterwards was employed in seeking resources that might enable me to live at a distance from it. This is the consequence of a too lively imagination, which exaggerates even beyond the voice of fame, and ever expects more than is told. I had heard Paris so flatteringly described, that I pictured it like the ancient Babylon, which, perhaps, had I seen, I might have found equally faulty, and unlike the idea its description had

produced. The same thing happened at the Opera House, where I hastened the day after my arrival. I was sensible of the same disappointment at Versailles, and some time after on viewing the sea. I am convinced this would ever be the consequence of a too flattering description of any object ; for it is impossible for man, and difficult even for nature herself, to surpass the riches of my imagination.

By the reception I met with from all those to whom my letters were addressed, I thought my fortune was certainly made. The person who received me the least kindly was M. de Surbeck, to whom I had the warmest recommendation. He had retired from the service, and lived philosophically at Bagneux, where I waited on him several times without his offering me even a glass of water. I was better received by Madame de Merveilleux, sister-in-law to the interpreter, and by his nephew, who was an officer in the Guards. The mother and son not only received me kindly, but offered me the use of their table, a favour I frequently accepted during my stay at Paris.

Madame de Merveilleux appeared to have been handsome ; her hair was of a fine black, which, according to the old mode, she wore curled on the temples. She still retained that which does not perish with a set of features, the beauty of an amiable mind. She appeared satisfied with mine, and did all she could to render me service ; but no one seconded her endeavours, and I was presently undeceived in the great interest they had seemed to take in my affairs. I must, however, do the French the justice to say, they do not exhaust themselves with protestations, as some have represented, and that those they make are usually sincere ; but they have a manner of appearing interested in your affairs, which is more deceiving than words. The gross compliments of the Swiss can only impose upon fools ; the manners of the French are more seducing, and at the same time so simple, that you are persuaded they do not express all they mean to do for you, in order that you may be all the more agreeably surprised. I will say more : they are not false in their protestations, being naturally zealous to

oblige, humane, benevolent, and even (whatever may be said to the contrary) more sincere than any other nation ; but they are too flighty : in effect, they feel the sentiments they profess for you, but that sentiment flies off as instantaneously as it is formed. In speaking to you, their whole attention is employed on you alone ; when absent, you are forgotten. Nothing is permanent in their hearts ; all is the work of the moment.

Thus I was greatly flattered, but received little service. Colonel Godard, for whose nephew I was recommended, proved to be an avaricious old wretch, who, on seeing my distress (though he was immensely rich), wished to have my services for nothing, meaning to place me with his nephew rather as a valet without wages, than a tutor. He represented that, as I was to be continually engaged with him, I should be excused from duty, and might live on my cadet's allowance ; that is to say, on the pay of a soldier—hardly would he consent to give me a uniform, thinking the clothing of the army might serve. Madame de Merveilleux, provoked at his proposals, persuaded me not to accept them ; her son was of the same opinion ; something else was to be thought of, but no situation was procured. Meantime, I began to be pressed for funds ; for the hundred livres that I had commenced my journey with could not last much longer. Happily, I received from the ambassador a small remittance, which was very serviceable, nor do I think he would have abandoned me had I possessed more patience ; but languishing, waiting, soliciting, are to me impossible. I was disheartened, displeased, and thus all my brilliant expectations came, once more, to nothing.

I had not, all this time, forgotten my dear Madame de Warens, but how was I to find her ? Where should I seek her ? Madame de Merveilleux, who knew my story, assisted me in the search, but for a long time unavailingly ; at length she informed me that Madame de Warens had set out from Paris above two months before, but it was not known whether for Savoy or Turin, and that some conjectured she was gone to Switzerland. Nothing further was necessary

to fix my determination to follow her, certain that, wherever she might be, I stood more chance of finding her at those places than I could possibly do at Paris.

Before my departure, I exercised my new poetical talent in an epistle to Colonel Godard, whom I ridiculed to the utmost of my abilities. I showed this scribble to Madame de Merveilleux, who, instead of discouraging me, as she ought to have done, laughed as heartily at my sarcasms as did her son, who, I believe, did not like M. Godard ; indeed, it must be confessed he was a man not calculated to obtain affection. I was tempted to send him my verses, and they encouraged me in it ; accordingly, I made them up in a parcel directed to him, and there being no post then at Paris by which I could conveniently send it, I put it in my pocket, and sent it to him from Auxerre, as I passed through that place. I laugh even yet, sometimes, at the grimaces I fancy he made on reading this panegyric, where he was certainly drawn to the life. It began thus :—

Tu croyois, vieux penard, qu'une folle manie
D'élever ton neveu m'inspireroit l'envie.

This little piece, it is true, was but indifferently written, still it did not want for salt, and announced a turn for satire ; it is, notwithstanding, the only satirical writing that ever came from my pen. I have too little hatred in my heart to take advantage of such a talent ; but I believe it may be judged from those controversies in which from time to time I have been engaged in my own defence, that, had I been of a vindictive disposition, my adversaries would rarely have had the laughter on their side.

What I most regret is not having kept a journal of my travels, being conscious that a number of interesting details have slipped my memory ; for never did I exist so completely, never live so thoroughly, never was so much myself, if I may dare to use the expression, as in those journeys made on foot. Walking animates and enlivens my spirits ; I can hardly think when in a state of inactivity ; my body must be exercised to make my judgment active. The view of a fine

country, a succession of agreeable prospects, the open air, a good appetite, and the health I gain by walking ; the freedom of inns, and the distance from everything that can make me recollect the dependence of my situation, conspire to free my soul, and give boldness to my thoughts, throwing me, in a manner, into the immensity of existence, where I combine, choose, and appropriate all to my fancy, without constraint or fear. I dispose of all nature as I please ; my heart, wandering from object to object, approximates and unites with those that please it, is surrounded by charming images, and becomes intoxicated with delicious sensations. If, attempting to render these permanent, I am amused in describing them to myself, what glow of colouring, what energy of expression, do I give them ! It has been said that all these are to be found in my works, though written in the decline of life. Oh, had those of my early youth been seen, those made during my travels, composed, but never written ! “ Why did I not write them ? ” will be asked. “ And why should I have written them ? ” I may answer. Why deprive myself of the actual charm of my enjoyments to inform others what I enjoyed ? What to me were readers, the public, or all the world, while I was mounting the empyrean ? Besides, did I carry pens, paper, and ink with me ? Had I recollected all these, not a thought would have occurred worth preserving. I do not foresee when I shall have ideas ; they come when they please, and not when I call for them ; either they avoid me altogether, or, rushing in crowds, overwhelm me with their force and number. Ten volumes a day would not suffice to barely enumerate my thoughts ; how, then, should I find time to write them ? In stopping, I thought of nothing but a hearty dinner ; on departing, of nothing but a charming walk. I felt that a new paradise awaited me at the door, and eagerly leaped forward to enjoy it.

Never did I experience this so feelingly as in the perambulation I am now describing. On coming to Paris, I had confined myself to the ideas relating to the situation I expected to occupy there. I had rushed into the career I was about to run, and should have completed it with tolerable

éclat, but it was not that which my heart adhered to. Some real beings obscured my imagined ones. Colonel Godard and his nephew could not keep pace with a hero of my disposition. Thank Heaven, I was soon delivered from all these obstacles, and could enter at pleasure into the wilderness of chimeras, for that alone remained before me, and I wandered in it so completely, that I several times lost my way ; but this was no misfortune. I would not have shortened it ; for, feeling with regret, as I approached Lyons, that I must again return to the material world, I should have been glad never to have arrived there.

One day, among others, having purposely gone out of my way to take a nearer view of a spot that appeared delightful, I was so charmed with it, and wandered round it so often, that at length I completely lost myself, and after several hours' useless walking, weary, fainting with hunger and thirst, I entered a peasant's hut, which had not indeed a very promising appearance, but it was the only one I could discover near me. I thought it was here, as at Geneva, or in Switzerland, where the inhabitants, living at ease, have it in their power to exercise hospitality. I entreated the countryman to give me some dinner, offering to pay for it : whereupon he presented me with some skimmed milk and coarse barley-bread, saying it was all he had. I drank the milk with pleasure, and ate the bread, chaff and all ; but it was not very restorative to a man sinking with fatigue. The countryman, who watched me narrowly, judged the truth of my story by my appetite, and presently (after having said that he plainly saw I was an honest, good-natured young man, and did not come to betray him) opened a little trap-door by the side of his kitchen, went down, and returned a moment after with a good brown loaf of pure wheat, the remains of a well-flavoured ham, and a bottle of wine, the sight of which rejoiced my heart more than all the rest. He then prepared a good thick omelet, and I made such a dinner as none but a walking traveller ever enjoyed.

When I again offered to pay, his inquietude and fears returned. He not only would have no money, but refused

it with the most evident emotion ; and, what made this scene more amusing, I could not imagine the motive of his fear. At length he pronounced tremblingly those terrible words, "Commissioners" and "Cellar-rats," explaining himself by giving me to understand that he concealed his wine because of the excise, and his bread on account of the tax imposed on it ; adding, he should be nearly ruined if it was suspected he was not almost perishing with want. What he said to me on this subject (of which I had not the smallest idea) made an impression on my mind that can never be effaced, sowing seeds of that inextinguishable hatred that has since grown up in my heart against the vexations these unhappy people suffer, and against their oppressors. This man, though in easy circumstances, dared not eat the bread gained by the sweat of his brow, and could only escape destruction by exhibiting an outward appearance of misery ! I left his cottage with as much indignation as concern, deploring the fate of those beautiful countries, where nature has been prodigal of her gifts, only that they may become the prey of barbarous exactors.

The incident I have just related is the only one I have any very distinct remembrance of during this journey. I recollect, indeed, that on approaching Lyons, I wished to prolong it by going to see the banks of the Lignon ; for among the romances I had read with my father, *Astrea* was not forgotten, and returned more frequently to my thoughts than any other. Stopping for some refreshment (while chatting with my hostess), I inquired the way to Forez, and was informed that country was an excellent place for mechanics, as there were many forges, and much iron work done there. This eulogium instantly calmed my romantic curiosity, for I felt no inclination to seek Dianas and Sylvanders among a generation of blacksmiths. The good woman who encouraged me with this piece of information certainly thought I was a journeyman locksmith.

I had some view in going to Lyons. On my arrival I went to the Chasottes, to see Mademoiselle du Châtelet, a friend of Madame de Warens, for whom I had brought a

letter when I came there with M. le Maître, so that it was an acquaintance already formed. Mademoiselle du Châtelet informed me her friend had passed through Lyons, but could not tell whether she had gone on to Piedmont, being uncertain at her departure whether it would not be necessary to stop in Savoy ; but if I chose, she would immediately write for information, and thought my best plan would be to remain at Lyons till she received it. I accepted this offer, but did not tell Mademoiselle du Châtelet how much I was pressed for an answer, and that my exhausted purse would not permit me to wait long. It was not an appearance of coolness that withheld me ; on the contrary, I was very kindly received, treated on the footing of equality, and this took from me the resolution of explaining my circumstances, for I could not bear to descend from a companion to a miserable beggar.

I seem to have retained a very clear recollection of the part of my life contained in this book ; yet, I think I remember, about the same period, another journey to Lyons (the particulars of which I cannot recall), where I found myself much straitened, and the confused remembrance of the extremities I was often reduced to does not contribute to recall the idea agreeably. Had I been like many others, had I possessed the talent of borrowing and running in debt at every tavern I came to, I might have fared better ; but as my incapacity quite equalled my repugnance, and to demonstrate the prevalence of both, it will be sufficient to say, that though I have passed almost my whole life in indifferent circumstances, and frequently have been near wanting bread, I was never once asked for money by a creditor without having it in my power to pay it instantly ; I could never bear to contract clamorous debts, and have ever preferred suffering to owing.

Being reduced to pass my nights in the streets may certainly be called suffering, and this was several times the case at Lyons, for I bought bread with the few pence I had left rather than spend them on lodgings, as I was convinced there was less danger of dying for want of sleep

than of hunger. Astonishing as it may seem while in this unhappy situation, I took no care for the future, was neither uneasy nor melancholy, but patiently waited an answer to Mademoiselle du Châtelet's letter, and, lying in the open air, stretched on the earth or on a bench, slept as soundly as if reposing on a bed of roses. I remember, particularly, to have passed a most delightful night at some distance from the town in a road that had the Rhone, or Saône, I cannot recollect which, on the one side, and a range of raised gardens, with terraces, on the other. It had been a very hot day, the evening was delightful, the dew moistened the parched grass, no wind was stirring, the air was fresh without chilliness, the setting sun had tinged the clouds with a beautiful crimson, which was again reflected by the water, and the trees bordering the terrace were filled with nightingales, that were continually answering each other's songs. I walked along in a kind of ecstasy, surrendering my heart and senses to the enjoyment of so many delights, and sighing only from regret at enjoying them alone. Absorbed in this pleasing reverie, I lengthened my walk till it grew very late, without perceiving I was tired; at length, however, I discovered it, and threw myself on the step of a kind of niche, or false door, in a terrace wall. How charming was the couch! The trees formed a stately canopy, a nightingale sat directly over me, and with his soft notes lulled me to rest: how delicious my repose; my awaking more so! It was broad day; on opening my eyes I saw the water, the verdure, and an adorable landscape before me. I arose, shook off the remains of drowsiness, and, finding I was hungry, retook my way to the town, resolving, with inexpressible gaiety, to spend the two pieces of six *blancs* I had yet remaining on a good breakfast. I found myself so cheerful that I went all the way singing. I remember I sang a cantata of Batistin's, called the *Baths of Thomery*, which I knew by heart. May a blessing light on the good Batistin and his good cantata, for it procured me a better breakfast than I had expected, and a still better dinner, which I did not expect at all! In the midst

of my singing I heard some one behind me, and, turning round, perceived an Antonine, who followed after and seemed to listen with pleasure to my song. At length, accosting me, he asked if I understood music. I answered, "a little," but in a manner to have it understood I knew a great deal, and, as he continued questioning me, related a part of my story. He asked me if I had ever copied music. I replied, "Often," which was true: I had learnt most by copying. "Well," continued he, "come with me, I can employ you for a few days, during which time you shall want for nothing, provided you consent not to quit my room." I acquiesced very willingly, and followed him.

This Antonine was called M. Rolichon; he loved music, understood it, and sang in some little concerts with his friends. Thus far all was innocent and right, but apparently this taste had become a *furor* that he was obliged partly to conceal. He conducted me into a chamber, where I found a great quantity of music; he gave me some to copy, particularly the cantata he had heard me singing, and which he was shortly to sing himself.

I remained here three or four days, copying all the time I did not eat, for never in my life was I so hungry, or better fed. M. Rolichon brought my provisions himself from the kitchen, and it appeared that these good priests lived well—at least, if every one fared as I did. In my life, I never took such pleasure in eating, and it must be owned this good cheer came very opportunely, for I was almost exhausted. I worked as heartily as I ate, which is saying a great deal; 'tis true I was not as correct as diligent, for some days after, meeting M. Rolichon in the street, he informed me there were so many omissions, repetitions, and transpositions in the parts I had copied, that they could not be performed. It must be owned, that, in choosing the profession of music, I hit on that I was least calculated for; yet my voice was good, and I copied neatly; but the fatigue of long work bewilders me so much, that I spend more time in altering and scratching out than in actually copying, and if I do not employ the strictest attention in

comparing the several parts, they are sure to fail in the execution.

Thus, though endeavouring to do well, my performance was very faulty ; for, aiming at expedition, I did all amiss. This did not prevent M. Rolichon from treating me well to the last, and giving me half-a-crown at my departure ; this I certainly did not deserve, but it kept me going until a few days after I received news from Madame de Warens, who was at Chambéry, with money to defray my expenses of the journey to her, which I performed with rapture. Since then my finances have frequently been very low, but never at such an ebb as to reduce me to fasting, and I refer to this period with a heart fully alive to the bounty of Providence, as the last in my life when I sustained poverty and hunger.

I remained at Lyons seven or eight days to wait for some little commissions with which Madame de Warens had charged Mademoiselle du Châtelet, whom, during this interval, I visited more assiduously than before, having the pleasure of talking to her of her friend, and being no longer disturbed by the cruel remembrance of my situation, or painful endeavours to conceal it. Mademoiselle du Châtelet was neither young nor handsome, but was not wanting in elegance ; she was easy and obliging, while her understanding gave value to her familiarity. She had a taste for the kind of moral observation which leads to the knowledge of mankind, and from her originated that study in myself. She was fond of the works of Le Sage, particularly *Gil Blas*, which she lent me, and recommended to my perusal. I read this performance with pleasure, but my judgment was not yet ripe enough to properly appreciate works of this stamp. I liked romances abounding with high-flown sentiments.

Thus I passed my time at the house of Mademoiselle du Châtelet, with as much profit as pleasure. It is certain that the interesting and sensible conversation of a worthy woman is more proper to form the understanding of a young man than all the pedantic philosophy of books. I got acquainted at the Chasottes with some other boarders and their friends,

and, among the rest, with a young girl of fourteen, called Mademoiselle Serre, whom I did not much notice at that time, though I was in love with her eight or nine years afterwards, and with great reason, for she was a most charming girl.

I was fully occupied with the idea of seeing Madame de Warens, and this gave some respite to my chimeras, for, finding happiness in real objects, I was the less inclined to seek it in nonentities. I had not only found her, but also by her means, and near her, an agreeable situation ; she having sent me word that she had procured one that would suit me, and which would not oblige me to quit her. I exhausted all my conjectures in guessing what this occupation could be, but I must have possessed the art of divination to have hit on the right one. I had sufficient money to make my journey agreeable. Mademoiselle du Châtelet persuaded me to hire a horse, but to this I would not consent, and I was certainly right. Had I done so, I should have lost the pleasure of the last pedestrian expedition I ever made ; for I cannot give that name to those excursions I have frequently taken about my own neighbourhood, while I lived at Motiers.

It is very singular that my imagination never rises so high as when my situation is least agreeable or cheerful. When everything smiles around me, then I am least amused ; my heart cannot confine itself to realities, cannot embellish, but must create. Real objects strike me as they truly are ; my imagination can only decorate ideal ones. If I would paint the spring, it must be in winter ; if describe a beautiful landscape, it must be while surrounded with walls ; and, as I have said a hundred times, were I confined to the Bastille, I could draw the most enchanting picture of liberty. On my departure from Lyons, I saw nothing but an agreeable future, the content I, with reason, now enjoyed was as great as my discontent had been at leaving Paris, notwithstanding I had not during this journey any of those delightful reveries I then enjoyed. My mind was serene, and that was all. I drew near the excellent friend I was going to

see, my heart overflowing with tenderness, enjoying in advance, but without intoxication, the pleasure of living near her ; I had always expected this, and it was as if nothing new had happened. Meantime, I was anxious about the employment Madame de Warens had procured me, as if that alone had been material. My ideas were calm and peaceable, not ravishing and celestial : every object struck my sight in its natural form ; I observed the surrounding landscape, marked the trees, the houses, the springs, deliberated on the cross roads, was fearful of losing myself, yet did not do so. In a word, I was no longer in the empyrean, but precisely where I found myself, or sometimes, perhaps, at the end of my journey, never farther.

I am, in recounting my travels, as I was in making them, loth to arrive at the conclusion. My heart beat with joy as I approached my dear Madame de Warens, but I went no faster on that account. I love to walk at my ease, and stop at leisure : a strolling life is necessary to me—travelling on foot, in a fine country, with fine weather, and having an agreeable object to terminate my journey, is the manner of living of all others most suited to my taste.

It is already understood what I mean by a fine country ; never can a flat one, though ever so beautiful, appear such in my eyes. I must have torrents, fir-trees, black woods, mountains to climb or descend, and rugged roads with precipices on either side to alarm me. I experienced this pleasure in its utmost extent as I approached Chambery, not far from a mountain road, called the *Pas de l'Echelle*. Above the main road, hewn through the solid rock, a small river runs and rushes into fearful chasms, which it appears to have been millions of ages in forming. The road has been hedged by a parapet to prevent accidents, and I was thus enabled to contemplate the whole descent, and gain vertigoes at pleasure ; for a great part of my amusement in these steep rocks lies in their causing a giddiness and swimming in my head, which I am particularly fond of, provided I am in safety ; leaning, therefore, over the parapet, I remained whole hours, catching, from time to time, a glance of the

froth and blue water, whose rushing caught my ear, mingled with the cries of ravens and other birds of prey that flew from rock to rock, and bush to bush, at six hundred feet below me. In places where the slope was tolerably regular, and clear enough from bushes to let stones roll freely, I went a considerable way to gather them, bringing those I could but just carry ; these I piled on the parapet, and then threw down one after the other, being transported at seeing them roll, rebound, and fly into a thousand pieces before they reached the bottom of the precipice.

Near Chambery I enjoyed an equally pleasing spectacle, though of a different kind ; the road passing near the foot of the most charming cascade I ever saw. The water, running very rapidly, shoots from the top of an exceedingly steep mountain, falling at such a distance from its base that you may walk between the cascade and the rock without any inconvenience ; but for any one not sufficiently careful, it is easy to be deceived as I was, for the water, falling from such an immense height, separates, and descends in a rain as fine as dust, and on approaching too near this cloud, without perceiving it, you may be wet through in an instant.

At length I arrived at Madame de Warens'. She was not alone, the Intendant-General was with her. Without speaking a word to me, she caught my hand, and presenting me to him with that natural grace which charmed all hearts, said, "This, Sir, is the poor young man I mentioned : deign to protect him as long as he deserves it, and I shall feel no concern for the remainder of his life." Then added, addressing herself to me, "Child, you now belong to the King, thank Monsieur the Intendant, who furnishes you with the means of existence." I stared without answering, without knowing what to think of all this ; rising ambition almost turned my head ; I was already prepared to act the Intendant myself. My fortune, however, was not so brilliant as I had imagined, but it was sufficient to maintain me, and this, as I was situated, was a capital acquisition. I shall now explain the nature of my employment.

King Victor Amadeus, judging by the event of preceding

wars, and the situation of the ancient patrimony of his fathers, that he should not long be able to maintain it, wished to drain it beforehand. Resolving, therefore, to tax the nobility, he ordered a general survey of the whole country, in order that it might be rendered more equal and productive. This scheme, already begun under the father, was completed by the son; two or three hundred men, part surveyors, who were called geometricians, and part writers, who were called secretaries, were employed in this work; among the latter Madame de Warens had secured my appointment. This post, without being very lucrative, furnished the means of living eligibly in that country; the misfortune was, this employment could not be of any great duration, but it put me in train to procure something better, as by this means she hoped to ensure the particular protection of the Intendant, who might find me some more settled occupation before this was concluded.

I entered on my new employment a few days after my arrival, and as there was no great difficulty in the business, soon understood it; thus, after four or five years of unsettled life, folly, and suffering, since my departure from Geneva, I began, for the first time, to gain my bread with credit.

These long details of my early youth must have appeared trifling, and I am sorry for it: though born a man in certain regards, I was long a child, and am so yet in many particulars. I did not promise the public a great personage. I promised to describe myself as I am; and to know me in my advanced age, it is necessary to know me as I was in my youth. As, in general, those objects that are present make a much less vivid impression on me than the bare remembrance of them (my ideas being all from recollection), the first traits engraved on my mind have distinctly remained: those since imprinted there have rather combined with the former than effaced them. There is a certain yet varied succession of affections and ideas, that continues to regulate those following them, and this progression must be known, in order to judge rightly of those they have influenced. I have studied to develop the first causes, the

better to show the sequence of effects. I would be able by some means to render my soul transparent to the eyes of the reader, and for this purpose endeavour to show it in every possible point of view, to give him every insight, and act in such a manner that not a motion should escape him, as by this means he may form a judgment of the principles that guide it.

Did I take upon myself to decide, and say to the reader, "Such is my character," he might think that if I did not endeavour to deceive him, I at least deceived myself; but in recounting simply all that has happened to me, all my actions, thoughts, and feelings, I cannot lead him into an error, unless I do it wilfully, which by this means I could not easily effect, since it is his province to compare the elements, and judge of the being they compose: thus the result must be his work, and, if he is then deceived, the error will be his own. It is not sufficient for this purpose that my recitals should be merely faithful, they must also be minute; it is not for me to judge of the importance of facts, I ought to declare them simply as they are, and leave the estimate that is to be formed of them to him. I have adhered to this principle hitherto with the most scrupulous exactitude, and shall not depart from it in the continuation; but the impressions of age are less lively than those of youth; I began by delineating the latter: should I recollect the rest with the same precision, the reader may, perhaps, become weary and impatient, but I shall not be dissatisfied with my labour. I have but one thing to apprehend in this undertaking: I do not dread saying too much, or advancing falsities, but I am fearful of not saying enough, or concealing truths.

BOOK V.

CHAMBERY.

It was, I believe, in 1732, that I arrived at Chambéry, as already related, and began my employment of registering land for the King. I was almost twenty-one, my mind well enough formed for my age, with respect to sense, but very deficient in point of judgment, and needing every instruction from those into whose hands I fell to make me conduct myself with propriety ; for a few years' experience had not been able to cure me radically of my romantic ideas ; and notwithstanding the ills I had sustained, I knew as little of the world, or mankind, as if I had never purchased instruction. I slept at home, that is, at the house of Madame de Warens ; but it was not as at Annecy : here were no gardens, no brook, no landscape ; the house was dark and dismal, and my apartment the most gloomy of the whole. The prospect, a dead wall, an alley, instead of a street, confined air, bad light, small rooms, iron bars, rats, and a rotten floor—an assemblage of circumstances that do not constitute a very agreeable habitation ; but I was in the same house with my best friend, incessantly near her, at my desk or in her chamber, so that I could not perceive the gloominess of my own, or have time to think of it. It may appear whimsical that she should reside at Chambéry on purpose to live in this disagreeable house ; but it was a trait of contrivance that I ought not to pass over in silence. She had no great inclination for a journey to Turin, fearing that after the recent revolutions, and the agitation that still prevailed at the Court, she should not be very favourably received there ; but her affairs seemed to demand her presence, as she feared being forgotten or ill-treated, particularly as the Comte de Saint-Laurent, Intendant-General of the Finances, was not in her interest. He had an old house at Chambéry, ill-built, and standing in so disagreeable a situation that it was always untenanted ;

she hired, and settled in this house ; a plan that succeeded much better than a journey to Turin would have done, for her pension was not suppressed, and the Comte de Saint-Laurent was ever after one of her best friends.

Her household was much on the old footing ; the faithful Claude Anet still remained with her. He was, as I have before mentioned, a peasant of Moutru, who in his childhood had gathered herbs in the Jura for the purpose of making Swiss tea : she had taken him into her service for his knowledge of drugs, finding it convenient to have a herbalist among her domestics. Passionately fond of the study of plants, he became a real botanist, and had he not died young, might have acquired as much fame in that science as he deserved for being an honest man. Serious even to gravity, and older than myself, he was to me a kind of tutor, commanding respect, and preserving me from a number of follies, for I dared not forget myself before him. He commanded it likewise from his mistress, who knew his understanding, uprightness, and inviolable attachment to herself, and returned it. Claude Anet was of an uncommon temper. I never encountered a similar disposition—he was slow, deliberate, and circumspect in his conduct ; cold in his manner ; laconic and sententious in discourse ; yet of an impetuosity in his passions, which (though carefully concealed) preyed upon him inwardly, and urged him to the only folly he ever committed ; that folly indeed was terrible, it was poisoning himself. This tragic scene passed soon after my arrival, and opened my eyes to the intimacy that subsisted between Claude Anet and his mistress, for had not the information come from her, I should never have suspected it : yet, surely, if attachment, fidelity, and zeal could merit such a recompense, it was due to him ; and what further proves him worthy such a distinction, he never once abused her confidence. They seldom disputed, and their disagreements ever ended amicably. One, indeed, was not so fortunate ; his mistress, in a passion, said something affronting, which not being able to digest, he consulted only with despair, and finding a bottle of laudanum

at hand, drank it off ; then went peaceably to bed, expecting to wake no more. Madame de Warens herself was uneasy, agitated, wandering about the house, and, happily, finding the phial empty, guessed the rest. Her screams, while flying to his assistance, alarmed me ; she confessed all, implored my help, and was fortunate enough, after repeated efforts, to make him throw up the laudanum. Witness of this scene, I could not but wonder at my stupidity in never having suspected the connection ; but Claude Anet was so discreet, that a more penetrating observer might have been deceived. Their reconciliation affected me, and added respect to the esteem I before felt for him. From this time I became, in some measure, his pupil, nor did I find myself the worse for his instruction.

I could not learn, without pain, that she lived in greater intimacy with another than with myself : it was a situation I had not even thought of, but, very naturally, it hurt me to see another in possession of it. Nevertheless, instead of feeling any aversion to the person who had this advantage over me, I found the attachment I felt for her actually extend to him. I desired her happiness above all things, and since he was concerned in her plan of felicity, I was content he should be happy likewise. Meantime, he perfectly entered into the views of his mistress ; conceived a sincere friendship for me, and without affecting the authority his situation might have entitled him to, he naturally possessed that which his superior judgment gave him over mine. I dared to do nothing he disapproved of ; he was sure to disapprove only of that meriting disapprobation : thus we lived in a union that rendered us mutually happy, and indissoluble except by death.

One proof of the excellence of this amiable woman's character is that all those who loved her, loved each other ; even jealousy and rivalry submitting to the more powerful sentiment with which she inspired them ; and I never saw any of those who surrounded her entertain the least ill-will among themselves. Let the reader pause a moment on this encomium, and if he can recollect any other woman

who deserves it, let him attach himself to her, if he would obtain happiness.

From my arrival at Chambery to my departure in 1741 for Paris included an interval of eight or nine years, during which time I have few adventures to relate; my life being as simple as it was agreeable. This uniformity was precisely what was most wanting to complete the formation of a character, prevented, so far, by continual troubles from acquiring any degree of stability. It was during this pleasing interval that my unconnected, unfinished education gained consistence, and made me what I have unalterably remained amid the storms with which I have since been surrounded. The progress was slow, almost imperceptible, and attended by few memorable circumstances; yet it deserves to be followed and investigated.

At first, I was wholly occupied with my business, the constraint of a desk leaving little opportunity for other thoughts; the small portion of time I was at liberty was passed with my dear Madame de Warens, and, not having leisure to read, I felt no inclination for it; but when my business (by daily repetition) became familiar, and my mind was less occupied, study again became necessary, and (as my desires were ever irritated by any difficulty that opposed the indulgence of them) might once more have become a passion, as at my master's, had not other inclinations interposed and diverted it.

Though our occupation did not demand a very profound skill in arithmetic, it sometimes required enough to puzzle me. To conquer this difficulty, I purchased books which treated on that science, and learned well, for I now studied alone. Practical arithmetic extends further than is usually supposed, if you would attain exact precision. There are operations of extreme length, in which I have sometimes seen good geometricians lose themselves. Reflection, assisted by practice, gives clear ideas, and enables you to devise shorter methods; these inventions flatter our self-complacency, while their exactitude satisfies our understanding, and renders pleasant a study that is, of itself, heavy

and unentertaining. At length I became so expert as not to be puzzled by any question solvable by arithmetical calculation ; and even now, while everything I formerly knew fades daily from my memory, this acquirement in a great measure remains, after an interval of thirty years. A few days ago, in a journey I made to Davenport, being with my host at an arithmetical lesson given to his children, I did (with pleasure, and without errors) a most complicated work. While setting down my figures, methought I was still at Chambery, still in my days of happiness—how far had I to look back for them !

The coloured plans of our geometricians had given me a taste for drawing ; accordingly I bought colours, and began by attempting flowers and landscapes. It was unfortunate that I had not talents for this art, for my inclination was much disposed to it, and while surrounded with crayons, pencils, and colours, I could have passed whole months without wishing to leave them. This amusement engaged me so much, that they were obliged to force me from it ; and thus it is with every inclination I give in to, it continues to augment, till at length it becomes so powerful, that I lose sight of everything except the favourite amusement. Years have not been able to cure me of this fault, nay, have not even diminished it ; for while I am writing this, behold me, like an old dotard, infatuated with another, to me useless, study, which I do not understand, and which even those who have devoted their youthful days to the acquisition of, are constrained to abandon at the age I am beginning with it.

At that time, the study I am speaking of would have been well placed ; the opportunity was good, and I had some temptation to profit by it ; for the satisfaction I saw in the eyes of Anet, when he came home loaded with new-discovered plants, set me two or three times on the point of going to herbalize with him ; and I am almost certain, that had I gone once, I should have been caught, and perhaps at this day might have been an excellent botanist, for I know no study more congenial to my natural inclination than that of plants, the life I have led for these ten years past,

in the country, being little more than a continual herbalizing, though I must confess without object, and without improvement; but at the time I am now speaking of I had no inclination for botany, nay, I even despised and was disgusted at the idea, considering it only a fit study for an apothecary. Madame de Warens was fond of it merely for this purpose, seeking none but common plants to use in her medical preparations; thus botany, chemistry, and anatomy were confounded in my idea under the general denomination of medicine, and served to furnish me with pleasant sarcasms the whole day, which procured me, from time to time, a box on the ear, applied by Madame de Warens. Besides this, a very contrary taste grew up with me, and by degrees absorbed all others: this was music. I was certainly born for that science, I loved it from my infancy, and it was the only inclination I have constantly adhered to; but it is astonishing that what nature seemed to have designed me for should have cost me so much pains to learn, and that I should acquire it so slowly, that after a whole life spent in the practice of this art, I could never attain to sing with any certainty at sight. What rendered the study of music more agreeable to me at that time was, being able to practise it with Madame de Warens. In other respects our tastes were widely different: this was a point of coincidence, which I loved to avail myself of. She had no more objection to this than myself: I knew at that time almost as much of it as she did, and after two or three efforts we could manage to decipher an air. Sometimes, when I saw her busy at her furnace, I have said, "Here, now, is a charming duet that seems made for the very purpose of spoiling your drugs"; her answer would be, "If you make me burn them, I'll make you eat them": thus disputing, I drew her to the harpsichord; the furnace was presently forgotten, the extract of juniper or wormwood calcined (which I cannot recollect without transport), and these scenes usually ended by her smearing my face with the remains of them.

It may easily be conjectured that I had plenty of employ-



SMEARING MY FACE.

Vol. I., facing p. 184.

ment to fill up my leisure hours ; one amusement, however, found room that was well worth all the rest.

We lived in such a confined dungeon, that it was necessary sometimes to breathe the open air ; Anet, therefore, induced Madame de Warens to hire a garden in the suburbs, both for this purpose and for the convenience of rearing plants ; to this garden was added a summer-house, which was furnished in the customary manner ; we sometimes dined, and I frequently slept there. Insensibly I became attached to this little retreat, decorated it with books and prints, spending part of my time in ornamenting it during the absence of Madame de Warens, that I might surprise her the more agreeably on her return. Sometimes I quitted this dear friend, that I might enjoy the uninterrupted pleasure of thinking of her ; this was a caprice I can neither excuse nor fully explain, I only know this really was the case, and therefore I avow it. I remember Madame de Luxembourg told me one day in raillery of a man who used to leave his mistress that he might enjoy the satisfaction of writing to her. I answered, I could have been that man ; I might have added, that I had done the very same.

I did not, however, find it necessary to leave Madame de Warens that I might love her the more ardently, for I was ever as perfectly at ease with her as when alone ; an advantage I never enjoyed with any other person, man or woman, however I might be attached to them ; but she was so often surrounded by company who were far from pleasing to me, that spite and weariness drove me to this asylum, where I could indulge myself in thinking of her, without danger of impertinent interruptions.

Thus, my time being divided between business, pleasure, and instruction, my life passed in the most absolute serenity. Europe was not equally tranquil. France and the Emperor had mutually declared war, the King of Sardinia had entered into the quarrel, and a French army had filed off into Piedmont to awe the Milanese. One division passed through Chambery, and, among others, the regiment of Champagne, whose colonel was the Duke de la Trimouille,

to whom I was presented. He promised many things, but doubtless thought of me no more. Our little garden was exactly at the end of the suburb by which the troops entered, so that I could fully satisfy my curiosity in seeing them pass, and I became as anxious for the success of the war as if it had nearly concerned me. Till now I had never troubled myself about politics; for the first time I began reading the gazettes, but with so much partiality on the side of France that my heart beat with rapture on its most trifling advantages, and I was as much afflicted on a reverse of fortune as if I had been personally concerned.

Had this folly been transient, I should not, perhaps, have mentioned it; but it took such root in my heart (without any reasonable cause) that when I afterwards acted the anti-despot and proud republican at Paris, in spite of myself, I felt a secret predilection for the nation I declared servile and for that government I affected to oppose. The pleasantest part of all was, that ashamed of an inclination so contrary to my professed maxims, I dared not own it to any one, but rallied the French on their defeats, while my heart was more wounded than their own. I am certainly the first man that, living with a people who treated him well, and whom he almost adored, put on, even in their own country, an assumed air of despising them; yet my original inclination is so powerful, constant, disinterested, and invincible, that even since my quitting that kingdom, since its government, magistrates, and authors have outvied each other in rancour against me, since it has become fashionable to load me with injustice and abuse, I have not been able to get rid of this folly, but notwithstanding their ill-treatment, love them in spite of myself.

I long sought the cause of this partiality, but was never able to find any, except in the occasion that gave it birth. A rising taste for literature attached me to French books, to their authors and their country. At the very moment the French troops were passing Chambéry, I was reading *Les Grands Capitaines*, by Brantome; my head was full of the Clissons, Bayards, Lantrees, Colignys, Montmorencys, and

Trimouilles, and I loved their descendants as the heirs of their merit and courage. In each regiment that passed by, I thought I saw those famous black bands that had formerly performed so many noble exploits in Piedmont. In short, I applied to these all the ideas I had gathered from books. My reading continued, and, still drawn from the same nation, it nourished my affection for that country, till at length it became a blind passion that nothing could overcome. I have had occasion to remark several times in the course of my travels that this affection was not felt by me for France alone, but was more or less active in every country, towards that part of the nation that was fond of literature and cultivated learning; and it was this consideration that balanced in my mind the general hatred which the conceited air of the French is so apt to inspire. Their romances, more than their men, attract the women of all countries, and the celebrated dramatic pieces of France create a fondness in youth for their theatres. The reputation which those of Paris in particular have acquired draw to them crowds of strangers, who return enthusiasts to their own country. In short, the excellence of their literature captivates the senses, and in the unfortunate war just ended I have seen their authors and philosophers maintain the glory of France, so tarnished by its warriors.

I was, therefore, an ardent Frenchman. This rendered me a politician, and I attended in the public square, amid a throng of newsmongers, the arrival of the post; and, more foolish than the ass in the fable, was very uneasy to know whose packsaddle I should next have the honour to carry, for it was then supposed we should belong to France, and that Savoy would be exchanged for Milan. I must confess, however, that I experienced some uneasiness, for had this war terminated unfortunately for the allies, the pension of Madame de Warens would have been in a dangerous situation; nevertheless, I had great confidence in my good friends the French, and for once (in spite of the surprise of M. de Broglie) my confidence was not ill-founded—thanks to the King of Sardinia, whom I never thought of.

While we were fighting in Italy, they were singing in France ; the operas of Rameau began to make a noise there, and once more raise the credit of his theoretic works, which, from their obscurity, were within the compass of very few understandings. By chance I heard of his *Treatise on Harmony*, and had no rest till I purchased it. By another chance I fell sick ; my illness was inflammatory—short and violent—but my convalescence was tedious, for I was unable to go abroad for a whole month. During this time I eagerly ran over my *Treatise on Harmony*, but it was so long, so diffuse, and so badly disposed, that I found it would require a considerable time to unravel it ; accordingly I suspended my inclination, and refreshed my sight with music.

I principally exercised myself with the cantatas of Bernier. These were never out of my mind ; I learned four or five by heart, and, among the rest, “The Sleeping Cupids,” which I have never seen since that time, though I still retain it almost entirely, as well as “Cupid stung by a Bee,” a very pretty cantata by Clerambault, which I learned about the same time.

To complete all, there arrived a young organist from Val-d’Aost, called the Abbé Palais, a good musician and a pleasant companion, who performed very agreeably on the harpsichord. I made his acquaintance, and we soon became inseparable. He had been brought up by an Italian monk, who was a capital organist. He explained to me his principles of music, which I compared with Rameau’s. My head was filled with accompaniments, chords, and harmony, but as it was necessary to accustom the ear to all this, I proposed to Madame de Warens having a little concert once a month, to which she consented.

Behold me, then, so full of this concert, that night or day I could think of nothing else, and it actually employed a great part of my time to select the music, assemble the musicians, look to the instruments, and write out the several parts. Madame de Warens sang ; Père Caton (whom I have before mentioned, and shall have occasion to speak of again) sang likewise ; a dancing-master named Roche

and his son played on the violin; Canavas, a Piedmontese musician (who was employed, like myself, in the survey, and has since married at Paris), played on the violoncello; the Abbé Palais performed on the harpsichord; and I had the honour to conduct the whole. It may be supposed all this was charming; I cannot say it equalled my concert at Monsieur de Treytorens', but certainly it was not far behind it.

This little concert, given by Madame de Warens, the new convert, who lived (it was said) on the King's charity, made the whole tribe of devotees murmur; but it was a very agreeable amusement to several worthy people, at the head of whom it would not be easily surmised that I should place a monk, yet, though a monk, a man of considerable merit, and even of a very amiable disposition, whose subsequent misfortunes gave me the most lively concern, and whose memory, attached to that of my happy days, is yet dear to me. I speak of Père Caton, a Cordelier, who, in conjunction with the Count Dortan, had caused the music of poor Le Maître to be seized at Lyons—an action that was far from being the brightest trait in his history. He was a bachelor of the Sorbonne; had lived long in Paris among the great world, and was particularly caressed by the Marquis d'Antremont, then ambassador from Sardinia. He was tall and well made; full faced, with very fine eyes, and black hair, which formed natural curls on each side of his forehead. His manner was at once noble, open, and modest; he presented himself with ease and good manners, having neither the hypocritical nor impudent behaviour of a monk, nor the forward assurance of a fashionable coxcomb, but the manners of a well-bred man, who, without blushing for his habit, set a value on himself, and ever felt in his proper situation when in good company. Though Père Caton was not deeply studied for a doctor, he was much so for a man of the world, and, not being compelled to show his talents, he brought them forward so advantageously that they appeared to be greater than they really were. Having lived much in the world, he had rather attached himself to agree-

able acquirements than to solid learning ; had good sense, made verses, spoke well, sang better, and aided his good voice by playing on the organ and harpsichord. So many pleasing qualities did not fail to make his company much sought after, but this did not make him neglect the duties of his function ; he was chosen (in spite of his jealous competitors) Definitor of his province, and he was said to be one of the greatest pillars of his order.

Père Caton became acquainted with Madame de Warens at the Marquis d'Antremont's ; he had heard of her concerts, wished to assist at them, and, by his company, rendered our meetings truly agreeable. We were soon attached to each other by our mutual taste for music, in both a most lively passion, with this difference, that he was really a musician, and myself a bungler. Sometimes, assisted by Canavas and the Abbé Palais, we had music in his apartment, or, on holidays, at his organ, and frequently dined with him ; for, what was very astonishing in a monk, he was generous, profuse, and loved good cheer, without the least trace of greediness. After our concerts, he always used to stay to supper, and these evenings passed with the greatest gaiety and good humour ; we conversed with the utmost freedom, and sang duets ; I was perfectly at my ease, I caused sallies of wit and merriment ; Père Caton was charming, Madame de Warens adorable, and the Abbé Palais, with his rough voice, was the butt of the company. Pleasing moments of sportive youth, how long since have ye fled !

As I shall have no more occasion to speak of poor Père Caton, I will here conclude in few words his melancholy history. His brother monks, jealous, or rather exasperated to discover in him a merit and elegance of manners which savoured nothing of monastic stupidity, conceived the most violent hatred for him, because he was not so despicable as themselves ; the chiefs, therefore, combined together against this worthy man, and set on the envious rabble of monks, who, otherwise, would not have dared to hazard the attack. He received a thousand indignities ; they degraded him from

his office, took away the apartment which he had furnished with elegant simplicity, and at length banished him I know not whither. In short, these wretches overwhelmed him with so many evils, that his honest and proud soul sank under the pressure, and, after having been the delight of the most amiable societies, he died of grief, on a wretched bed, hid in some cell or dungeon, lamented by all honest people of his acquaintance, who could find no fault with him, except his being a monk.

Accustomed to this manner of life for some time, I became so entirely attached to music that I could think of nothing else. I went to my business with disgust, the necessary confinement and assiduity appeared an insupportable punishment; and this at length I wished to relinquish, that I might give myself up without reserve to my favourite amusement. It will be readily believed that this folly met with some opposition; to give up a creditable employment and fixed salary to run after uncertain scholars, was too giddy a plan to be approved of by Madame de Warens; and even supposing my future success should prove as great as I flattered myself it would be, it was fixing very humble limits to my ambition to think of reducing myself for life to the condition of a music-master. She, who formed for me the brightest projects, and no longer trusted implicitly to the judgment of M. d'Aubonne, seeing with concern that I was so seriously occupied by a talent she at least thought frivolous, frequently repeated to me that provincial proverb, which does not hold quite so good in Paris, *Qui bien chante et bien dance, fait un metier qui peu avance*.^{*} On the other hand, she saw me hurried away by this irresistible passion, my taste for music having become a *furor*; and it was much to be feared that the careless performance of my duties, caused by my distraction, might draw on me a discharge, which would be worse than a voluntary resignation. I represented to her that my employment could not last long,

^{*} He who can sweetly sing and fealty dance,
His interests but little shall advance.

that it was necessary I should have some permanent means of subsistence, and that it would be much better to complete by practice the acquisition of that art to which my inclination led me, than to make fresh essays that possibly might not succeed, since by this means, having passed the age most proper for improvement, I might be left without a single resource for gaining a livelihood. In short, I extorted her consent more by importunity and caresses than by any satisfactory reasons. Proud of my success, I immediately ran to thank M. Coccelli, Director-General of the Survey, as though I had performed the most heroic action, and quitted my employment without cause, reason, or pretext, with as much pleasure as I had accepted it two years before.

This step, ridiculous as it may appear, procured me a kind of consideration that I found extremely useful. Some supposed I had resources which I did not possess; others, seeing me totally given up to music, judged of my abilities by the sacrifice I had made, and concluded that, with such a passion for the art, I must possess a talent for music of a superior degree. In a nation of blind men, those with one eye are kings. I passed here for an excellent master, because all the rest were very bad ones. Possessing taste in singing, and being favoured by my age and figure, I soon procured more scholars than were sufficient to compensate for the loss of my pay as a secretary.

It is certain, that had it been reasonable to consider the pleasure of my situation only, it was impossible to pass more speedily from one extreme to the other. At our tedious work I was confined eight hours in the day to the most disagreeable employment, with yet more disagreeable company. Shut up in a melancholy counting-house, envenomed by the smell and respiration of a number of clowns, the major part of whom were ill-combed and very dirty, what with attention, bad air, constraint, and weariness, I was sometimes so far overcome as to suffer from a vertigo. Instead of this, behold me admitted into the world of fashion, sought after in the first houses, and everywhere received with an air of satisfaction; young and amiable women

awaiting my arrival, and welcoming me with pleasure ; I see nothing but charming objects, smell nothing but roses and orange flowers ; singing, chatting, laughter, and amusements perpetually succeed each other. It must be allowed, that reckoning all these advantages, no hesitation was necessary in the choice ; in fact, I was so content with mine, that I never once repented it ; nor do I even now, when, free from the irrational motives that influenced me at that time, I weigh in the scale of reason every action of my life.

This is, perhaps, the only time that, listening to inclination, I was not deceived in my expectations. The easy access, obliging temper, and free humour of this country rendered a commerce with the world agreeable, and the inclination I then felt for it proves to me that if I have a dislike for society, it is more its fault than mine. It is a pity the Savoyards are not rich ; though, perhaps, it would be a still greater pity if they were so, for altogether they are the best, the most sociable people that I know ; and if there is a little town in the world where the pleasures of life are experienced in an agreeable and friendly commerce, it is at Chambery. The gentry of the province who assemble there have only sufficient wealth to live and not enough to spoil them ; they cannot give way to ambition, but follow, through necessity, the counsel of Cyneas, devoting their youth to a military employment, and returning home to grow old in peace, an arrangement over which honour and reason equally preside. The women are handsome, yet do not stand in need of beauty, since they possess all those qualifications that enhance its value and even supply the want of it. It is remarkable, that being obliged by my profession to see a number of young girls, I do not recollect one at Chambery who was not charming. It will be said I was disposed to find them so, and perhaps there may be some truth in the surmise. I cannot remember my young scholars without pleasure. Why, in naming the most amiable, cannot I recall them and myself also to that happy age in which our moments, pleasing as innocent, were passed with such happiness together ! The first was

Mademoiselle de Mellarède, my neighbour, and sister to a pupil of Monsieur Gaimé. She was a fine, clear brunette, lively and graceful, without giddiness ; thin as girls of that age usually are, but her bright eyes, fine shape, and easy air rendered her sufficiently pleasing, although that degree of plumpness requisite to have completed her charms was wanting. I went there in the morning, when she was usually in her dishabille, her hair carelessly turned up, and on my arrival ornamented with a flower, which was taken off at my departure for her hair to be dressed. There is nothing I fear so much as a pretty woman in an elegant dishabille : I should dread them a hundred times less in full dress. Mademoiselle de Menthon, whom I attended in the afternoon, was ever so. She made an equally pleasing, but quite different impression on me. Her hair was flaxen, her person delicate, she was very timid, and extremely fair, had a clear voice capable of just modulation, but which she had not the courage to employ to its full extent. She had the mark of a scald on her bosom, which a scanty piece of blue chenille did not entirely cover ; this scar sometimes drew my attention, though not absolutely on its own account. Mademoiselle de Challes, another of my neighbours, was a grown woman, tall, well-formed, jolly, very pleasing, though not a beauty, and might be quoted for her gracefulness, equal temper, good humour. Her sister, Madame de Charly, the handsomest woman of Chambéry, did not learn music ; but I taught her daughter, whose growing beauty, in spite of her youth, promised to equal her mother's, if, unfortunately, her hair had not been a little too red. I had likewise among my scholars a little French lady, whose name I have forgotten, but who merits a place in my list of preferences. She had adopted the slow drawling tone of the nuns, and in this tone she would utter some very keen things, that did not in the least appear to correspond with her manner ; but she was indolent, and could not generally take pains to show her wit, that being a favour she did not grant to every one. After a month or two of negligent attendance, she devised this expedient to make me more assiduous, for I

could not easily persuade myself to be so. When with my scholars, I was fond enough of teaching, but could not bear the idea of being obliged to attend at a particular hour ; constraint and subjection in every shape are to me insupportable, and alone sufficient to make me hate even pleasure itself.

I had also scholars among the tradespeople, and one of these was the indirect cause of a change of relationship, which (as I have promised to declare all) I must relate it in its place. She was the daughter of a grocer, and was called *Mademoiselle Lord*, a perfect model for a Grecian statue, and whom I should quote for the handsomest girl I have ever seen, if true beauty could exist without life or soul. Her indolence, reserve, and insensibility were inconceivable !—it was equally impossible to please her or make her angry, and I am convinced that had any one formed a design upon her virtue, he might have succeeded, not through her inclination, but from her stupidity. Her mother, who would run no risk of this, did not leave her a single moment. In having her taught to sing and providing a young master, she had hoped to enliven her, but it all proved ineffectual. While the master was admiring the daughter, the mother was admiring the master ; but this was equally lost labour. *Madame Lord* added to her natural vivacity that portion of sprightliness which should have belonged to the daughter. She was a lively little woman, with small twinkling ferret eyes, and marked with small-pox. On my arrival in the morning, I always found my coffee and cream ready, and the mother never failed to welcome me with a kiss on the lips, which I would willingly have returned the daughter, to see how she would have received it. All this was done with such an air of carelessness and simplicity, that even when *M. Lord* was present her kisses and caresses were not omitted. He was a good, quiet fellow, the true original of his daughter ; nor did his wife endeavour to deceive him, because there was absolutely no occasion for it.

I received all these caresses with my usual stupidity, taking them only for marks of pure friendship, though they

were sometimes troublesome ; for the lively Madame Lord was displeased, if, during the day, I passed the shop without calling. It became necessary, therefore (when I had no time to spare), to go out of my way through another street, well knowing it was not so easy to quit her house as to enter it.

Madame Lord thought so much of me, that I could not avoid thinking something of her. Her attentions affected me greatly, and I spoke of them to Madame de Warens, without supposing any mystery in the matter ; but had there been one, I should have divulged it with equal readiness, for to have kept a secret of any kind from her would have been impossible. My heart lay as open to Madame de Warens as to heaven. She did not understand the matter quite so simply as I had done, but saw advances where I only discovered friendship. She concluded that Madame Lord would make a point of not leaving me as great a fool as she found me, and, in some way or other, contrive to make herself understood ; but exclusive of the consideration that it was not just that another should undertake my instruction, she had a worthier motive—the wish to guard me against the snares to which my youth and inexperience exposed me. Meantime, a more dangerous temptation offered ; this I likewise escaped, but it proved to her that such a succession of dangers required every preservative she could possibly apply.

The Comtesse de Menthon, mother to one of my scholars, was a woman of great wit, and was generally believed to possess, at least, an equal share of mischief, having (it was said) caused a number of quarrels, and, among others, one that terminated fatally for the House of Antremont. Madame de Warens had seen enough of her to know her character ; for having (very innocently) pleased some person to whom Madame de Menthon had pretensions, Madame de Warens was found guilty of the crime of this preference, though she had neither sought after nor accepted it, and from that moment Madame de Menthon endeavoured to play her rival a number of ill turns, none of which suc-



MADAME DE WARENS' "RAT."

Vol. I., facing p. 197.

ceeded. I shall relate, by way of specimen, one of the most whimsical.

They were together in the country, with several gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and among the rest, the lover in question. Madame de Menthon took an opportunity to say to one of these gentlemen that Madame de Warens was a prude, that she dressed ill, and, particularly, that she covered her neck like a tradeswoman. "Oh, for that matter," replied the person she was speaking to (who was fond of a joke), "she has good reason, for I know she is marked with a great ugly rat on the bosom, so naturally that it even appears to be running." Hatred, as well as love, renders its votaries credulous. Madame de Menthon resolved to make use of this discovery, and one day, while Madame de Warens was at cards with the ungrateful favourite, the Comtesse contrived, in passing behind her rival, almost to overset the chair she sat on, and at the same instant very dexterously displaced her handkerchief; but instead of this hideous rat, the gentleman beheld a far different object, that was not more easy to forget than to obtain a sight of, an end by no means answering the intentions of the Comtesse.

I was not calculated to engross the attention of Madame de Menthon, who loved to be surrounded by brilliant company; notwithstanding, she bestowed some attention on me, not for the sake of my personal appearance, for this she certainly did not regard, but for the reputation of wit I had acquired, and which might have rendered me useful. She had a very lively passion for ridicule, and loved to write songs and lampoons on those who displeased her. Had she found me possessed of sufficient talents to aid the fabrication of her verses, and complaisance enough to do so, we should presently have turned Chambery upside down. These libels would have been traced to their source; Madame de Menthon would have saved herself by sacrificing me, and I should have been cooped up in prison, perhaps, for the rest of my life, as a recompense for having posed as the Apollo of the ladies. Fortunately, nothing of this kind happened; Madame de Menthon made me dine with her two or three days, but soon

found I was too dull for her purpose. I felt this myself, and was humiliated at the discovery, envying the talents of my friend Venture: though I should rather have been obliged to my stupidity for keeping me out of the reach of danger. I remained, therefore, music-master to Madame de Menthon's daughter, and nothing more; but I lived happily, and was always well received at Chambéry; and surely this was a thousand times more desirable than passing for a wit with the Comtesse, and for a serpent with everybody else.

However this might be, Madame de Warens conceived it necessary to guard me from the perils of youth by treating me as a man. This she immediately set about, but in the most extraordinary manner that any woman, in similar circumstances, ever devised. I all at once perceived that her manner was graver, and her discourse more moral than usual. To the playful gaiety with which she usually intermingled her instructions there suddenly succeeded a uniformity of manner, neither familiar nor severe, that seemed intended to prepare me for some explanation. After having vainly racked my brain for the reason of this change, I mentioned it to her. This she had expected, and immediately proposed a walk to our garden the next day. Accordingly, we went there the next morning; she had contrived that we should remain alone the whole day; this she employed in preparing me for those favours she meant to bestow—not as another woman would have done, by toying and folly, but by discourses full of sentiment and reason, rather tending to instruct than seduce, and speaking more to my heart than to my senses. Meantime, however excellent and to the purpose these discourses might be, and though far enough from coldness or melancholy, I did not listen to them with all the attention they merited, nor fix them in my memory as I should have done at any other time. The careful air of preparation she adopted gave me a degree of inquietude; for while she spoke (in spite of myself) I was thoughtful and absent, attending less to what she said than curious to know what she aimed at; and, no sooner had I comprehended her design (a task not easily

accomplished), than the novelty of the idea, which, during all the years I had passed with her, had never once entered my imagination, took such entire possession of me, that I was no longer capable of heeding what she said ! I only thought of her ; I heard her no longer.

Thinking to render young minds attentive to reason by proposing some highly interesting object as the result of it, is an error instructors frequently run into, and one I certainly have not avoided in my *Emile*. The young pupil, struck with the object presented to him, is occupied only with that, and, leaping lightly over your preliminary discourses, lights at once on the point, to which, in his idea, you lead him too tediously. To render him attentive, he must be prevented from seeing the whole of your design ; and, in this particular, Madame de Warens did not act with sufficient precaution.

By a singularity that accompanied her systematic disposition, she took the vain precaution of proposing conditions ; but the moment I knew the purchase, I no longer even heard them, but immediately consented to everything ; and I doubt whether there is a man on the whole earth who would have been sincere or courageous enough to dispute terms, or one single woman who would have pardoned such a dispute. By a continuation of the same whimsicality, she attached a number of the gravest formalities to the acquisition of her favours, and gave me eight days to think of them, which I assured her I had no need of, though that assurance was far from the truth ; for, to complete this accumulation of singularities, I was very glad to have this intermission ; so much had the novelty of these ideas struck me, and such disorder did I feel in my mind, that it required time to arrange them.

It will be supposed that these eight days appeared to me as many ages ; on the contrary, I should have been very glad if the time had been lengthened. I find it difficult to describe the state I found myself in ; it was a strange chaos of fear and impatience, dreading what I desired, and studying some civil pretext to evade my happiness.

Let the warmth of my constitution be remembered ; my youth and my heart intoxicated with love ; let my tender attachment to her be supposed, and this, far from having diminished, had daily gained additional strength ; let it be considered that I was only happy when with her, that my heart was full, not only of her bounty, of her amiable disposition, but of her form, of her person, of her self ;—in a word, conceive me united to her by every affinity that could possibly render her dear ; nor let it be supposed that, being ten or twelve years older than myself, she began to grow an old woman, or was so in my opinion. From the time the first sight of her had made such an impression on me, she had really altered very little, and, in my mind, not at all. To me she was ever charming, and was still thought so by every one. She had become a little more buxom, but had the same fine eyes, the same clear complexion, the same features, the same beautiful light hair, the same gaiety, and even the same voice, whose youthful and silvery sound made so lively an impression on my heart, that, even to this day, I cannot hear a young woman's voice that is at all harmonious without emotion. It will be seen that, in a more advanced age, the bare idea of some trifling favours I had to expect from the person I loved inflamed me so far, that I could not support with any degree of patience the time necessary to traverse the short space that separated us. By what miracle, then—when in the very flower of my youth—had I so little impatience for a happiness I had never tasted but in idea ? How could I see the moment advancing with more pain than pleasure ? Why, instead of transports that should have intoxicated me with their deliciousness, did I experience only fears and repugnance ? I have no doubt that if I could have avoided this happiness with any degree of decency, I should have relinquished it with all my heart. I have promised a number of extravagances in the history of my attachment to her ; this certainly is one that no idea could be formed of.

The reader (already disgusted), naturally supposes, that being possessed by another man, she was already

degraded in my opinion by this participation of her favours, and that a sentiment of disesteem weakened those she had before inspired me with ; but he is mistaken. 'Tis true, that this participation gave me a cruel uneasiness, not only from a very natural sentiment of delicacy, but because it appeared unworthy both of her and myself ; my sentiments for her, nevertheless, were still the same, and I can solemnly aver that I never loved her more tenderly than when I felt so little desire to avail myself of her condescension. I was too well acquainted with the chastity of her heart and the iciness of her constitution to suppose for a moment that the gratification of the senses had any influence over her ; I was well convinced that her only motive was to guard me from dangers, that appeared otherwise inevitable, by this extraordinary favour, which she did not consider in the same light that women usually do ; as will presently be explained.

The habit of living together a long time innocently, far from weakening the first sentiments I felt for her, had contributed to strengthen them, giving a more lively, a more tender, but at the same time a less sensual turn to my affection. Having ever accustomed myself to call her "*Maman*" (as formerly observed), and enjoying the familiarity of a son, it became natural to consider myself as such, and I am inclined to think this was the true reason of that insensibility with a person I so tenderly loved ; for I can perfectly recollect that my emotions on first seeing her, though not more lively, were more voluptuous : at Annecy I was intoxicated, at Chambery I possessed my reason. I always loved her as passionately as possible, but I now loved her more for herself and less on my own account ; or, at least, I rather sought for happiness than pleasure in her company. She was more to me than a sister, a mother, a friend, or even than a mistress, and for this very reason she was not a mistress ; in a word, I loved her too much to desire her.

This day, more dreaded than hoped for, at length arrived. I have before observed that I promised everything that

was required of me, and I kept my word : my heart confirmed my engagements without desiring the fruits, though at length I obtained them. Was I happy ? No : I felt I know not what invincible sadness which embittered my happiness : it seemed that I had committed an incest, and two or three times, pressing her eagerly in my arms, I deluged her bosom with my tears. On her part, she had never sought pleasure, she had not the stings of remorse.

I repeat it, all her failings were the effects of her errors, never of her passions. She was well born, her heart was pure, her manners noble, her desires regular and virtuous, her taste delicate ; she seemed formed for that elegant purity of manners which she ever loved but never practised, because instead of listening to the dictates of her heart, she followed those of her reason, and these led her astray : for when once corrupted by false principles, reason will ever run counter to its natural sentiments. Unhappily, she piqued herself on philosophy, and the morals she drew from thence clouded the genuine purity of her heart.

M. de Tavel, her first lover, was also her instructor in this philosophy, and the principles he instilled into her mind were such as tended to seduce her. Finding her cold and impregnable on the side of her passions, and firmly attached to her husband and her duty, he attacked her by sophisms, endeavouring to prove that the list of duties she thought so sacred was but a sort of catechism, only fit for children. That the kind of infidelity she thought so terrible was, in itself, absolutely indifferent ; that all the morality of conjugal faith consisted in opinion, the contentment of husbands being the only reasonable rule of duty in wives ; consequently, that concealed infidelities, doing no injury, could be no crimes ; in a word, he persuaded her that the sin consisted only in the scandal, that woman being really virtuous who took care to appear so. Thus the deceiver obtained his end in subverting the reason of a girl whose heart he found it impossible to corrupt, and received his punishment in a devouring jealousy, being persuaded she would treat him as he had prevailed on her to treat her husband.

I don't know whether he was mistaken in this respect : the minister Perret passed for his successor ; all I know is, that the coldness of temperament which it might have been supposed would have kept her from embracing this system, in the end prevented her from renouncing it. She could not conceive how so much importance should be given to what seemed to have none for her ; nor could she honour with the name of virtue an abstinence which would have cost her little. She did not, therefore, succumb to this false principle on her own account, but for the sake of others ; and that from another maxim almost as false as the former, but more consonant to the generosity of her disposition.

She was persuaded that nothing could attach a man so truly to any woman as an unbounded freedom ; and though she was only susceptible of friendship, this friendship was so tender that she made use of every means depending on herself to secure it, and, strange to say, almost always succeeded ; for she was so truly amiable, that an increase of intimacy was sure to discover additional reasons to love and respect her. It is also worthy of remark, that after her first folly she only favoured the unfortunate. Lovers in a more brilliant station lost their labour with her, but the man who at first attracted her pity must have possessed very few good qualities if in the end he did not obtain her affection. Even when she made an unworthy choice, far from proceeding from base inclinations (for they were strangers to her noble heart), it was the effect of a disposition too generous, humane, compassionate, and sensible, which she did not always govern with sufficient discernment.

If some false principles misled her, how many that were admirable did she not possess, and these never forsook her ! By how many virtues did she atone for her failings ! if we can call by that name errors in which the senses had so little share. The man who in one particular deceived her so completely, had given her excellent instruction in a thousand others ; and her passions being far from turbulent, permitted her to follow the dictates of her reason. She

ever acted wisely when her sophisms did not intervene, and her designs were laudable even in her failings. False principle might lead her to do ill, but she never did anything that she conceived to be wrong. She abhorred lying and duplicity, was just, equitable, humane, disinterested, true to her word, her friends, and in performing what she believed to be her duties; she was incapable of hatred or revenge, and not even conceiving that there was a merit in pardoning;—in fine (to return to those qualities less capable of excuse), though she did not properly value, she never made a vile commerce of her favours: she lavished but never sold them, though continually reduced to expedients for a subsistence; and I dare assert that, if Socrates could esteem Aspasia, he would have respected Madame de Warens.

I am well aware that in ascribing sensibility of heart and coldness of temperament to the same person, I shall generally, and with great appearance of reason, be accused of a contradiction. Perhaps nature sported or blundered, and this combination ought not to have existed; I only know it did exist. All those who knew Madame de Warens (a great number of whom are yet living) had opportunities of knowing the truth of my assertion; I dare even aver she had but one pleasure in the world, and that—serving those she loved. Let every one argue on the point as he pleases, and gravely prove that this cannot be; my business is to declare the truth, and not to enforce a belief of it.

I became acquainted with the particulars I have just related in those conversations that succeeded our union, and alone rendered it delicious. She was right when she concluded her complaisance would be useful to me. I derived great advantages from it in point of useful instruction. Hitherto she had used me as a child; she now began to treat me as a man, and entertain me with accounts of herself. Everything she said was so interesting, and I was so sensibly touched with it, that, reasoning with myself, I applied these confidential relations to my own improvement, and received more instruction from them than

from her teaching. When we truly feel that the heart speaks, our own opens to receive its instructions ; nor can all the pompous morality of a pedagogue have half the effect that is produced by the tender, affectionate, and artless conversation of a sensible woman on him who loves her.

The intimacy in which I lived with Madame de Warens having placed me more advantageously in her opinion than formerly, she began to think (notwithstanding my awkward manner) that I deserved cultivation for the polite world, and that if I could one day show myself there in an eligible situation, I should soon be able to make my way. In consequence of this idea, she set about forming not only my judgment, but address, endeavouring to render me amiable as well as estimable ; and if it is true that success in this world is consistent with strict virtue (although, for my part, I doubt it), I am certain there is no other road than that she had taken and wished to point out to me. For Madame de Warens knew mankind, and understood exquisitely well the art of treating all ranks, without falsehood and without imprudence, neither deceiving nor provoking them ; but this art was rather in her disposition than her precepts, she knew better how to practise than explain it ; and I was of all the world the least calculated to become master of such an attainment. Accordingly, the means employed for this purpose were nearly lost labour, as well as the pains she took to procure me a fencing and a dancing master.

Though very well made, I could never learn to dance a minuet ; for, being plagued with painful corns, I had acquired a habit of walking on my heels, and of this habit Roche, my dancing master, could never break me. It was still worse at the fencing-school, where, after three months' practice, I made but very little progress, and could never attempt fencing with any but my master. My wrist was not supple enough, nor my arm sufficiently firm to retain the foil, whenever he chose to make it fly out of my hands. Added to this, I had a mortal aversion both to the art itself and to the person who undertook to teach it to me, nor should I ever have imagined that any one could have been

so proud of the science of sending men out of the world. To bring his vast genius within the compass of my comprehension, he explained himself by comparisons drawn from music, which he understood nothing of. He found striking analogies between a hit in *quarte* or *tierce* with the intervals of music which bear those names. When he made a feint, he cried out, "Take care of this *diesis* !" because anciently they called the diesis a *feint* ; and when he made the foil fly from my hand, he would add, with a sneer, that this was a *pause*. In a word, I never in my life saw a more insupportable pedant.

I made, therefore, but little progress in my exercises, and presently quitted them from pure disgust ; but I succeeded better in an art of a thousand times more value, namely, that of being content with my situation, and not desiring one more brilliant, for which I began to be persuaded nature had not designed me. Given up to the endeavour of rendering Madame de Warens happy, I was ever best pleased when in her company, and, notwithstanding my fondness for music, began to grudge the time I employed in giving lessons to my scholars.

I am ignorant whether Anet recognised the full extent of our union, but I am inclined to think he was no stranger to it. He was a young man of great penetration, and still greater discretion ; who never belied his sentiments, but did not always speak them. Without giving me the least hint that he was acquainted with our intimacy, he appeared by his conduct to be so ; nor did this moderation proceed from baseness of soul, but having entered entirely into the principles of his mistress, he could not reasonably disapprove of the natural consequences of them. Though as young as herself, he was so grave and thoughtful that he looked on us as two children who required indulgence, and we regarded him as a respectable man whose esteem we had to preserve. It was not until after she was unfaithful to Anet that I learned the strength of her attachment to him. She was fully sensible that I only thought, felt, or lived for her ; she let me see, therefore, how much she loved Anet, that I

might love him likewise, and dwelt less on her friendship than on her esteem for him, because this was the sentiment that I could most fully partake of. How often has she affected our hearts, and made us embrace with tears, by assuring us that we were both necessary to her happiness ! Let not women read this with an ill-natured smile ; with the temperament she possessed, this necessity was not equivocal, it was only that of the heart.

Thus there was established among us three a union without example, perhaps, on the face of the earth. All our wishes, our cares, our very hearts were for each other, and absolutely confined to this little circle. The habit of living together, and living exclusively from the rest of the world, became so strong, that if at our repasts one of the three were wanting, or a fourth person came in, everything seemed deranged ; and, notwithstanding our particular attachments, even our *tête-à-têtes* were less agreeable than our reunion. A lively reciprocal confidence banished every particle of constraint from our little community, and dulness or insipidity could find no place among us, because we were always fully employed. Madame de Warens, always projecting, always busy, left us no time for idleness, though, indeed, we had each sufficient employment on our own account. It is my maxim, that idleness is as much the pest of society as of solitude. Nothing contracts the mind more, or engenders more tales, mischief, gossiping, and lies, than for people to be eternally shut up in the same apartment together, and reduced, from the want of employment, to the necessity of an incessant chat. When every one is busy (unless you have really something to say), you may continue silent ; but if you have nothing to do, you must absolutely speak continually, and this, in my mind, is the most burdensome and dangerous constraint. I will go farther, and maintain that, to render company harmless as well as agreeable, it is necessary not only that they should have something to do, but something that requires a degree of attention.

Knitting, for instance, is absolutely as bad as doing

nothing ; you must take as much pains to amuse a woman whose fingers are thus employed as if she sat with her arms across ; but let her embroider, and it is a different matter ; she is then so far busied that a few intervals of silence may be borne with. What is most absurd and ridiculous during these intermissions of conversation is to see, perhaps, a dozen over-grown fellows get up, sit down again, walk backwards and forwards, turn on their heels, play with the chimney ornaments, and rack their brains to maintain an inexhaustible chain of words. What a charming occupation ! Such people, wherever they go, must be troublesome, both to others and themselves. When I was at Motiers, I used to employ myself in making laces with my neighbours ; and were I again to mix with the world, I would always carry a cup-and-ball in my pocket. I would sometimes play with it the whole day long, that I might not be constrained to speak when I had nothing to talk about ; and I am persuaded that, if every one would do the same, mankind would be less mischievous, their company would become more rational, and, in my opinion, a vast deal more agreeable. In a word, let wits laugh as they please, but I maintain that the only practical lesson of morality within the reach of the present age is that of the cup-and-ball.

At Chambery, we were not given the trouble of studying expedients to avoid weariness when by ourselves, for a troop of importunate visitors gave us too much by their company to feel any when alone. The annoyance they formerly gave me had not diminished ; all the difference was that I now found less opportunity to abandon myself to my dissatisfaction. Poor Madame de Warens had not lost her old predilection for schemes and systems. On the contrary, the more she felt the pressure of her domestic necessities, the more she endeavoured to extricate herself from them by visionary projects ; and, in proportion to the decrease of her present resources, she contrived to enlarge, in idea, those of the future. Advancing years only strengthened this folly : as she lost her relish for the pleasures of the world and youth, she replaced it by an additional fondness

for secrets and projects. Her house was never clear of quacks, contrivers of new manufactures, alchemists, with projects of all kinds and of all descriptions, whose discourse began by a distribution of millions, and concluded by giving you to understand that they were in want of a crown-piece. No one went from her empty-handed; and what astonished me most was, how she could so long support such profusion without exhausting the source or wearying her creditors.

Her principal project at the time I am now speaking of was that of establishing a Royal Botanical Garden at Chambéry, with a demonstrator attached to it. It will be unnecessary to add for whom this office was designed. The situation of this city, in the midst of the Alps, was extremely favourable to botany; and, as Madame de Warens was always for helping out one project with another, a College of Pharmacy was to be added; and this really would have been a very useful foundation in so poor a country, where apothecaries are almost the only medical practitioners. The retreat of the chief physician, Grossi, to Chambéry, on the death of King Victor, seemed to favour this idea, or, perhaps, first suggested it. However this may be, by flattery and attention she set about managing Grossi, who, in fact, was not very manageable, being the most caustic and brutal man who had any pretensions to the quality of a gentleman that I ever knew. The reader may judge for himself by two or three traits of character which I shall add by way of specimen.

He assisted one day at a consultation with some other doctors, and, among the rest, was a young gentleman from Annecy, who was physician in ordinary to the sick person. This young man—being but indifferently taught for a doctor—was bold enough to differ in opinion from Monsieur Grossi, who only answered him by asking when he should return, which way he meant to take, and what conveyance he should make use of. The other, having satisfied Grossi in these particulars, asked him if there was anything he could serve him in. “Nothing, nothing,” answered he;

"only I shall place myself at a window in your way, that I may have the pleasure of seeing an ass ride on horseback." His avarice equalled his riches and want of feeling. One of his friends wanted to borrow some money of him on good security. "My friend," answered he, shaking him by the arm, and grinding his teeth, "should St. Peter descend from Heaven to borrow ten pistoles of me, and offer the Trinity as sureties, I would not lend them." One day being invited to dinner with Count Picon, Governor of Savoy, who was very religious, he arrived before it was ready, and found his host busy at his devotions. His Excellency at once proposed the same employment to him. Not knowing how to refuse, he knelt down with a frightful grimace, but had hardly recited two Ave Marias, when, not able to contain himself any longer, he rose hastily, snatched his hat and cane, and, without speaking a word, was making towards the door. Count Picon ran after him, crying, "Monsieur Grossi ! Monsieur Grossi ! stop !—there's a most excellent ortolan on the spit for you." "Monsieur le Comte," replied the other, turning his head, "though you should give me a roasted angel, I would not stay." Such was M. Grossi, whom Madame de Warens succeeded in civilizing. Though his time was very much occupied, he accustomed himself to come frequently to her house, conceived a friendship for Anet, seemed to think him intelligent, spoke of him with esteem, and, what would not have been expected from such a brute, affected to treat him with respect, wishing to efface the impressions of the past ; for, though Anet was no longer on the footing of a domestic, it was known that he had been one, and nothing less than the countenance and example of the chief physician was necessary to set an example of respect which would not otherwise have been paid him. Thus, Claude Anet, with a black coat, a well-dressed wig, a grave, decent behaviour, a circumspect conduct, and a tolerable knowledge in medical and botanical matters, might reasonably have hoped to fill, with universal satisfaction, the place of public demonstrator, had the proposed

establishment taken place. Grossi highly approved of the plan, and only waited an opportunity to propose it to the administration, whenever a return of peace should permit them to think of useful institutions, and enable them to spare the necessary pecuniary supplies.

This project, had it been executed, would probably have plunged me into the botanical studies I am inclined to think nature designed me for, but it failed through one of those unexpected strokes which frequently overthrow the best concerted plans. I was destined to become an example of human misery ; and it might be said that Providence, who called me by degrees to these extraordinary trials, disconcerted every opportunity that could prevent my encountering them.

Monsieur Grossi having occasion for a very scarce plant that grows only on the Alps, Anet made an excursion to the top of the mountain to seek for it, but unfortunately he heated himself so much that he was seized with a pleurisy. This malady the plant could not relieve, although it was said to be a specific in that disorder ; and, notwithstanding all the art of Grossi (who certainly was very skilful), and all the care of his good mistress and myself, the poor fellow died the fifth day of his disorder, in the most cruel agonies. During his illness he had no exhortations but mine, bestowed with such transports of grief and zeal, that had he been in a state to understand them, they must have been some consolation to him. Thus I lost the firmest friend I ever had ; a man estimable and extraordinary ; in whom nature supplied the defects of education, and who (though in a state of servitude) possessed all the virtues necessary to form a great man, and, perhaps, he would have been acknowledged as such, had he lived to fill the situation he seemed so perfectly adapted for.

The next day I spoke of him to Madame de Warens with the most sincere and lively affection ; when, suddenly, in the midst of our conversation, the vile, ungrateful thought occurred, that I should inherit his wardrobe, and particularly a handsome black coat, which I thought very becom-

ing. As I thought this, I consequently uttered it ; for when with her, to think and to speak was the same thing. Nothing could have made her feel more forcibly the loss she had sustained than this unworthy and odious observation ; disinterestedness and greatness of soul being qualities pre-eminently possessed by poor Anet. The generous Madame de Warens turned from me, and (without any reply) burst into tears. Dear and precious tears ! your reprehension was fully felt ; ye ran into my very heart, washing from thence, never to return, even the smallest traces of such despicable and unworthy sentiments. ✓

This loss caused Madame de Warens as much inconvenience as sorrow, since from this moment her affairs became still more deranged. Anet was extremely exact, and kept everything in order : his vigilance was universally feared, and this set some bounds to that profusion we were too apt to run into : even Madame de Warens, to avoid his censure, kept her extravagance within bounds ; his attachment was not sufficient, she wished to preserve his esteem, and avoid the just remonstrances he sometimes took the liberty to make to her, by representing that she squandered the property of others as well as her own. I thought as he did, nay, I even sometimes expressed myself to the same effect, but I had not an equal ascendancy over her, and my advice did not make the same impression. On his decease, I was obliged to occupy his place ; for this I had as little inclination as ability, and therefore filled it ill. I was not sufficiently careful, and so very timid, that though I frequently found fault with myself, I saw ill management without taking courage to oppose it ; besides, though I acquired an equal share of respect, I had not the same authority. I saw the disorder that prevailed, trembled at it, sometimes complained, but was never attended to. I was too young and lively to have any pretension to the exercise of reason, and when I would have acted the reformer, Madame de Warens, calling me her little mentor, with two or three playful slaps on the cheek, reduced me to my natural thoughtlessness. Notwithstanding, the idea of the certain

distress her ill-regulated expenses, sooner or later, must necessarily plunge her into, made a stronger impression on me when, becoming the inspector of her household, I had a better opportunity of calculating the inequality that subsisted between her income and her expenses. I even date from this period the beginning of that inclination to avarice which I have ever since been sensible of. I was never foolishly prodigal, except by intervals; but till then I was never concerned whether I had much or little money. I now began to pay more attention to this circumstance, taking care of my purse, and becoming mean from a laudable motive; for I only sought to ensure Madame de Warens some resource against that catastrophe of which I dreaded the approach. I feared her creditors would seize her pension, or that it might be discontinued and she reduced to want, and I foolishly imagined that the trifle I could save might be of essential service to her; but to accomplish this, it was necessary I should conceal what I meant to make a reserve of, for it would have been an awkward circumstance, while she was perpetually driven to extreme expedients, to have her know that I hoarded money. Accordingly, I sought out some hiding-places, where I laid up a few louis, resolving to augment this stock from time to time, till I had a convenient opportunity to lay it at her feet; but I was so incautious in the choice of my repositories that she always discovered them, and, to convince me that she did so, changed the louis I had concealed for a larger sum in different pieces of coin. Ashamed of these discoveries, I brought back to the common purse my little treasure, and this she never failed to lay out in clothes, or other things for my use, such as a silver-hilted sword, watch, &c. The conviction that I should never succeed in accumulating money, and that what I could save would furnish but a very slender resource against the misfortune I dreaded, made me wish to place myself in such a situation that I might be enabled to provide for her whenever she might chance to be reduced to want. Unhappily, seeking these resources on the side of my inclinations, I foolishly

determined to consider music as my principal dependence ; and ideas of harmony rising in my brain, I imagined that if placed in a proper situation to profit by them, I should acquire celebrity, and presently become a modern Orpheus, whose mystic sounds would attract all the riches of Peru.

As I began to read music tolerably well, the question was, how should I learn composition ? The difficulty lay in meeting with a good master, for with the assistance of my "Rameau" alone, I despaired of ever being able to accomplish it ; and, since the departure of M. le Maître, there was nobody in Savoy that understood anything of the principles of harmony.

I am now about to relate another of these inconsequences that my life is full of, and which have so frequently carried me directly from my designs, even when I thought myself immediately within reach of them. Venture had spoken to me in very high terms of the Abbé Blanchard, who had taught him composition ; a deserving man, possessed of great talents, who was music-master to the Cathedral at Besançon, and who now occupies the same position at the Chapel of Versailles. I therefore determined to go to Besançon, and take some lessons from the Abbé Blanchard, and the idea appeared so rational to me, that I soon made Madame de Warens of the same opinion. She immediately set about the preparations for my journey, in the same style of profusion with which all her plans were executed. Thus this project for preventing a bankruptcy, and repairing in future the waste of dissipation, began by causing her to expend eight hundred livres ; her ruin being accelerated that I might be put in a condition to prevent it. Foolish as this conduct may appear, the illusion was complete on my part, and even on hers, for I was persuaded I should labour for her emolument, and she thought she was highly promoting mine.

I expected to find Venture still at Annecy, and promised myself to obtain a letter of recommendation from him to the Abbé Blanchard ; but he had left that place, and I was obliged to content myself in the room of it with a mass

in four parts, of his composition, left by him with me. With this slender introduction I set out for Besançon, by the way of Geneva, where I saw my relations; and through Nyon, where I saw my father, who received me in his usual manner, and promised to forward my portmanteau, which, as I travelled on horseback, came after me. I arrived at Besançon, and was kindly received by the Abbé Blanchard, who promised me his instruction, and offered his services in any other particular. We had just set about our music, when I received a letter from my father, informing me that my portmanteau had been seized and confiscated at Rousses, a French barrier on the side of Switzerland. Alarmed at the news, I employed the acquaintance I had formed at Besançon to learn the motive of this confiscation. Being certain there was nothing contraband among my baggage, I could not conceive on what pretext it could have been seized; at length, however, I learned the rights of the story, and as it is a very curious one, it must not be omitted.

I became acquainted at Chambéry with a very worthy old man, from Lyons, named Monsieur Duvivier, who had been employed at the *visa*, under the Regency, and, for want of other business, now assisted at the survey. He had lived in the polite world, possessed talents, was good humoured, and understood music. As we both wrote in the same chamber, we preferred each other's acquaintance to that of the unlicked cubs who surrounded us. He had some correspondents at Paris, who furnished him with those little nothings, those daily novelties, which circulate, one knows not why, and die one cares not when, without any one thinking of them longer than they are heard. As I sometimes took him to dine with Madame de Warens, he in some measure treated me with respect, and (wishing to render himself agreeable) endeavoured to make me fond of these trifles, for which I naturally had such a distaste that I never in my life read any of them. Unhappily, one of these cursed papers happened to be in the waistcoat pocket of a new suit that I had only worn two

or three times to prevent its being seized by the commissioners of the customs. This paper contained an insipid Jansenist parody on that beautiful scene in Racine's *Mithridates*. I had not read ten lines of it, but my forgetfulness left it in my pocket, and this caused all my necessities to be confiscated. The commissioners at the head of the inventory of my portmanteau set a most pompous verbal process, in which it was taken for granted that this most terrible writing came from Geneva for the sole purpose of being printed and distributed in France, and then ran into holy invectives against the enemies of God and the Church, and praised the pious vigilance of those who had prevented the execution of this most infernal machination. They doubtless found also that my shirts smelt of heresy, for on the strength of this dreadful paper, they were all seized, and from that time I never received any account of my unfortunate portmanteau. The revenue officers whom I applied to for this purpose required so many instructions, informations, certificates, memorials, &c., &c., that, lost a thousand times in the perplexing labyrinth, I was glad to abandon them entirely. I feel a real regret for not having preserved this verbal process from the office of Roussets, for it was a piece calculated to hold a distinguished rank in the collection which is to accompany this work.

The loss of my necessities immediately brought me back to Chambery, without having learned anything of the Abbé Blanchard. Reasoning with myself on the events of this journey, and seeing that misfortunes attended all my enterprises, I resolved to attach myself entirely to Madame de Warens, to share her fortunes, and distress myself no longer about future events, which I could not regulate. She received me as if I had brought back treasures, replaced by degrees my little wardrobe, and though this misfortune fell heavily enough on us both, it was forgotten almost as suddenly as it arrived.

Though this mischance had rather damped my musical ardour, I did not leave off studying my "*Rameau*," and, by

repeated efforts, was at length able to understand it, and to make some little attempts at composition, the success of which encouraged me to proceed. The Comte de Bellegarde, son to the Marquis of Antremont, had returned from Dresden, after the death of King Augustus. Having long resided at Paris, he was fond of music, and especially of Rameau's. His brother, the Comte de Nangis, played on the violin; the Comtesse de la Tour, their sister, sang tolerably. This rendered music the fashion at Chambéry, and a kind of public concert was established there, and its direction was at first designed for me, but it was soon discovered I was not competent to the undertaking, and it was otherwise arranged. Notwithstanding this, I continued writing a number of little pieces in my own way, and, among others, a cantata that gained great approbation; it could not, indeed, be called a finished piece, but the airs were written in a style of novelty, and produced a good effect that was certainly not expected from me. These gentlemen could not believe that, reading music so indifferently, it was possible I should compose any that was passable, and made no doubt that I had taken to myself the credit of some other person's labours. Monsieur de Nangis, wishing to be assured of this, called on me one morning with a cantata of Clérambault's which he had transposed, as he said, to suit his voice, with the result that another bass was necessary, the transposition having rendered Clérambault's impracticable. I answered, it required considerable labour, and could not be done on the spot. Being convinced I only sought an excuse, he pressed me to write at least the bass to a recitative. I did so, not well, doubtless, because to attempt anything with success I must have both time and freedom; but I did it according to rule, and he could not doubt but I understood the elements of composition. I did not, therefore, lose my scholars, though it hurt my pride that there should be a concert at Chambéry in which I was not necessary.

About this time, peace being concluded, the French army repassed the Alps. Several officers came to visit Madame de Warens, and among others the Comte de Lautrec, Colonel of

the regiment of Orleans, since Plenipotentiary of Geneva, and afterwards Marshal of France, to whom she presented me. On her recommendation, he appeared to interest himself greatly in my behalf, promising a great deal that was never remembered till the last year of his life, when I no longer stood in need of his assistance. The young Marquis de Sennecterre, whose father was then ambassador at Turin, passed through Chambéry at the same time, and dined one day at Madame de Menthon's. I happened to be among the guests, and after dinner the discourse turned on music, which the Marquis understood extremely well. The opera of "Jephtha" was then new. He mentioned this piece. It was brought him, and he made me tremble by proposing to execute it between us. He opened the book at that celebrated double chorus,

" La Terra, l'Enfer, le Ciel même,
Tout tremble devant le Seigneur ! "

He said, "How many parts will you take? I will do these six." I had not yet been accustomed to this trait of French vivacity, and though acquainted with scores, could not comprehend how one man could undertake to perform six, or even two, parts at the same time. Nothing has cost me more trouble in music than to skip lightly from one part to another, and have the eye at once on a whole score. By the manner in which I evaded this trial, M. de Sennecterre must have been inclined to believe I did not understand music, and perhaps it was to satisfy himself in this particular that he proposed my noting a song for Mademoiselle de Menthon in such a manner that I could not avoid it. He sang this song, and I wrote from his voice, without giving him much trouble to repeat it. When finished, he read my performance, and said (as in truth he could) that it was very correctly written. He had observed my embarrassment, and now seemed to take pleasure in enhancing the merit of this little success. In reality, I then understood music very well, and only wanted that quickness in reading at sight I possess in no one particular, and which is only to be acquired in this art by long and constant practice. Be that as it may I was

fully sensible of his kindness in endeavouring to efface from the minds of others, and even from my own, the embarrassment I had experienced on this occasion. Twelve or fifteen years afterwards, meeting this gentleman at several houses in Paris, I was tempted to make him recollect this anecdote, and show him I still remembered it ; but as he had lost his sight since that time, I feared to give him pain by recalling to his memory how useful it formerly had been to him, and was therefore silent on that subject.

I now touch on the moment that binds my past existence to the present ; some friendships of that period, prolonged to the present time, being very dear to me, have frequently made me regret that happy obscurity, when those who called themselves my friends were really so ; loved me for myself, through pure good-will, and not from the vanity of being acquainted with a conspicuous character, perhaps for the secret purpose of finding more occasions to injure him.

From this time I date my first acquaintance with my old friend Gauffecourt, who, notwithstanding every effort to disunite us, has still remained my friend. Still remained so ! No, alas ! I have just lost him ! but his affection terminated only with his life—death alone could put a period to our friendship. Monsieur de Gauffecourt was one of the most amiable men that ever existed ; it was impossible to see him without affection, or to live with him without feeling a sincere attachment. In my life I never saw features more expressive of goodness and serenity, or that marked more feeling, more understanding, or inspired greater confidence. However reserved one might be, it was impossible, even at first sight, to avoid being as free with him as if he had been an acquaintance of twenty years ; for myself, who find so much difficulty to be at ease among new faces, I was familiar with him in a moment. His manner, accent, and conversation perfectly suited his features. The sound of his voice was clear, full, and musical ; it was an agreeable and expressive bass, which satisfied the ear and sounded full upon the heart. It was impossible to possess a more equal and pleas-

ing vivacity, or more real and unaffected gracefulness, talents more natural, or cultivated with greater taste. Join to all these good qualities an affectionate heart, but loving rather too diffusively, and bestowing his favours with too little caution; serving his friends with zeal, or rather making himself the friend of every one he could serve, yet contriving very dexterously to manage his own affairs while warmly pursuing the interests of others. ✓

Gauffecourt was the son of a clock-maker, and would have been a clock-maker himself, had not his person and talents called him to a superior situation. He became acquainted with M. de la Closure, the French Resident at Geneva, who conceived a warm friendship for him, and procured him at Paris some very useful connections, and through whose influence he obtained the privilege of furnishing the salts of Valais, then worth at least twenty thousand livres a year. This very amply satisfied his wishes with respect to fortune, but with regard to women he was more difficult; he had to provide for his own happiness, and did what he supposed most conducive to it. What renders his character most remarkable, and does him the greatest honour, is, that though connected with all conditions, he was universally esteemed and sought after without being envied or hated by any one, and I really believe he passed through life without a single enemy. Happy man!

He went every year to the baths of Aix, where the best company from the neighbouring countries resorted; and, being on terms of friendship with all the nobility of Savoy, came from Aix to Chambery to see the young Comte de Bellegarde and his father the Marquis of Antremont. It was here Madame de Warens introduced me to him, and this acquaintance, which appeared at that time to end in nothing, was renewed after many years had elapsed, on an occasion when it became a real friendship. I apprehend I am sufficiently authorized in speaking of a man to whom I was so firmly attached, but I had no personal interest in what concerned him; he was so truly amiable, and born with so many natural good qualities, that, for the honour of human nature,

I should think it necessary to preserve his memory. This man, estimable as he certainly was, had, like all other mortals, some failings, as will be seen hereafter ; perhaps, had it not been so, he would have been less amiable, since, to render him as interesting as possible, it was necessary he should sometimes act in such a manner as to require a small portion of indulgence.

Another connection of the same time that is not yet extinguished, and continues to flatter me with the idea of temporal happiness, which it is so difficult to obliterate from the human heart, is Monsieur de Conzié, a Savoyard gentleman, then young and amiable, who had a fancy to learn music, or rather to be acquainted with a person who taught it. With great understanding and taste for polite acquirements, M. de Conzié possessed a mildness of disposition that rendered him extremely attractive ; and, my temper being something similar when it found a counterpart, our friendship were soon formed. The seeds of literature and philosophy, then beginning to ferment in my brain, and only waiting for culture and emulation to spring up, found in him exactly what was wanting to render them prolific. M. de Conzié had no great inclination to music ; and even this was useful to me, for the hours destined for lessons were passed anyhow rather than musically : we breakfasted, chatted, and read new publications, but not a word of music.

The correspondence between Voltaire and the Prince Royal of Prussia then made a noise in the world, and these celebrated men were frequently the subject of our conversation, one of whom, recently seated on a throne, already indicated what he would prove himself hereafter ; while the other, as much disgraced as he is now admired, made us sincerely lament the misfortunes that seemed to pursue him, and which are so frequently the appendage of superior talents. The Prince of Prussia had not been happy in his youth, and it appeared that Voltaire was formed never to be so. The interest we took in both parties extended to all that concerned them, and nothing that Voltaire wrote

escaped us. The inclination I felt for these performances inspired me with a desire to write elegantly, and caused me to endeavour to imitate the colouring of that author, with whom I was so much enchanted. Some time after, his *Lettres Philosophiques* (though certainly not his best work) greatly augmented my fondness for study ; it was a rising inclination, which from that time has never been extinguished.

But the moment had not yet arrived when I should give in to it entirely ; my rambling disposition (rather contracted than eradicated) being kept alive by our manner of living at Madame de Warens', which was too unsettled for one of my solitary temper. The crowd of strangers who daily swarmed about her from all parts, and the certainty I was in that these people sought only to dupe her—each in his particular mode—rendered home disagreeable. Since I had succeeded Anet in the confidence of his mistress, I had strictly examined her circumstances, and saw their evil tendency with horror. I had remonstrated a hundred times, prayed, argued, conjured, but all to no purpose. I had thrown myself at her feet, and strongly represented the catastrophe that threatened her, had earnestly entreated that she would reform her expenses, and begin with myself, representing that it was better to suffer something while she was yet young, than multiplying her debts and creditors, to expose her old age to vexation and misery.

Sensible of the sincerity of my zeal, she was frequently affected, and would then make the finest promises in the world. But only let an artful schemer arrive, and in an instant all her good resolutions were forgotten. After a thousand proofs of the inefficacy of my remonstrances, what remained but to turn away my eyes from the ruin I could not prevent, and fly myself from the door I could not guard ! I made, therefore, little journeys to Geneva and Lyons, and so diverted my mind in some measure from this secret uneasiness, though it increased the cause by these additional expenses. I can truly aver that I should have acquiesced with pleasure in every retrenchment, had Madame de

Warens really profited by it ; but being persuaded that what I might refuse myself would be distributed among a set of interested villains, I took advantage of her easiness to partake with them, and, like the dog returning from the shambles, carried off a portion of that morsel which I could not protect.

Pretences were not wanting for all these journeys ; even Madame de Warens would alone have supplied me with more than were necessary, having plenty of negotiations, affairs, and commissions which she wished to have executed by some trusty hand. In these cases she usually applied to me ; I was always willing to go, and consequently found occasions enough to furnish out a rambling kind of life. These excursions procured me some good acquaintances that have since been agreeable or useful to me. Among others, I met at Lyons with M. Perrichon, whose friendship I accuse myself with not having sufficiently cultivated, considering the kindness he had for me ; and that of good Parisot, of whom I shall speak in due course ; at Grenoble, that of Madame Deybens and of Madame la Présidente de Bardouanche, a woman of great understanding, and who would have entertained a friendship for me, had it been in my power to have seen her oftener ; at Geneva, that of M. de Closure, the French Resident, who often spoke to me of my mother, the remembrance of whom neither death nor time had erased from his heart ; likewise those of the two Barillots, the father, who was very amiable, a good companion, and one of the most worthy men I ever met, calling me his grandson. During the troubles of the Republic these two citizens took contrary sides, the son siding with the people, the father with the magistrates. When they took up arms in 1737, I was at Geneva, and saw the father and son quit the same house armed ; the one going to the town-house, the other to his quarters, almost certain to meet face to face in the course of two hours, and prepared to give or receive death from each other. ✓ This unnatural sight made so lively an impression on me, that I solemnly vowed never to interfere in any civil war, nor assist in deciding any internal dispute by arms,

either personally or by my influence, should I ever enter into my rights as a citizen. I can bring proofs of having kept this oath on a very delicate occasion, and it will be confessed (at least, I should suppose so) that this moderation was of some worth.

But I had not yet arrived at the fermentation of patriotism that the first sight of Geneva in arms has since excited in my heart, as may be conjectured by a very grave fact that will not tell to my advantage, but although I forgot to put this in its proper place, it ought not to be omitted.

My uncle Bernard died at Carolina, where he had been employed some years in the building of Charlestown in accordance with his own plans. My poor cousin, too, died in the Prussian service ; thus my aunt lost, nearly at the same period, her son and husband. These losses re-animated in some measure her affection for the nearest relative she had remaining ; and that was myself. When I went to Geneva, I reckoned her house my home, and amused myself with rummaging and turning over the books and papers my uncle had left. Among them I found some that were curious, as well as letters they evidently little thought of. My aunt, who set no value upon these dusty papers, would willingly have given the whole to me, but I contented myself with two or three books, with notes written by the Minister Bernard, my grandfather ; and among the rest, the posthumous works of Rohault, in quarto. The margins of these were full of excellent commentaries, which gave me an inclination to mathematics. This book remained among those of Madame de Warens, and I have since lamented that I did not preserve it. To these I added five or six manuscript memoirs, and a pamphlet composed by the famous Micheli Ducret, a man of talent, who was both learned and enlightened, but too much inclined to sedition, for which he was cruelly treated by the magistrates of Geneva. He lately died in the fortress of Arberg, where he had been confined many years, for being, as it was said, concerned in the conspiracy of Berne.

This pamphlet was a judicious critique on the extensive

but ridiculous plan of fortification which had been adopted at Geneva, to the great amusement of all who were unacquainted with the secret motives of the Council in the execution of this magnificent enterprise. Monsieur de Micheli, who had been excluded from the committee of fortification for having condemned this plan, thought that, as a citizen and a member of the Two Hundred, he might give his advice at large, and therefore did so in this pamphlet, which he was imprudent enough to have printed, though he never published it, having only those copies meant for the Two Hundred struck off; but these were all intercepted at the post-house by order of the Senate. I found this pamphlet among my uncle's papers, with the answer he had been ordered to make to it, and took both. This was soon after I had left my place at the survey, and I yet remained on good terms with the Counsellor de Coccelli, who had the management of it. Some time after, the director of the custom-house entreated me to stand godfather to his child, with Madame Coccelli, who was to be god-mother. Proud of being placed on such terms of equality with the Counsellor, I wished to assume importance, and show myself worthy of that honour.

Full of this idea, I thought I could do nothing better than show him Micheli's memorial, it being really a scarce piece, and clearly proving that I was connected with people of consequence in Geneva, who were entrusted with the secrets of the State; yet, by a kind of reserve I should find it most difficult to account for, I did not show him my uncle's answer, perhaps because it was manuscript, and nothing less than print was worthy to approach the Counsellor. He understood, however, so well the importance of this paper, which I had the folly to put into his hands, that I could never after get it into my possession, and being convinced that every effort for that purpose would be ineffectual, I made a merit of my forbearance, transforming the theft into a present. I made no doubt that this writing (more curious, however, than useful) answered his purpose at the Court of Turin, where, probably, he took care

to be reimbursed in some way or other for the expense its acquisition might be supposed to have cost him. Happily, however, of all future contingencies, the least probable is that the King of Sardinia should besiege Geneva; but as that event is not absolutely impossible, I shall ever reproach my foolish vanity with having been the means of pointing out the greatest defects of that city to its most ancient enemy.

I passed three or four years in this manner, between music, pedants, projects, and journeys, floating incessantly from one object to another, and wishing to fix myself, though I knew not on what, but insensibly inclining towards study. I was acquainted with men of letters, I had heard them speak of literature, and sometimes mingled in the conversation, yet rather adopted the jargon of books than the knowledge they contained. In my excursions to Geneva, I frequently called on my good old friend Monsieur Simon, who greatly promoted my rising emulation by fresh news from the republic of letters, extracted from Baillet or Colomiés. I frequently saw, too, at Chambéry, a Dominican professor of physics, a good kind of friar, whose name I have forgotten, who often made little chemical experiments that greatly amused me. In imitation of him, I attempted to make some sympathetic ink, and having for that purpose more than half filled a bottle with quick lime, orpiment, and water, the effervescence immediately became extremely violent; I ran to unstop the bottle, but had not time to effect it, for during the attempt it burst in my face like a bomb, and I swallowed so much of the orpiment and lime that it nearly cost me my life. I remained blind for six weeks, and by the event of this experiment learned to meddle no more with experimental chemistry while the elements were unknown to me.

This adventure happened very unluckily for my health, which, for some time past, had been visibly on the decline. This was rather extraordinary, as I was guilty of no kind of excess; nor could it have been expected from my make, for my chest being well formed and rather capacious, seemed to give my lungs full liberty to play; yet I was short-

breathed, felt a very sensible oppression, sighed involuntarily, had palpitations of the heart and spitting of blood, accompanied with a lingering fever, which I have never since entirely overcome. How is it possible to fall into such a state in the flower of one's age, without any inward decay, or without having done anything to destroy health?

It is sometimes said, "the sword wears the scabbard"; this was truly the case with me. The violence of my passions both kept me alive and hastened my dissolution. What passions? will be asked. Mere nothings; the most trivial objects in nature; yet they affected me as forcibly as if the acquisitions of a Helen or the throne of the universe were at stake. My senses, for instance, were at ease with one woman, but my heart never was, and the necessities of love consumed me in the very bosom of happiness. I had a tender, respected, and lovely friend, but sighed for a mistress; my prolific fancy in painting her gave her a thousand forms, but had I conceived that my endearments had been lavished on Madame de Warens, they would not have been less tender, though infinitely more tranquil. But is it possible for man to taste, in their utmost extent, the delights of love? I cannot tell, but I am persuaded my frail existence would have sunk under the weight of them.

I was, therefore, dying for love without an object, and this state perhaps is, of all others, the most dangerous. In addition to this, I was uneasy—tormented at the bad state of my poor "Maman's" circumstances, and the imprudence of conduct that could not fail to bring her in a short time to total ruin. My tortured imagination (which ever paints misfortunes in the extremity) continually beheld this in its utmost excess, and in all the horror of its consequences. I already saw myself forced by want to quit her to whom I had consecrated my future life, and without whom I could not hope for happiness. Thus was my soul continually agitated, and hopes and fears devoured me alternately.

Music was a passion less turbulent, but no less consuming, from the ardour with which I attached myself to it; by the obstinate study of the obscure books of Rameau; by

an invincible resolution to charge my memory with rules it could not contain ; by continual application, and by long and immense compilations that I frequently passed whole nights in copying. But why dwell on these particularly, while every folly that took possession of my wandering brain, the most transient ideas of a single day—a journey, a concert, a supper, a walk, a novel to read, a play to see, the least premeditated things in the world in my pleasures or occupation—became for me the most violent passions, which, by their ridiculous impetuosity, conveyed the most serious torments ; even the imaginary misfortunes of Cleveland, read with avidity and frequent interruption, have, I am persuaded, disordered me more than my own ?

There was a Genevese, named Bagueret, who had been employed under Peter the Great, at the Court of Russia ; one of the most worthless, senseless fellows I ever met with, full of projects as foolish as himself, that were to rain down millions on those who took part in them. This man, having come to Chambery on account of some suit pending before the Senate, immediately got acquainted with Madame de Warens, and, with great reason on his side, since for those imaginary trifles that, costing him nothing, were bestowed by him with the utmost prodigality, he gained in exchange the unfortunate crown-pieces one by one out of her pocket. I did not like him ; this he plainly perceived, for with me it was not a very difficult discovery. He did not, however, spare any sort of meanness to gain my good will, and, among other things, proposed teaching me to play at chess, of which game he understood something. I made an attempt, though almost against my inclination, and after several efforts, having learned the march, my progress was so rapid, that before the end of the first sitting I gave him the rook, which in the beginning he had given me. Nothing more was necessary : behold me fascinated with chess ! I buy a board, with the necessary chessmen, and, shutting myself up in my chamber, pass whole days and nights in studying all the varieties of the game, being determined, by playing alone without end or relaxation, to drive them into my head,

right or wrong. After incredible efforts, during two or three months passed in this curious employment, I go to the coffee-house, thin, sallow, and almost stupid. I seat myself, and again attack M. Bagueret. He beats me once, twice, twenty times; so many combinations were fermenting in my head, and my imagination was so stupefied, that all appeared confusion. I tried to exercise myself with Philidore's or Stamma's book of instructions, but I was still equally perplexed; and, after having exhausted myself with fatigue, was farther to seek than ever, and, whether I abandoned my chess for a time, or resolved to surmount every difficulty by unremitting practice, it was the same thing. I could never advance one step beyond the improvement of the first sitting; nay, I am convinced that had I studied it a thousand ages, I should have ended by being able to give Bagueret the rook, and nothing more.

It will be said my time was well employed, and not a little of it passed in this occupation, nor did I quit my first essay till unable to persist in it, for, on leaving my apartment, I had the appearance of a corpse, and had I continued this course much longer I should certainly have been one.

Any one will allow that it would have been extraordinary, especially in the ardour of youth, that such a head should suffer the body to enjoy continued health. The alteration of mine had an effect on my temper, moderating the ardour of my chimerical fancies, for as I grew weaker they became more tranquil, and I even lost, in some measure, my rage for travelling. I was not seized with heaviness, but melancholy; vapours succeeded passions, languor became sorrow. I wept and sighed without cause, and felt my life ebbing away before I had enjoyed it. I only trembled to think of the situation in which I should leave my dear Madame de Warens; and I can truly say that quitting her and leaving her in these melancholy circumstances was my only concern. At length I fell quite ill, and was nursed by her as never mother nursed a child. The care she took of me was of real utility to her affairs, since it diverted her mind from schemes, and kept projectors at a distance. How

pleasing would death have been at that time, when if I had not tasted many of the pleasures of life, I had felt but few of its misfortunes. My tranquil soul would have taken its flight, without having experienced those cruel ideas of the injustice of mankind that embitter both life and death, I should have enjoyed the sweet consolation that I still survived in the dearer part of myself. In the situation I then was it could hardly be called death; and had I been divested of my uneasiness on her account, it would have appeared but a gentle sleep; yet even these disquietudes had such an affectionate and tender turn, that their bitterness was tempered by a pleasing sensibility. I said to her, "You are the depository of my whole being; act so that I may be happy." Two or three times, when my disorder was so violent, I crept to her apartment to give her my advice respecting her future conduct: and I dare affirm that these admonitions were both as wise and equitable as the interest I took in her future concerns was strongly marked. As if tears had been both nourishment and medicine, I found myself the better for those I shed with her, while seated on her bedside, and holding her hands between mine. The hours crept insensibly away in these nocturnal discourses. I returned to my chamber better than I had quitted it, being content and calmed by the promises she made and the hopes with which she had inspired me. I slept on them with my heart at peace, and fully resigned to the dispensations of Providence. God grant that, after having had so many reasons to hate life, after being agitated with so many storms, after it has even become a burden, that death, which must terminate all, may be no more terrible than it would have been at that moment!

By inconceivable care and vigilance, she saved my life; and I am convinced she alone could have done this. I have little faith in the skill of physicians, but depend greatly on the assistance of real friends, and am persuaded that being easy in those particulars on which our happiness depends is more salutary than any other medicine. If there is a sensation in life peculiarly delightful, we ex-

perienced it in being restored to each other ; our mutual attachment did not increase, for that was impossible, but it became, I know not how, more exquisitely-tender, fresh softness being added to its former simplicity. I became in a manner her work ; we got into the habit, though without design, of being continually with each other, and enjoying, in some measure, our whole existence together, feeling reciprocally that we were not only necessary, but entirely sufficient for each other's happiness. Accustomed to think of no subject foreign to ourselves, our happiness and all our desires were confined to our pleasing and singular union, which perhaps had no equal ; for it was not, as I have before observed, love, but a sentiment inexpressibly more intimate, neither depending on the senses, age, or figure, but an assemblage of every endearing sensation that composes our rational existence, and which can cease only with our being.

How was it that this delightful crisis did not secure our mutual felicity for the remainder of her life and mine ? I have the consoling conviction that it was not my fault ; nay, I am persuaded, she did not wilfully destroy it ; but the invincible peculiarity of my disposition was doomed soon to regain its empire ; yet this fatal return was not suddenly accomplished—there was, thank Heaven, a short but precious interval, that did not conclude by my fault, and I cannot reproach myself with having employed it amiss.

Though recovered from my dangerous illness, I did not regain my strength ; my stomach was weak, some remains of the fever kept me in a languishing condition, and I was sensible of nothing but the inclination to end my days near one so truly dear to me ; to confirm her in those good resolutions she had formed ; to convince her in what consisted the real charms of a happy life, and, as far as depended on me, to render hers so : but I foresaw that, in a gloomy, melancholy house, the continual solitude of our *tête-à-têtes* would at length become too dull and monotonous. A remedy presented itself : Madame de Warens had prescribed milk for me, and insisted that I should take it in

the country. I consented, provided she would accompany me: nothing more was necessary to gain her compliance, and whither we should go was all that remained to be determined on. Our garden (which I have before mentioned) was not properly in the country, being surrounded by houses and other gardens, and possessing none of those attractions so desirable in a rural retreat; besides, after the death of Auet, we had given up this place from economical principles, feeling no longer a desire to rear plants; other reasons also combining to prevent our feeling any regret at the loss of that retreat. Making use of the distaste I found she began to imbibe for the town, I proposed to abandon it entirely, and settle ourselves in an agreeable solitude, in some small house, distant enough from the city to avoid the perpetual intrusion of her hangers-on. She followed my advice, and this plan, which her good angel and mine suggested, might have fully secured our happiness and tranquillity till death had divided us; but this was not the state we were appointed to. Madame de Warens was destined to endure all the sorrows of indigence and poverty, after having passed the former part of her life in abundance, that she might learn to quit it with the less regret; and I, by an assemblage of misfortunes of all kinds, was to become a striking example to those who, inspired with a love of justice and the public good, and trusting too implicitly to their own innocence, shall openly dare to assert truth to mankind, unsupported by cabals, or without having previously formed parties to protect them.

An unhappy possibility furnished some objections to our plan: she did not dare to quit her ill-contrived house, for fear of displeasing the proprietor. "Your proposed retirement is charming," said she, "and much to my taste; but here we must remain, for, on quitting this dungeon, I hazard losing the very means of life; and when these fail us in the woods, we must again return to seek them in the city. That we may have the least possible cause for being reduced to this necessity, let us not leave this house entirely, but pay this small pension to the Comte de Saint-Laurent, that he may

continue mine. Let us seek some little habitation, far enough from the town to be at peace, yet near enough to return when it may appear convenient."

This mode was finally adopted; and after some small search, we fixed, at Charmettes, on an estate belonging to M. de Conzié, at a very small distance from Chambéry; but as retired and solitary as if it had been a hundred leagues off. The retreat we selected was in a valley between two tolerably high hills, ranging north and south; at the bottom, among the trees and pebbles, ran a rivulet; and above the declivity, on either side, were scattered a number of houses, forming altogether a beautiful retreat for those who love a peaceful romantic asylum. After having examined two or three of these houses, we chose one that we thought the most pleasing, which was the property of a gentleman of the army, called M. Noiret. This house was in good condition: before it, a garden, forming a terrace; below that, on the declivity, an orchard; and on the ascent, behind the house, a vineyard; a little wood of chestnut-trees opposite; a fountain hard by; and higher up the hill pasture for the cattle;—in short, all that could be thought necessary for the rural home we proposed to establish. To the best of my remembrance, we took possession of it towards the latter end of the summer of 1736. I was delighted on going to sleep there. "Oh!" said I, to this dear friend, embracing her with tears of tenderness and delight, "this is the abode of happiness and innocence; if we do not find them here together, it will be in vain to seek them elsewhere."

BOOK VI.

CHARMETTES—MONTPELLIER—LYONS—CHAMBERTY.

Hoc erat in votis : Modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons ;
Et paullum sylvæ super his foret.

I CANNOT add, *Auctius atque di melius fecere* ; but no matter, the former is enough for my purpose ; I had no occasion to have any property there, it was sufficient that I enjoyed it ; for I have long since both said and felt that the proprietor and possessor are two very different people, even leaving husbands and lovers out of the question.

At this moment began the short happiness of my life, those peaceful and rapid moments that have given me a right to say, I have lived. Precious and ever-regretted moments ! Ah ! recommence your delightful course ; pass more slowly through my memory, if possible, than you actually did in your fugitive succession ! How shall I prolong, according to my inclination, this recital, at once so pleasing and simple ? How shall I continue to relate the same occurrences, without wearying my readers with the repetition, any more than I was satiated with the enjoyment ? Again, if all this consisted of facts, actions, or words, I could somehow or other convey an idea of it ; but how shall I describe what was neither said nor done, nor even thought, but enjoyed, felt, without being able to particularize any other object of my happiness than the bare idea ? I rose with the sun, and was happy ; I walked, and was happy ; I saw Madame de Warens, and was happy ; I quitted her, and still was happy ! Whether I rambled through the woods, over the hills, or strolled along the valley ; read, was idle, worked in the garden, or gathered fruits, happiness continually accompanied me ; it was fixed on no particular object, it was within me, nor could I depart from it a single moment.

Nothing that passed during that charming epoch, nothing



THE PERIWINKLE.

Vol. I., facing p. 235.

that I did, said, or thought has escaped my memory. The time that preceded or followed it I only recollect by intervals, unequally and confusedly; but here I remember all as distinctly as if it existed at this moment. Imagination—which in my youth was perpetually anticipating the future, but now takes a retrograde course—makes some amends by these charming memories for the deprivation of the hopes now lost to me for ever. I no longer see anything in the future that can tempt my wishes; it is a recollection of the past alone that can flatter me; and the remembrance of the period I am now describing is so true and lively, that it sometimes makes me happy, even in spite of my misfortunes.

Of these recollections I shall relate one example, that some idea may be given of their force and precision. The first day we went to sleep at Charmettes; the way being uphill, and Madame de Warens rather heavy, she was carried in a chair, while I followed on foot. Fearing the chairmen would be fatigued, she got out about half-way, desiring to walk the rest of it. As we passed along, she saw something blue in the hedge, and said, "There's some periwinkle in flower yet!" I had never seen any before, nor did I stop to examine this: my sight is too short to distinguish plants on the ground, and I only cast a look at this as I passed: an interval of nearly thirty years had elapsed before I saw any more periwinkle, at least before I observed it, when being at Cressier, in 1764, with my friend, M. du Peyrou, we went up a small mountain, on the summit of which there is a level spot, called, with reason, Belle-vue. I was then beginning to herbalize. Walking and looking among the bushes, I exclaimed with rapture, "Ah! there's some periwinkle!" Du Peyrou, who perceived my transport, was ignorant of the cause, but will, I hope, some day be informed on reading this. The reader may judge by this impression, made by so small an incident, what an effect must have been produced by every occurrence of that time.

Meantime, the air of the country did not restore my health. I was languishing, and became more so. I could

not endure milk, and was obliged to discontinue the use of it. Water was at this time the fashionable remedy for every complaint; accordingly I entered on a course of it, and so indiscreetly that it almost released me, not only from my illness, but also from my life. The water I drank was rather hard and difficult to pass, as water from mountains generally is; in short, I managed so well, that in the course of two months I totally ruined my stomach, which 'until that time had been very good, and no longer digesting anything properly, had no reason to expect a cure. At this time an accident happened, as singular in itself as in its subsequent consequences, and these can only terminate with my existence.

One morning, being no worse than usual, while putting up the leaf of a small table, I felt a sudden and almost inconceivable revolution throughout my whole frame. I know not how to describe it better than as a kind of tempest, that suddenly rose in my blood and spread in a moment over every part of my body. My arteries began beating so violently that I not only felt their motion, but even heard it, particularly that of the carotids, attended by a loud noise in my ears, and this was of three, or rather four, distinct kinds. For instance, first a grave, hollow buzzing; then a more distinct murmur, like the running of water; then an extremely sharp hissing, attended by the beating I before mentioned, and whose throbs I could easily count without feeling my pulse or putting a hand to any part of my body. This internal tumult was so violent that it has injured my auricular organs, and rendered me, from that time, not entirely deaf, but hard of hearing.

My surprise and fear may easily be conceived. Imagining it was the stroke of death, I went to bed, and the physician being sent for, trembling with apprehension, I related my case, judging it past all cure. I believe the doctor was of the same opinion; however, he performed his office, running over a long string of causes and effects beyond my comprehension, after which, in consequence of this sublime theory, he set about, *in anima vili*, the experimental part of his

art ; but the means he was pleased to adopt in order to effect a cure were so troublesome, disgusting, and followed by so little effect, that I soon discontinued them, and after some weeks, finding I was neither better nor worse, left my bed and returned to my usual mode of living ; but the beating in my arteries and the buzzing in my ears have never quitted me a moment during the thirty years that have elapsed since that time.

Till now I had been a great sleeper, but a total deprivation of repose, with other alarming symptoms which accompanied it, persuaded me I had but a short time to live. This idea tranquillized me for a time. I became less anxious about a cure, and, being persuaded I could not prolong life, determined to employ the remainder of it as usefully as possible. This was practicable by a particular indulgence of nature, for, in this melancholy state, I found myself exempted from sufferings it might have been supposed I should have experienced. I was incommoded by the noise, but felt no pain, nor was it accompanied by any habitual inconvenience, except nocturnal wakefulness, and at all times a shortness of breath, violent enough to be called an asthma, but only troublesome when I attempted to run or use any degree of exertion.

This accident seemed to threaten the dissolution of my body, but it only killed my passions, and I have reason to thank Heaven for the happy effect produced by it on my soul. I can truly say I only began to live when I considered myself as entering the grave ; for, estimating at their real value those things I was quitting, I began to employ myself on nobler objects ; namely, the anticipation of those I hoped shortly to have the contemplation of, and which I had hitherto too much neglected. I had often made light of religion, but was never totally devoid of it ; consequently, it cost me less pain to employ my thoughts on a subject, generally thought so melancholy, however highly pleasing it may be to those who make it an object of hope and consolation. Madame de Warens, therefore, was more useful to me on this occasion than all the theologians in the world could have been.

She, who brought everything into a system, had not failed to do as much by religion ; and this system was composed of ideas that bore no affinity to each other. Some were extremely good, and others very ridiculous, being made up of sentiments proceeding from her disposition, and prejudices derived from education. Men, in general, make God like themselves: the virtuous make Him good, and the profligate make Him wicked ; ill-tempered and bilious devotees see nothing but hell, because they would willingly damn all mankind ; while loving and gentle souls disbelieve it altogether ; and one of the astonishments I could never overcome is to see the good Fénelon speak of it in his *Télémaque* as if he really gave credit to it ; but I hoped he lied in that particular, for however strict he might be with regard to truth, a bishop absolutely must lie sometimes. Madame de Warens spoke truth with me, and that soul—made up without gall, who could not imagine a revengeful and ever-angry God—saw only clemency and forgiveness where devotees bestowed inflexible justice and eternal punishment.

She frequently said there would be no justice in the Supreme Being should He be strictly just to us ; because, not having bestowed what was necessary to render us essentially good, it would be requiring more than He had given. The most whimsical idea was, that not believing in hell, she was firmly persuaded of the reality of purgatory. This arose from her not knowing what to do with the wicked, being loth to damn them utterly, nor yet caring to place them with the good till they had become so ; and we must really allow that, both in this world and the next, the wicked are very troublesome company.

It is clearly seen that the doctrine of original sin and the redemption of mankind is destroyed by this system ; consequently that the basis of the Christian dispensation, as generally received, is shaken, and that the Catholic faith cannot subsist with these principles. Madame de Warens, notwithstanding, was a good Catholic, or, at least, pretended to be one, and certainly desired to become such ; but it appeared to her that the Scriptures were too literally and

harshly explained, supposing that all we read of everlasting torments were figurative threatenings, and the death of Jesus Christ an example of charity, truly divine, intended to teach mankind to love God and each other. In a word, faithful to the religion she had embraced, she acquiesced in all its professions of faith ; but on a discussion of each particular article, it was plain she was diametrically opposed to that Church whose doctrines she professed to believe. In these cases she exhibited simplicity of heart, a frankness more eloquent than sophistry, which frequently embarrassed her confessor—for she disguised nothing from him. “I am a good Catholic,” she would say, “and will ever remain so. I adopt with all the powers of my soul the decisions of our holy Mother Church ; I am not mistress of my faith, but I am of my will, which I submit to you without reserve. I will endeavour to believe all ; what can you require more ?”

Had there been no Christian morality established, I am persuaded she would have lived as if regulated by its principles, so perfectly did they seem to accord with her disposition. She did everything that was required ; and she would have done the same had there been no such requisition. But all this morality was subordinate to the principles of M. de Tavel, or rather, she pretended to see nothing in religion that contradicted them ; thus she would have favoured twenty lovers in a day, without any idea of a crime, her conscience being no more moved in that particular than her passions. I know that a number of devotees are not more scrupulous, but the difference is, they are seduced by constitution ; she was blinded by her sophisms. In the midst of conversations the most affecting, I might say the most edifying, she would touch on this subject without any change of air or manner, and without being sensible of any contradiction in her opinions ; so much was she persuaded that our restrictions on that head are merely political, and that any person of sense might interpret, apply, or make exceptions to them without any danger of offending the Almighty.

Though I was far enough from being of the same opinion in this particular, I confess I dared not combat hers; indeed, as I was situated, it would have been putting myself in rather awkward circumstances, since I could only have sought to establish my opinion for others, myself being an exception. Besides, I entertained but little hope of making her alter hers, for they never had any great influence on her conduct, and at the time I am speaking of, none; but I have promised faithfully to describe her principles, and I will perform my engagement. I now return to myself.

Finding in her all those ideas that were necessary to secure me from the fear of death and its future consequences, I drew confidence and security from this source; my attachment became warmer than ever, and I would willingly have transmitted to her the whole of an existence that seemed ready to abandon me. From this redoubled attachment, a persuasion that I had but a short time to live, and a profound security as to my future state, arose an habitual and even pleasing serenity, calming every passion that extends our hopes and fears, and enabling me to enjoy without inquietude or concern the few days which I imagined remained for me. What contributed to render them still more agreeable was an endeavour to encourage "Maman's" growing taste for the country by every amusement I could possibly devise, wishing to attach her to her garden, poultry, pigeons, and cows. Thus employing my time without injuring my tranquillity, I amused myself with these little occupations, and found them much more serviceable than a milk diet, or all the remedies bestowed on my poor shattered body, even to effecting the utmost possible re-establishment of it.

The vintage and gathering in our fruit employed the remainder of the year; we became more and more attached to a rustic life and the society of our honest neighbours. We saw the approach of winter with regret, and returned to the city as if going into exile. This return was particularly gloomy to one who never expected to see the return of spring, and who thought he was taking an everlasting leave

of Charmettes. I did not leave it without kissing the very earth and trees, casting back many a wistful look as I went towards Chambéry.

Having left my scholars for so long a time, and lost my relish for the amusements of the town, I seldom went out, conversing only with Madame de Warens and a Monsieur Salomon, who had lately become our physician. He was an honest man, of good understanding, a great Cartesian, spoke tolerably well on the system of the world, and his agreeable and instructive conversations were more serviceable than his prescriptions. I could never bear the foolish, trivial mode of conversation which is so generally adopted ; but useful, instructive discourse has always given me great pleasure, nor was I ever backward to join in it. I was much pleased with that of M. Salomon ; it appeared to me that, when in his company, I almost anticipated the acquisition of the sublime knowledge my soul would enjoy when freed from its mortal fetters. The inclination I had for him extended to the subjects he treated on, and I began to look after books which might better enable me to understand his discourses. Those mingling devotion with science were the most agreeable to me, particularly those emanating from the Oratory and from Port Royal, and I began to read, or rather to devour them. One fell into my hands written by Père Lama, called *Entretiens sur les Sciences* which was a kind of introduction to the knowledge of those books it treated of. I read it over a hundred times, and resolved to make this my guide. In short, I found (notwithstanding my ill state of health) that I was irresistibly drawn towards study, and though looking on each day as the last of my life, read with as much avidity as if certain I was to live for ever.

I was assured that reading would injure me ; but, on the contrary, I am rather inclined to think it was serviceable, not only to my soul, but also to my body ; for this application, quickly becoming delightful, diverted my thoughts from my disorders, and I soon found myself less affected by them. It is certain, however, that nothing

gave me absolute ease, but having no longer any acute pain, I became accustomed to languishment and wakefulness—to thinking instead of acting; in short, I looked on the gradual and slow decay of my body as inevitably progressive, and only to be terminated by death.

This opinion not only detached me from all the vain cares of life, but delivered me from the importunity of remedies to which hitherto I had been forced to submit, though contrary to my inclination. Salomon, convinced that his drugs were unavailing, spared me the disagreeable task of taking them, and contented himself with amusing the grief of my poor Madame de Warens by some of those harmless preparations which serve to flatter the hopes of the patient and keep up the credit of the doctor. I discontinued the strict regimen I had latterly observed, resumed the use of wine, and lived in every respect like a man in perfect health, as far as my strength would permit, only being careful to run into no excess. I even began to go out and visit my acquaintance, particularly M. de Conzié, whose conversation was extremely pleasing to me. Whether it struck me as heroic to study to my last hour, or that some hopes of life still lingered in the bottom of my heart, I cannot tell; but the apparent certainty of death, far from relaxing my inclination for improvement, seemed to animate it, and I hastened to acquire knowledge for the other world, as if convinced I should only possess that portion I could carry with me. I took a liking to the shop of a bookseller, whose name was Bouchard, which was frequented by some men of letters, and as the spring (the return of which I had never expected to see again) was approaching, I furnished myself with some books for Charmettes, in case I should have the happiness to return there.

I had that happiness, and enjoyed it to the utmost extent. The rapture with which I saw the trees put out their first buds is inexpressible. The return of spring seemed to me like rising from the grave into Paradise. The snow was hardly off the ground when we left our dungeon and

returned to Charmettes, to enjoy the first warblings of the nightingales. I now thought no more of dying, and it is really singular that from this time I never experienced any dangerous illness in the country. I have suffered greatly, but never kept my bed, and have often said to those about me, on finding myself worse than ordinary, "Should you see me at the point of death, carry me under the shade of an oak, and I promise you I shall recover."

Though weak, I resumed my country occupations, as far as my strength would permit, and conceived a real grief at not being able to manage our garden without help; for I could not take five or six strokes with the spade without being out of breath and overcome with perspiration. When I stooped, the beating redoubled, and the blood flew with such violence to my head that I was instantly obliged to stand upright. Being, therefore, confined to less fatiguing employments, I busied myself about the pigeon-house, and was so pleased with it that I sometimes passed several hours there without feeling a moment's weariness. Pigeons are very timid and difficult to tame, yet I inspired mine with so much confidence that they followed me everywhere, letting me catch them at pleasure, nor could I appear in the garden without two or three alighting on my arms or head in an instant; and, notwithstanding the pleasure I took in them, their company became so troublesome that I was obliged to lessen the familiarity. I have ever taken great pleasure in taming animals, particularly those that are wild and fearful. It appeared delightful to me to inspire them with a confidence which I took care never to abuse, as I wished them to love me freely.

I have already mentioned that I purchased some books. I did not forget to read them, but in a manner more to fatigue than instruct me. I imagined that to read a book profitably it was necessary to be acquainted with every branch of knowledge it even mentioned; far from thinking that the author did not do this himself, but drew assistance from other books, as he might see occasion. Full of this false idea, I was stopped every moment, obliged to run from

one book to another, and sometimes, before I could read the tenth page of that I was studying, found it necessary to turn over a whole library. I was so attached to this ridiculous method, that I lost a prodigious deal of time, and had bewildered my head to such a degree that I was hardly capable of doing, seeing, or comprehending anything. I fortunately perceived, at length, that I was on the wrong road, and that I should be entangled in an inextricable labyrinth if I did not quit it before I was irrevocably lost.

When a person has any real taste for the sciences, the first thing he perceives in the pursuit of them is that connection by which they mutually attract, assist, and enlighten each other, and that it is impossible to attain one without the assistance of the rest. Though the human understanding cannot grasp all, and one must ever be regarded as the principal object; yet if the rest are totally neglected, the favourite study is generally obscure. I was convinced that my resolution to improve was good and useful in itself, but that it was necessary I should change my method; I therefore had recourse to the Encyclopædia. I began by a distribution of the general mass of human knowledge into its various branches, but soon discovered that I must pursue a contrary course, that I must take each separately, and trace it to that point where it united with the rest; thus I returned to the general synthetical method, but returned thither with a conviction that I was going right. Meditation supplied the want of knowledge, and a very natural reflection gave strength to my resolutions, which was that, whether I lived or died, I had no time to lose; for, having learned but little before the age of five-and-twenty, and then resolving to learn every thing, was, at least, engaging to employ the future profitably. I was ignorant at what point accident or death might put a period to my endeavours, and I resolved at all events to acquire with the utmost expedition some idea of every species of knowledge, not only to try my natural disposition, but to judge for myself what most deserved cultivation.

In the execution of my plan, I experienced another advantage, which I had never thought of: this was, spend-

ing a great deal of time profitably. Nature certainly never meant me for study, since attentive application fatigues me so much that I find it impossible to employ myself half an hour together intently on one subject, particularly while following another person's ideas, for it has frequently happened that I have pursued my own for a much longer period with more success. After reading a few pages of an author with close application, my understanding is bewildered, and should I obstinately continue, I tire myself to no purpose, a stupefaction seizes me, and I am no longer conscious of what I read ; but in a succession of various subjects, one relieves me from the fatigue of the other, and, without finding respite necessary, I can follow them with pleasure.

I took advantage of this observation in the plan of my studies, taking care to intermingle them in such a manner that I was never weary. It is true that domestic and rural concerns furnished many pleasing relaxations ; but, as my eagerness for improvement increased, I contrived to find opportunities for my studies, frequently employing myself about two things at the same time, without reflecting that both were consequently neglected.

In relating so many trifling details—which delight me, but frequently tire my reader—I make use of the precaution to suppress a great number, though, perhaps, he would have no idea of this if I did not take care to inform him of it. For example, I recollect with pleasure all the different methods I adopted for the distribution of my time in such a manner as to produce the utmost profit and pleasure. I may say that the portion of my life passed in this retirement, though I was in continual ill-health, was that in which I was least idle and least wearied. Two or three months were thus employed in discovering the bent of my genius ; meantime I enjoyed, in the finest season of the year, and in a spot it rendered delightful, the charms of a life whose worth I was so highly sensible of, in such a society, as free as it was charming—if a union so perfect, and the extensive knowledge I proposed to acquire, can be called society. It seemed to me as if I already possessed the improvements I

was only in pursuit of ; or rather better, since the pleasure of learning constituted a great part of my happiness.

I must pass over these particulars, for though to me they were the height of enjoyment, they are too trivial to bear repeating. Indeed, true happiness is indescribable—it is only to be felt, and this consciousness of felicity is proportionately more the less able we are to describe it, because it does not absolutely result from a concourse of favourable incidents, but is an affection of the mind itself. I am frequently guilty of repetitions, but should be infinitely more so did I repeat the same thing as often as it recurs with pleasure to my mind. When, at length, my variable mode of life was reduced to a more uniform course, the following was nearly the distribution of time which I adopted. I rose every morning before the sun, and passed through a neighbouring orchard into a pleasant path, which, running by a vineyard, led towards Chambery. While walking, I offered up my prayers—not by a vain motion of the lips, but a sincere elevation of my heart—to the Great Author of delightful nature, whose beauties were so charmingly spread out before me. I never like to pray in a chamber ; it seems to me that the walls and all the petty workmanship of man interpose between God and myself. I love to contemplate Him in His works, thus elevating my soul, and raising my thoughts to Him. My prayers were pure, I can affirm it, and therefore worthy to be heard. I asked for myself, and her from whom my thoughts were never divided, only an innocent and quiet life, exempt from vice, sorrow, and want ; I prayed that we might die the death of the just, and partake their lot hereafter. For the rest, it was rather admiration and contemplation than request, being satisfied that the best means to obtain what is necessary from the Giver of every perfect good is rather to deserve than to solicit. Returning from my walk, I lengthened the way by taking a round-about path, still contemplating with earnestness and delight the beautiful scenes with which I was surrounded—those only objects that never fatigue either the eye or the heart. As I approached our habitation, I looked forward to see if

Madame de Warens was stirring, and when I perceived her shutters open, I even ran with joy towards the house. If they were still shut, I went into the garden to wait their opening, amusing myself, meantime, by a retrospection of what I had read the preceding evening, or in gardening. The moment the shutter drew back, I hastened to embrace her, frequently half asleep; and this salute, pure as it was affectionate, even from its innocence, possessed a charm which the senses can never bestow. We usually breakfasted on milk-coffee; this was the time of day when we had most leisure, and when we chatted with the greatest freedom. These sittings, which were usually pretty long, have given me a fondness for breakfasts, and I infinitely prefer those of England or Switzerland, where they are considered as a meal, at which all the family assemble, to those of France, where people breakfast alone in their apartments, or more frequently take none at all. After an hour or two passed in discourse, I went to my study till dinner, beginning with some philosophical work, such as the logic of the Port-Royalists, Locke's *Essays*, Malebranche, Leibnitz, Descartes, &c. I soon found that these authors perpetually contradict each other, and formed the chimerical project of reconciling them, a task which cost me much labour and loss of time, and bewildered my head without any profit. At length (renouncing this idea) I adopted one infinitely more profitable, to which I attribute all the progress I have since made, notwithstanding the defects of my capacity—for it is certain I had very little for study. On reading each author, I acquired a habit of following all his ideas, without suffering my own or those of any other writer to interfere with them, or entering into any dispute on their utility. I said to myself, "I will begin by laying up a stock of ideas, true or false, but clearly conceived, till my understanding shall be sufficiently furnished to enable me to compare and make choice of those that are most estimable." I am sensible that this method is not without its inconveniences, but it succeeded in furnishing me with a fund of instruction. ✓ Having passed some years in thinking after others, without reflection, and almost

without reasoning, I found myself possessed of sufficient materials to set about thinking on my own account, and when journeys or business deprived me of the opportunities of consulting books, I amused myself with recollecting and comparing what I had read, weighing every opinion on the balance of reason, and frequently judging my masters. Though it was late before I began to exercise my judicial faculties, I have not discovered that they had lost their vigour, and, on publishing my own ideas, have never been accused of being a servile disciple, or of swearing *in verba magistri*.

From these studies I passed to the elements of geometry, for I never ~~went~~ further, forcing my weak memory to retain them by going over the same ground a hundred and a hundred times. I did not admire Euclid, who rather seeks a chain of demonstration than a connection of ideas. I preferred the geometry of Père Lamy, who from that time became one of my favourite authors, and whose works I yet read with pleasure. Algebra followed, and Père Lamy was still my guide. When I made some progress, I perused Père Reynaud's *Science of Calculation*, and then his *Analysis Demonstrated*, but I never went far enough thoroughly to understand the application of algebra to geometry. I was not pleased with this method of performing operations by rule without knowing what I was about; resolving geometrical problems by the help of equations seemed like playing a tune by turning a handle. The first time that I found by calculation that the square of a binocular figure was composed of the square of each of its parts, and double the product of one by the other, though convinced that my multiplication was right, I could not be satisfied till I had made and examined the figure; not but that I admire algebra when applied to abstract quantities, but when used to demonstrate dimensions, I wished to see the operation, and, unless explained by lines, could not rightly comprehend it.

After this came Latin. It was my most painful study, and in it I never made great progress. I began by the

Port Royal Latin Method, but without success. I lost myself in a crowd of rules, and, in studying the last, forgot all that preceded it. A study of words is not for a man without memory, and it was principally an endeavour to make my memory more retentive that urged me obstinately to persist in this study, although at length I was obliged to relinquish it. As I understood enough to read an easy author by the aid of a dictionary, I followed that method, and found it succeed tolerably well. I likewise applied myself to translation, not by writing, but mentally; and by exercise and perseverance attained to read Latin authors easily, but have never been able to speak or write that language, a failure which frequently embarrassed me, when I found myself (I know not by what means) enrolled among men of letters.

Another inconvenience that arose from this manner of learning was, that I never understood prosody, much less the rules of versification; yet, anxious to understand the harmony of the language, both in prose and verse, I have made many efforts to obtain it, but am convinced that without a master it is almost impossible. Having learned the composition of the hexameter—quite the easiest of all verses—I had the patience to measure out the greater part of Virgil into feet and quantity, and whenever I was dubious whether a syllable was long or short, immediately consulted my Virgil. It may easily be conceived that I ran into many errors in consequence of those licences permitted by the rules of versification; and it is certain, that if there is an advantage in studying alone, there is also great inconvenience and inconceivable labour, as I have experienced more than any one.

At twelve, I quitted my books, and if dinner was not ready, paid my friends the pigeons a visit, or worked in the garden till it was; and when I heard myself called, ran very willingly, and with a good appetite, to partake of it, for it is very remarkable, that let me be ever so indisposed, my appetite never fails. We dined very agreeably, chatting till Madame de Warens could eat. Two or three times a

week, when it was fine, we drank our coffee in a cool shady harbour behind the house, that I had decorated with hops, and which was very refreshing during the heat ; we usually passed an hour in viewing our flowers and vegetables, or in conversation relative to our manner of life, thus greatly increasing the pleasure of it. I had another little family at the end of the garden ; these were several hives of bees, which I never failed to visit once a day, and was frequently accompanied by Madame de Warens. I was greatly interested in their labour, and amused myself seeing them return to the hives, their little thighs so loaded with the precious store that they could hardly walk. At first curiosity made me indiscreet, and they stung me several times ; but afterwards we were so well acquainted, that let me approach as near as I would, they never molested me, though the hives were full and the bees ready to swarm. At these times I have been surrounded, having them on my hands and face without apprehending any danger. All animals are distrustful of man, and with reason, but when once assured he does not mean to injure them, their confidence becomes so great that he must be worse than a barbarian who abuses it.

After this I returned to my books ; but my afternoon employment ought rather to bear the name of recreation and amusement than labour or study. I have never been able to bear application after dinner, and in general any kind of attention is painful to me during the heat of the day. I employed myself, 'tis true, but without restraint or rule, and read without studying. What I most attended to, at these times, was history and geography ; and as these did not require intense application, made as much progress in them as my weak memory would permit. I had an inclination to study Père Pétiau, and launched into the gloom of chronology, but was disgusted at the critical part, which I found had neither bottom nor banks ; this made me prefer the more exact measurement of time by the course of the celestial bodies. I should even have contracted a fondness for astronomy had I been in possession of

instruments, but was obliged to content myself with some of the elements of that art, learned from books, and a few rude observations made with a telescope, sufficient only to give me a general idea of the situation of the heavenly bodies ; for my short sight is insufficient to distinguish the stars without the help of a glass.

I recollect an adventure on this subject, the remembrance of which has often diverted me. I had bought a celestial planisphere to study the constellations by ; and, having fixed it on a frame, when the nights were fine, and the sky clear, I went into the garden, and fixing the frame on four sticks, something higher than myself, which I drove into the ground, turned the planisphere downwards, and contrived to light it by means of a candle (secured in a pail to prevent the wind from blowing it out), and then placed it in the centre of the already-mentioned supports ; this done, I examined the stars with my glass, and from time to time referring to my planisphere, endeavoured to distinguish the various constellations. I think I have before observed that our garden was on a terrace, and lay open to the road. One night, some country people, passing by very late, saw me in a most grotesque habit, busily employed in these observations. The light, which struck directly on the planisphere, and proceeding from a cause they could not divine (the candle being concealed by the sides of the pail) ; the four stakes supporting a large paper, marked over with various uncouth figures, with the motion of the telescope, which they saw turning backwards and forwards, gave the whole an air of conjuration that struck them with horror and amazement. My figure was by no means calculated to dispel their fears ; a flap-brimmed hat put on over my night-cap, and a short cloak about my shoulders (this Madame de Warens had obliged me to put on), presented to the simple peasants the image of a real sorcerer. Being near midnight, they made no doubt but this was the beginning of some diabolical assembly, and having no curiosity to pry further into these mysteries, they fled with all possible speed, awakened the neighbours,

and described this most dreadful vision. The story spread so fast, that the next day the whole neighbourhood was informed that a nocturnal assembly of witches was held in the garden that belonged to Monsieur Noiret, and I am ignorant of what might have been the consequences of this rumour if one of the countrymen who had been witness to my conjurations had not the same day carried his complaint to two Jesuits, who frequently came to visit us, and who, without knowing the foundation of the story, undeceived and satisfied them. These Jesuits told us the whole affair, and I acquainted them with the cause of it, which altogether furnished us with a hearty laugh. However, I resolved for the future to make my observations without light, and consult my planisphere in the house. Those who have read, in the *Lettres de la Montagne*, of my Venetian magic, may find that I long since had the reputation of being a conjuror.

Such was the life I led at Charmettes when I had no rural employments, for they ever had the preference, and in those that did not exceed my strength I worked like a peasant; but my extreme weakness left me little except the will; besides, as I have before observed, I wished to do two things at once, and therefore did neither well. I obstinately persisted in forcing my memory to retain a great deal by heart, and, for that purpose, I always carried some book with me, which, while at work, I studied with inconceivable labour. I was continually repeating something, and am really amazed that the fatigue of these vain and continual efforts did not render me entirely stupid. I must have learned and re-learned the Eclogues of Virgil twenty times over, though at this time I cannot recollect a single line of them. I have lost or spoiled a great number of books by a custom I had of carrying them with me into the pigeon-house, the garden, orchard, or vineyard, when, being busy about something else, I laid my book at the foot of a tree, on the hedge, or the first place that came to hand, and frequently left it there, finding it a fortnight after, perhaps, rotted to pieces, or eaten by the ants or snails:

and this ardour for learning became so far a madness that it rendered me almost stupid, and I was perpetually muttering some passage or other to myself.

The writings of the Port-Royalists, and those of the Oratorians, being those I most frequently read, had made me half a Jansenist, and, notwithstanding all my confidence, their harsh theology sometimes alarmed me. A dread of hell, which till then I had never much apprehended, by little and little disturbed my security, and had not Madame de Warens tranquillized my soul, would at length have been too much for me. My confessor, who was hers likewise, did all that he could to keep up my hopes. He was a Jesuit, named Père Hemet, a good and wise old man, whose memory I shall ever hold in veneration. Though a Jesuit, he had the simplicity of a child ; and his manners, rather gentle than lax, were precisely what I needed to balance the melancholy impressions made on me by Jansenism. This good man and his companion, Père Coppier, came frequently to visit us at Charmettes, though the road was very rough and tedious for men of their age. These visits were very consoling to me, and may the Almighty reward their souls, for they were so old that I cannot suppose them yet living. I sometimes went to see them at Chambéry, became known at their convent, and had free access to the library. The remembrance of that happy time is so connected with the idea of those Jesuits that I love one on account of the other, and though I have ever thought their doctrines dangerous, could never find myself in a disposition to hate them cordially.

I should like to know whether there ever passed such childish notions in the hearts of other men as sometimes did in mine. In the midst of my studies, and of a life as innocent as man could lead, notwithstanding every persuasion to the contrary, the dread of hell frequently tormented me. I asked myself, "What state am I in? Should I die at this instant, must I be damned?" According to my Jansenists, the matter was indubitable ; but according to my conscience, it appeared quite the contrary. Terrified and floating in this cruel uncertainty, I had recourse to the

most laughable expedient to resolve my doubts, and I would most willingly shut up any man as a lunatic, should I see him practise the same folly. One day, meditating on this melancholy subject, I exercised myself in throwing stones at the trunks of trees, with my usual dexterity, that is to say, without hitting any of them. In the height of this charming exercise, it entered my mind to make a kind of prognostic that might calm my inquietude. I said, "I will throw this stone at the tree facing me; if I hit my mark, I will consider it as a sign of salvation; if I miss, as a token of damnation." While I said this, I threw the stone with a trembling hand and beating breast, but so happily that it struck the body of the tree—certainly not a difficult matter, for I had taken care to choose one that was very large and very near me. From that moment I never doubted my salvation. I know not, on recollecting this trait, whether I ought to laugh or shudder at myself. Ye great geniuses, who surely laugh at my folly, congratulate yourselves on your superior wisdom, but insult not my unhappiness, for I swear to you that I feel it most sensibly!

These troubles, these alarms, inseparable perhaps from devotion, only made themselves felt at intervals; in general, I was tranquil, and the impression left on my soul by the idea of approaching death was less that of melancholy than a peaceful languor, that even had its pleasures. I have found among my old papers a kind of congratulation and exhortation which I made to myself in case I should die at an age when I had the courage to meet death with serenity, without having experienced any great evils, either of body or mind. How much justice was there in the thought! A preconception of what I had to suffer made me fear to live, and it seemed that I dreaded the fate which must attend my future days. I have never been so near wisdom as during this period, when I felt no great remorse for the past, nor tormenting fear for the future—the reigning sentiment of my soul being the enjoyment of the present. Serious people usually possess a living sensuality, which makes them highly enjoy those innocent pleasures that are allowed them.

Worldlings (I know not why) impute this to them as a crime ; or rather, I well know the cause of this imputation : it is because they envy others the enjoyment of those simple and pure delights which they have lost the relish of. I had these inclinations, and found it charming to gratify them in security of conscience. My yet inexperienced heart gave in to all with the calm happiness of a child ; or rather (if I dare use the expression), with the raptures of an angel : for in reality these pure delights are as serene as those of Paradise. Dinners on the grass at Montagnole, suppers in our arbour, gathering in the fruit, the vintage, a social meeting with our neighbours—all these were so many holidays, in which Madame de Warens took as much pleasure as myself. Solitary walks offered yet purer pleasures, because in them our hearts expanded with greater freedom : one particularly remains on my memory ; it was on a St. Louis's Day, whose patron saint's name Madame de Warens bore : we set out together early and unattended, after having heard a mass at break of day in a chapel adjoining our house, from a Carmelite, who attended for that purpose. As I proposed walking over the hills opposite our dwelling, which we had not yet visited, we sent our provisions on before, the excursion to last the whole day. Madame de Warens, though rather inclined to *embonpoint*, did not walk ill, and we rambled from hill to hill and wood to wood, sometimes in the sun, but oftener in the shade, resting from time to time, regardless of how the hours stole away ; speaking of ourselves, of our union, of the gentleness of our fate, and offering up prayers, which were never heard, for its duration. Everything conspired to augment our happiness : it had rained for several days previous to this and there was no dust, the brooks were full and rapid, a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, the air was pure, the horizon free from clouds, serenity reigned in the sky as in our hearts. Our dinner was prepared at a peasant's house, and shared with him and his family, whose benedictions we received. These poor Savoyards are the worthiest of people. After dinner we

regained the shade, and while I was picking up bits of dried sticks, to boil our coffee, Madame de Warens amused herself with herbalizing among the bushes, and with the flowers I had gathered for her on my way. She made me remark in their construction a thousand natural beauties, that greatly interested me, and which ought to have given me a taste for botany ; but the time was not yet come, and my attention was arrested by too many other studies. Besides this, an idea struck me, which diverted my thoughts from flowers and plants : the situation of my mind at that moment, all that we had said or done that day, every object that has struck me, brought to my remembrance the kind of waking dream I had at Annecy seven or eight years before, and which I have given an account of in its place. The similarity was so striking, that it affected me even to tears. In a transport of tenderness, I embraced Madame de Warens. "My dearest friend," said I, "this day has long since been promised me ; I can see nothing beyond it : my happiness, by your means, is at its height ; may it never decrease : may it continue as long as I am sensible of its value—then it can only finish with my life."

Thus my days passed happily, and the more so because I perceived nothing that could disturb or bring them to a conclusion ; not that the cause of my former uneasiness had absolutely ceased, but I saw it take another course which I directed with my utmost care to useful objects, that the remedy might accompany the evil. Madame de Warens naturally loved the country, and this taste did not cool while with me. By little and little she not only contracted a fondness for rustic employments, but wished to make the most of her land, and had in that particular a knowledge which she practised with pleasure. Not satisfied with what belonged to the house, she hired first a field, then a meadow, transferring her enterprising humour to the objects of agriculture, and instead of remaining unemployed in the house, was in the way of becoming a complete farmer. I was not greatly pleased to see this passion increase, and

endeavoured all I could to oppose it; for I was certain she would be deceived, and that her liberal and extravagant disposition would infallibly carry her expenses beyond her profits. However, I consoled myself by thinking the produce could not be useless, and would, at least, help her to live. Of all the projects she could form, this appeared the least ruinous. Without regarding it, therefore, in the light she did, as a profitable scheme, I thought of it as a perpetual employment, that would keep her from more ruinous enterprises, and out of the reach of impostors. With this idea, I ardently wished to recover my health and strength, so that I might superintend her affairs, overlook her labourers, and indeed, be the principal one myself. The exercise this naturally obliged me to take, with the relaxation it procured me from books and study, was serviceable to my health.

The winter following, Barrillot, returning from Italy, brought me some books; and among others the *Bontempi* and *Il Cartella per Musica* of Père Banchieri. These gave me a taste for the history of music and for the theoretical researches of that pleasing art. Barrillot remained some time with us, and, as I had been of age some months, I determined to go to Geneva the following spring, and demand my mother's inheritance, or, at least that part of it which belonged to me, till it could be ascertained what had become of my brother. This plan was executed as it had been resolved. I went to Geneva; my father met me there, for he had been in the habit of occasionally visiting Geneva for some time, without its being particularly noticed, though the decree pronounced against him had never been reversed; but being esteemed for his courage, and respected for his probity, it was pretended that the situation of his affairs had been forgotten; or, perhaps, the magistrates, employed with the great project that broke out some little time after, were not willing to alarm the citizens by recalling to their memory at an improper time this instance of their former partiality.

I apprehended that I should meet with difficulties, on

account of having changed my religion, but none occurred ; the laws of Geneva being less harsh in that particular than those of Berne, where, whoever changes his religion, not only loses his freedom, but his property. My rights, however, were not disputed ; but I found my patrimony, I know not how, reduced to very little, and though it was known almost to a certainty that my brother was dead, yet, as there was no legal proof, I could not lay claim to his share, which I left without regret to my father, who enjoyed it as long as he lived. No sooner were the necessary formalities adjusted, and I had received my money, some of which I expended in books, than I flew with the remainder to Madame de Warens. My heart beat with joy during the journey, and the moment in which I gave the money into her hands was to me a thousand times more delightful than that which gave it into mine. She received this with a simplicity common to great souls, for such, in doing similar actions without effort, see them without admiration. Indeed, it was almost all expended for my use, and it would have been employed in the same manner had it come from any other quarter.

My health was not yet re-established ; I decayed visibly, was pale as death, and reduced to an absolute skeleton. The beating of my arteries was extreme, my palpitations were very frequent. I was sensible of a continual oppression, and my weakness became at length so great that I could scarcely move a step without danger of suffocation, stoop without an attack of vertigo, or lift even the smallest weight ; and I was consequently reduced to an inaction that was most tormenting to a man so naturally stirring as myself. It is certain my disorder was in a great measure hypochondriacal. The "vapours" is a malady common to people in fortunate situations : the tears I frequently shed, without reason ; the lively alarms I felt on the falling of a leaf, or the fluttering of a bird ; inequality of humour in the calm of a most pleasing life ; lassitude which made me weary even of happiness, and carried sensibility to extravagance, were all instances of this. We are so little formed for felicity,

that when the soul and body do not suffer together, they must necessarily endure separate inconveniences, the good state of the one being almost always injurious to the happiness of the other. Had all the pleasures of life courted me, my weakened frame would not have permitted the enjoyment of them, without my being able to particularize the real seat of my complaint; yet in the decline of life, after having encountered very serious and real evils, my body seemed to regain its strength, as if expressly to encounter additional misfortunes; and at the moment I write this, though infirm, nearly sixty, and overwhelmed with every kind of sorrow, I feel more ability to suffer than I ever possessed for enjoyment, when in the very flower of my age, and in the bosom of real happiness.

To complete my education, I had mingled a little physiology among my other readings. I set about studying anatomy, and considering the multitude, movement, and wonderful construction of the various parts that compose the human frame. My apprehensions were instantly increased. I expected to feel mine deranged twenty times a day, and far from being surprised to find myself dying, was astonished that I yet existed. I could not read the description of any malady without thinking it mine, and had I not been already indisposed, I am certain I should have become so from this study. Finding in every disease symptoms similar to my own, I fancied I had them all, and at length gained one more troublesome than any I yet suffered, and one which I had thought myself delivered from: this was a violent inclination to seek a cure, which it is very difficult to suppress, when once a person begins reading physical books. By searching, reflecting, and comparing, I became persuaded that the foundation of my complaint was a polypus at the heart, and Dr. Salomon appeared to coincide with the idea. Reasonably, this opinion should have confirmed my former resolution of considering myself past cure. This, however, was not the case; on the contrary, I exerted every power of my understanding in search of a remedy for a polypus, resolving to undertake this marvellous cure.

In a journey which Anet had made to Montpellier, to see the botanical garden there, and to visit M. Sauvages, the demonstrator, he had been informed that M. Fizes had cured a polypus similar to that I fancied myself afflicted with. Madame de Warens, recollecting this circumstance, mentioned it to me, and nothing more was necessary to inspire me with a desire to consult M. Fizes. The hope of recovery gave me courage and strength to undertake the journey. The money from Geneva furnished the means. Madame de Warens, far from dissuading, entreated me to go. Behold me, therefore, without further ceremony, setting out for Montpellier! But it was not necessary to go so far to find the cure I was in search of.

Finding the motion of a horse too fatiguing, I had hired a chaise at Grenoble, and on entering Moirans, five or six other chaises arrived in rank after mine. The greater part of these were in the train of a newly-married lady called Madame du Colombier; with her was a Madame de Larnage, not so young or handsome as the former, perhaps, yet certainly not less amiable. The bride was to stop at Romans, but her companion was to pursue her route as far as Saint-Andiol, near the Pont-Saint-Esprit. With my natural timidity, it will not be conjectured that I was very ready at forming an acquaintance with these fine ladies, and the company that attended them; but travelling the same road, lodging at the same inns, and being obliged to eat at the same table, the acquaintance seemed unavoidable, as any backwardness on my part would have secured me the character of a very unsociable being. It was formed then, and even sooner than I desired, for all this bustle was by no means convenient to a person in ill-health, particularly to one of my humour. Curiosity renders these hussies extremely insinuating; they accomplish their design of becoming acquainted with a man by endeavouring to turn his brain; and this was precisely what happened to me. Madame du Colombier was too much surrounded by her young gallants to have any opportunity of paying much attention to me; besides, it was not worth

while, as we were to separate in so short a time ; but Madame de Larnage (less courted than her young friend) had to think of the remainder of the journey. Behold me, then, attacked by Madame de Larnage, and adieu to poor Jean-Jacques, or rather, farewell to fever, vapours, and polypus ; all completely vanished when in her presence. The ill state of my health was the first subject of our conversation ; they saw I was indisposed, knew I was going to Montpellier, but my air and manner certainly did not exhibit the appearance of a libertine, since it was clear by what followed they did not suspect I was going there for a reason that carries many that road.

In the morning they sent to inquire after my health, and invited me to take chocolate with them, inquiring, as I made my appearance, how I had passed the night. Once (according to my praiseworthy custom of speaking without thought) I replied, "I did not know," which answer naturally made them conclude I was a fool ; but on questioning me further the examination turned out so far to my advantage, that I rather rose in their opinion, and I once heard Madame du Colombier say to her friend, "He is amiable, but not sufficiently acquainted with the world." These words were a great encouragement, and assisted me in rendering myself agreeable.

As we became more familiar, it was natural to give each other some little account of whence we came, and who we were. This embarrassed me greatly, for I was sensible that, in good company and among women of spirit, the very name of a new convert would utterly undo me. I know not by what whimsicality I resolved to pass for an Englishman ; however, in consequence of that determination, I gave myself out for a Jacobite, and was readily believed. They called me M. Dudding, which was the name I assumed with my new character ; and a cursed Marquis de Forignan, who was one of the company, an invalid like myself, and both old and ill-tempered, took it in his head to begin a long conversation with me. He spoke of King James, of the Pretender, and the old Court of St. Germain. I sat on

thorns the whole time, for I was totally unacquainted with all these, except what little I had picked up in Count Hamilton's memoirs, and from the gazettes; however, I made such fortunate use of the little I did know, as to extricate myself from this dilemma, decidedly happy at not being questioned on the English language, of which I did not know a single word.

The company were all very agreeable; we looked forward to the moment of separation with regret, and therefore journeyed at a snail's pace. We arrived on Sunday at St. Marcellin's. Madame de Larnage would go to mass; I accompanied her, and had nearly ruined all my affairs, for by my modest reserved countenance during the service, she concluded me a bigot, and altered her opinion of me very much, as I learned from her own account two days after. It required a great deal of gallantry on my part to efface this ill impression, or rather Madame de Larnage (who was not easily disheartened) determined to risk the first advances, and see how I should behave. She made several, but I, far from presuming on my conquest, thought she was making sport of me. Full of this ridiculous idea, there was no folly I was not guilty of. Madame de Larnage persisted in such caressing behaviour that a much wiser man than myself could hardly have taken it seriously. The more obvious her advances were, the more I was confirmed in my mistake; and, what increased my torment, I found I was really in love with her. I frequently said to myself, and sometimes to her, sighing, "Ah! why is not all this real?—then should I be the most fortunate of men." I am inclined to think my stupidity did but increase her resolution and make her determine to get the better of it.

We left Madame du Colombier at Romans; after which, Madame de Larnage, the Marquis de Forignan, and myself continued our route slowly, and in the most agreeable manner. The Marquis, though indisposed and rather ill-humoured, was an agreeable companion, but was not best pleased at seeing the lady bestow all her attentions on me, while he passed unregarded; for Madame de Larnage took

so little care to conceal her inclinations, that he perceived it sooner than I did myself, and his sarcasms must have given me that confidence I could not presume to take from the kindness of the lady, if by a surmise, which no one but myself could have blundered on, I had not imagined they perfectly understood each other, and were agreed to turn my passion into ridicule. This foolish idea completed my stupidity, making me act the most ridiculous part, while, had I listened to the feelings of my heart, I might have been performing one far more brilliant. I am astonished that Madame de Larnage was not disgusted at my folly, and did not discard me with disdain ; but she plainly saw there was more bashfulness than indifference in my composition.

We arrived at Valence to dinner, and according to our usual custom, passed the remainder of the day there. We lodged out of the town, at the Saint Jacques, an inn I shall never forget. After dinner, Madame de Larnage proposed a walk. She knew the Marquis was no walker, consequently this was an excellent plan for a *tête-à-tête*, which she had evidently predetermined to make the most of. While we were walking round the city by the side of the moats, I entered on a long history of my complaint, to which she answered in so tender an accent, frequently pressing my arm, which she held to her heart, that it required all my stupidity not to be convinced of the sincerity of her attachment. I have already observed that she was amiable ; love rendered her charming, adding all the loveliness of youth ; and she managed her advances with so much art that they were sufficient to have seduced the most insensible. I was, therefore, in very uneasy circumstances, and frequently on the point of making a declaration ; but the dread of offending her, and the still greater fear of being laughed at, ridiculed, made table-talk of, and complimented on my enterprise by the satirical Marquis, had such unconquerable power over me, that though ashamed of my ridiculous bashfulness, I could not take courage to surmount it. I had ended the history of my complaints, which I feel the ridiculousness of at this time ; and not knowing how to look, or what to say,

continued silent, giving the finest opportunity in the world for that ridicule I so much dreaded. Happily, Madame de Larnage took a more favourable resolution, and suddenly interrupted this silence by throwing her arm round my neck, while, at the same instant, her lips spoke too plainly to mine to be any longer misunderstood. This was reposing that confidence in me the want of which has almost always prevented me from appearing my true self. For once I was at ease ; my heart, eyes, and tongue spoke freely what I felt ; never did I make better reparation for my mistakes ; and if this little conquest had cost Madame de Larnage some difficulties, I have reason to believe she did not regret them.

Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget this charming woman. I say charming, for though neither young nor beautiful, she was neither old nor ugly, having nothing in her appearance that could prevent her wit and accomplishments from producing all their effects. It was impossible to see her without falling in love, but those she favoured could not fail to adore her ; a fact which proves, in my opinion, that she was not generally so prodigal of her favours. It is true, her inclination for me was so sudden and lively that it scarcely appears excusable ; though from the short but charming interval I passed with her, I have reason to think her heart was more influenced than her passion.

Our good intelligence did not escape the penetration of the Marquis ; not that he discontinued his usual raillery ; on the contrary, he treated me as a sighing, hopeless swain, languishing under the rigours of his mistress. Not a word, smile, or look escaped him by which I could imagine he suspected my happiness ; and I should have thought him completely deceived, had not Madame de Larnage, who was more clear-sighted than myself, assured me of the contrary ; but he was a well-bred man, and it was impossible to behave with more attention, or greater civility, than he constantly paid me (notwithstanding his satirical sallies), especially after my success, which, as he was unacquainted with my stupidity, he perhaps gave me the honour of achieving. It

has already been seen that he was mistaken in this particular ; but no matter, I profited by his error, for being conscious that the laugh was on my side, I took all his sallies in good part, and sometimes parried them with tolerable success ; for, proud of the reputation of wit which Madame de Larnage had thought fit to discover in me, I no longer appeared the same man.

We were both in a country and season of plenty, and had everywhere excellent cheer, thanks to the good offices of the Marquis : though I would willingly have relinquished this advantage to have been more satisfied with the situation of our rooms ; but he always sent his footman on to provide them ; and whether of his own accord, or by the order of his master, the rogue always took care that the Marquis's chamber should be close by Madame de Larnage's, while mine was at the farther end of the house ; but that made no great difference, or perhaps it rendered our rendezvous the more charming. This happiness lasted four or five days, during which time I was intoxicated with delight, tasting pure and serene without any alloy, an advantage I could never boast before ; and, I may add, it is owing to Madame de Larnage that I did not go out of the world without having tasted real pleasure.

If the sentiment I felt for her was not precisely love, it was at least a very tender return of that she testified for me ; our meetings were so delightful that they possessed all the sweets of love, without that kind of delirium which affects the brain, and even tends to diminish our happiness. I never experienced true love but once in my life, and that was not with Madame de Larnage, neither did I feel the affection for her which I had been sensible of, and still continued to possess, for Madame de Warens : but for this very reason, our *tête-à-têtes* were a hundred times more delightful. When with Madame de Warens, my felicity was always disturbed by a secret sadness, a compunction of heart, which I found it impossible to surmount. Instead of being delighted at the acquisition of so much happiness, I could not help reproaching myself with helping to render her I loved

unworthy. On the contrary, with Madame de Larnage, I was proud of my happiness, and enjoyed it without repugnance, while my triumph redoubled every other charm.

I do not recollect exactly where we quitted the Marquis, who resided in this country, but I know we were alone on our arrival at Montélimart, where Madame de Larnage made her chamber-maid get into my chaise, and accommodated me with a seat in hers. It will easily be believed that travelling in this manner was by no means displeasing to me, and that I should be very much puzzled to give any account of the country we passed through. She had some business at Montélimart, which detained her there two or three days; during this time she quitted me but one quarter of an hour, for a visit she could not avoid, which embarrassing her with a number of invitations she had no inclination to accept, she excused herself by pleading some indisposition; though she took care this should not prevent our walking together every day, in the most charming country, and under the finest sky imaginable. Oh, these three days!—what reason have I to regret them? Never did such happiness return again.

The amours of a journey cannot be very durable. It was necessary we should part, and I must confess it was almost time; not that I was weary of my happiness, but I might as well have been. We endeavoured to comfort each other for the pain of parting by forming plans for our reunion; and it was concluded that, after staying five or six weeks at Montpellier (which would give Madame de Larnage time to prepare for my reception in such a manner as to prevent scandal), I should return to Saint Andiol, and spend the winter under her direction. She gave me ample instruction on what it was necessary I should know, on what it would be proper to say, and how I should conduct myself. She spoke much and earnestly on the care of my health, conjured me to consult some skilful physicians, and be attentive and exact in following their prescriptions, whatever they might happen to be. I believe her concern was sincere, for she loved me and gave proofs of an affection

less equivocal than the prodigality of her favours; for judging by my mode of travelling that I was not in very affluent circumstances (though not rich herself), on our parting she would have had me share the contents of her purse, which she had brought pretty well furnished from Grenoble, and it was with great difficulty I could make her put up with a denial. In a word, we parted; my heart full of love for her, and hers (if I am not mistaken) as firmly attached to me.

While pursuing the remainder of my journey, remembrance ran over everything that had passed from the commencement of it, and I was well satisfied at finding myself alone in a comfortable chaise, where I could ruminate at ease on the pleasures I had enjoyed, and those which awaited my return. I only thought of Saint Andoil; of the life I was to lead there. I saw nothing but Madame de Larnage, or what related to her; the whole universe besides was nothing to me—even Madame de Warens was forgotten! I set about combining all the details by which Madame de Larnage had endeavoured to give me in advance an idea of her house, of the neighbourhood, of her connections and manner of life, and found everything charming.

She had a daughter, whom she had often described in the warmest terms of maternal affection. This daughter was fifteen, lively, charming, and of an amiable disposition. Madame de Larnage promised me her friendship; I had not forgot that promise, and was curious to know how Mademoiselle de Larnage would treat her mother's *bon ami*. These were the subjects of my reveries from the bridge of Saint Esprit to Remoulin. I had been advised to visit the Pont-du-Gard; hitherto I had seen none of the remaining monuments of Roman magnificence, and I expected to find this worthy of the hands by which it was constructed; for once, the reality surpassed my expectation. This was the only time in my life it ever did so, and the Romans alone could have produced that effect. The view of this noble and sublime work struck me the more forcibly from being

in the midst of a desert, where silence and solitude render the majestic edifice more striking, and admiration more lively, for, though called a bridge, it is nothing more than an aqueduct. One cannot help exclaiming, What strength could have transported these enormous stones so far from any quarry? And what motive could have united the labours of so many millions of men in a place that no one inhabited? I remained here whole hours, in the most ravishing contemplation, and returned pensive and thoughtful to my inn. This reverie was by no means favourable to Madame de Larnage; she had taken care to forewarn me against the girls of Montpellier, but not against the Pont-du-Gard. It is impossible to provide for every contingency.

On my arrival at Nismes, I went to see the amphitheatre, which is a far more magnificent work than even the Pont-du-Gard, yet it made a much smaller impression on me; perhaps, because my admiration had been already exhausted on the former object, or that the situation of the latter, in the midst of a city, was less proper to excite it. This vast and superb circus is surrounded by small dirty houses, while yet smaller and dirtier fill up the area in such a manner that the whole produces an unequal and confused effect, in which regret and indignation stifle pleasure and surprise. The amphitheatre at Verona is a vast deal smaller, and less beautiful, than that at Nismes, but preserved with all possible care and neatness, by which means alone it made a much stronger and more agreeable impression on me. The French pay no regard to these things, respect no monument of antiquity; ever eager to undertake, they never finish, nor preserve anything that is already finished to their hands.

I was so much better, and had gained such an appetite by exercise, that I stopped a whole day at the *Pynt-de-Lunel*, for the sake of good entertainment and company, this being deservedly esteemed at that time the best inn in Europe; for those who kept it, knowing how to make its fortunate situation turn to advantage, took care to provide both

abundance and variety. It was really curious to find in a lonely country house a table every day furnished with sea and fresh-water fish, excellent game, and choice wines, served up with all the attention and care which are only to be expected among the great or opulent, and all this for thirty-five *sous* each person. But the *Pont-de-Lunel* did not long remain on this footing, for the proprietor, presuming too much on its reputation, at length lost it entirely.

During this journey, I really forgot my complaints, but recollected them again on my arrival at Montpellier. My vapours were absolutely gone, but every other complaint remained, and though custom had rendered them less troublesome, they were still sufficient to make any one who had been suddenly seized with them suppose himself attacked by some mortal disease. In effect, they were rather alarming than painful, and made the mind suffer more than the body, though it apparently threatened the latter with destruction. While my attention was called off by the vivacity of my passions, I paid no attention to my health ; but as my complaints were not altogether imaginary, I thought of them seriously when the tumult had subsided. Recollecting the salutary advice of Madame de Larnage, and the cause of my journey, I consulted the most famous practitioners, particularly M. Fizes, and through superabundance of precaution, boarded at a doctor's, who was an Irishman, named Fitz-Morris.

This gentleman boarded a number of young gentlemen who were studying physic, and, what rendered his house very comfortable for an invalid, he contented himself with a moderate pension for provision, lodging, &c., and took nothing of his boarders for attendance as a physician. He even undertook to execute the orders of M. Fizes, and he endeavoured to re-establish my health. He certainly acquitted himself very well in his employment ; as to regimen, indigestions were not to be gained at his table ; and though I am not much hurt at privations of that kind, the objects of comparison were so near, that I could not

help thinking with myself sometimes, that M. de Torignan was a much better purveyor than M. Fitz-Morris ; notwithstanding, as there was no danger of dying with hunger, and all the youths were gay and good-humoured, I believe this manner of living was really serviceable, and prevented my falling into those languors I had latterly been so subject to. I passed the morning in taking medicines, particularly, I know not what kind of waters, but believe they were those of Vals, and in writing to Madame de Larnage ; for the correspondence was regularly kept up, and Rousseau kindly undertook to receive these letters for his good friend Dudding. At noon I took a walk to the Canourgue with some of our young boarders, who were all very good lads ; after this we assembled for dinner ; when this was over, an affair of importance employed the greater part of us till night—this was going a little way out of town to take our afternoon's collation, and make up two or three parties at mall. As I had neither strength nor skill, I did not play myself, but I betted on the games ; and, interested for the success of my wager, followed the players and their balls over rough and stony roads, procuring by this means both an agreeable and salutary exercise. We took our afternoon's refreshment at an inn out of the town. I need not observe that these meetings were extremely merry, but should not omit that they were equally innocent, though the maids of the house were very pretty. M. Fitz-Morris (who was a great mall player himself) was our president ; and I must observe, notwithstanding the imputation of wildness that is generally bestowed on students, that I found more virtuous dispositions among these youths than could easily be found among an equal number of older men ; they were rather noisy than fond of wine, and more merry than licentious.

I accustomed myself so much to this mode of life, and it accorded so much with my humour, that I should have been very well content to have remained here permanently. Several of my fellow-boarders were Irish, from whom I endeavoured to learn some English words, as a precaution

for Saint-Andoil. The time now drew near for my departure ; every letter Madame de Larnage wrote, she entreated me not to delay, and at length I prepared to obey her.

I was convinced that the physicians (who understood nothing of my disorder) looked on my complaint as imaginary, and treated me accordingly with their waters and whey. In this respect physicians and philosophers differ widely from theologians—admitting the truth only of what they can explain, and making their knowledge the measure of possibilities. These gentlemen understood nothing of my illness, therefore concluded I could not be ill ; and who would presume to doubt the profound skill of a physician ? I plainly saw they only meant to amuse me, and make me swallow my money ; and judging their substitute at Saint-Andoil would do me quite as much service, and be infinitely more agreeable, I resolved to give her the preference ; full, therefore, of this wise resolution, I quitted Montpellier.

I departed towards the end of November, after a stay of six weeks or two months in that town, where I left a dozen louis, without either my health or understanding being the better for it, except from a short course of anatomy begun under M. Fitz-Morris, this I was soon obliged to abandon as I found it impossible to endure the horrible stench of the bodies he dissected.

Not thoroughly satisfied in my own mind of the rectitude of this expedition, as I advanced towards the bridge of Saint-Esprit (equally the road to Saint-Andoil and Chambery), I began to reflect on Madame de Warens, the remembrance of whose letters, though less frequent than those from Madame de Larnage, awakened in my heart a remorse that passion had stifled in the first part of my journey, but which became so lively on my return, that, setting a just estimate on my love of pleasure, I found myself in such a situation of mind that I could listen wholly to the voice of reason. Besides, in continuing to act the part of an adventurer, I might be less fortunate than I had been in the beginning ; for it was

only necessary that in all Saint-Andoil there should be one person who had been in England, or who knew the English, or anything of their language; to prove me an impostor. The family of Madame de Larnage might not be pleased with me, and would, perhaps, treat me impolitely; her daughter too made me uneasy, for, spite of myself, I thought more of her than was necessary. I trembled lest I should fall in love with this girl, and that very fear had already half done the mischief. Was I going, in return for the mother's kindness, to seek the ruin of the daughter?—to sow dissension, dishonour, scandal, and hell itself, in her family? The very idea struck me with horror, and I took the firmest resolution to combat and vanquish this unhappy attachment, should I be so unfortunate as to experience it. But why expose myself to misfortunes, affronts, and remorse, for the sake of pleasures whose greatest charm was already exhausted? For I was sensible this attachment had lost its first vivacity. With these thoughts were mingled reflections relative to my situation and duty to that good and generous friend, who, already loaded with debts, would become more so from the foolish expenses I was running into, and whom I was deceiving so unworthily. This reproach at length became so keen that it triumphed over every temptation, and on approaching the bridge of Saint-Esprit, I formed the resolution to burn my whole magazine of letters from Saint-Andoil, and continue my journey straight to Chambéry.

I executed this resolution courageously, with some sighs I confess, but with the heartfelt satisfaction, enjoyed for the first time in my life, of saying, "I merit my own esteem, and know how to prefer duty to pleasure." This was the first real obligation I owed my books, since these had taught me to reflect and compare. After the virtuous principles I had so lately adopted, after all the rules of wisdom and honour I had proposed to myself, and felt so proud to follow, the shame of possessing so little stability, and contradicting so egregiously my own maxims, triumphed over the allurements of pleasure. Perhaps, after all, pride had as much

share in my resolution as virtue ; but if this pride is not virtue itself, its effects are so similar that we are pardonable in deceiving ourselves.

/ One advantage resulting from good actions is that they elevate the soul to a disposition of attempting still better ; for such is human weakness, that we must place among our good deeds an abstinence from those crimes that we are tempted to commit. No sooner was my resolution confirmed, than I became another man, or rather, I became what I was before I had erred, and saw in its true colours what the intoxication of the moment had either concealed or disguised. Full of worthy sentiments and wise resolutions, I continued my journey, intending to regulate my future conduct by the laws of virtue, and dedicate myself without reserve to that best of friends, to whom I avowed as much fidelity in future as I felt real attachment. The sincerity of this return to virtue appeared to promise a better destiny ; but mine, alas ! was fixed, and already begun : even at the very moment when my heart, full of good and virtuous sentiments, was contemplating only innocence and happiness through life, I touched on the fatal period that was to draw after it the long chain of my misfortunes.

My impatience to arrive at Chambery had made me use more diligence than I meant to do. I had sent a letter from Valence, mentioning the day and hour I should arrive, but I had gained half a day on this calculation ; this time I passed at Chaparillan, that I might arrive exactly at the time I mentioned. I wished to enjoy to its full extent the pleasure of seeing her, and preferred deferring this happiness a little, that expectancy might increase the value of it. This precaution had always succeeded ; hitherto my arrival had caused a little holiday ; I expected no less this time, and these preparations, so dear to me, would have been well worth the trouble of contriving them.

I arrived then exactly at the hour, and while at a considerable distance, looked forward with an expectancy of seeing her on the road to meet me. The beating of my heart increased as I drew near the house. At length I

arrived, quite out of breath, for I had left my chaise in the town. I see no one in the garden, at the door, or at the windows ; I am seized with terror, fearful that some accident has happened. I enter : all is quiet ; the labourers are eating their luncheon in the kitchen, and far from observing any preparation, the servant seems surprised to see me, not knowing I was expected. I go upstairs. At length I see her—that dear friend, so tenderly, truly, and entirely beloved ! I instantly ran towards her, and threw myself at her feet. “ Ah ! child,” said she, “ art thou returned then ? ” embracing me at the same time. “ Have you had a good journey ? How do you do ? ” This reception amused me for some moments. I then asked whether she had received my letter. She answered “ Yes.” “ I should have thought not,” replied I ; and the information concluded thus. A young man was with her at this time. I recollected having seen him in the house before my departure, but at present he seemed established there ; in short, he was so : I found my place already supplied !

This young man came from the country of Vaud ; his father, named Vintzenried, was keeper of the prison, or, as he expressed himself, Captain of the Castle of Chillon. The son of the Captain was a journeyman peruke-maker, and gained his living in that capacity when he first presented himself to Madame de Warens, who received him kindly, as she did all comers, particularly those from her own country. He was a tall, fair, silly youth ; well enough made, with an unmeaning face, and a mind of the same description, speaking always like the beau in a comedy, and mingling the manners and customs of his former situation with a long history of his gallantry and success ; naming, according to his account, not above half the Marchionesses who had favoured him, and pretending never to have dressed the head of a pretty woman without having likewise decorated her husband's : vain, foolish, ignorant, and insolent—such was the worthy substitute taken in my absence, and the companion offered me on my return.

Oh, if souls disengaged from their terrestrial bonds yet

view from the bosom of eternal light what passes here below, pardon, dear and respectable shade, that I show no more favour to your failings than my own, but equally unveil both ! I ought, and will, be just to you as myself; but how much less will you lose by this resolution than I shall ! How much do your affectionate and gentle disposition, your inexhaustible goodness of heart, your frankness, and other amiable virtues, compensate for your foibles, if a subversion of reason alone can be called such ! You had errors, but not vices ; your conduct was reprehensible, but your heart was ever pure.

The new-comer had shown himself zealous and exact in all her little commissions, which were ever numerous, and he diligently overlooked the labourers. As noisy and insolent as I was quiet and forbearing, he was seen, or rather heard, at the plough, in the hay-loft, wood-house, stable, farm-yard, at the same instant. He neglected the gardening, this labour being too peaceful and moderate ; his chief pleasure was to load or drive the cart, to saw or cleave wood ; he was never seen without a hatchet or pick-axe in his hand, running, knocking, and hallooing with all his might. I know not how many men's labour he performed, but he certainly made noise enough for ten or a dozen at least. All this bustle imposed on poor Madame de Warens ; she thought this young man a treasure, and willing to attach him to herself, employed the means she imagined necessary for that purpose, not forgetting what she most depended on, the surrender of her person.

Those who have thus far read this work should be able to form some judgment of my heart ; its sentiments were the most constant and sincere, particularly those which had brought me back to Chambery ;—what a sudden and complete overthrow was this to my whole being !—but to judge fully of this, the reader must place himself for a moment in my situation. I saw all the future felicity I had promised myself vanish in a moment ; all the charming ideas I had indulged so affectionately disappear entirely ; and I who even from childhood had not been able to consider my existence for a

moment as separate from hers, for the first time saw myself utterly alone. This moment was dreadful, and those that succeeded it were gloomy. I was yet young, but the pleasing sentiments of enjoyment and hope that enliven youth were extinguished. From that hour my existence seemed half annihilated. I contemplated in advance the melancholy remains of an insipid life, and if at any time an image of happiness glanced through my mind, it was not that which appeared natural to me, and I felt that, even should I obtain it, I must still be wretched.

I was so dull of apprehension, and my confidence in her was so great, that, notwithstanding the familiar tone of the new-comer — which I looked on as an effect of the easy disposition of Madame de Warens, that rendered her free with every one—I never should have suspected his real situation had not she herself informed me of it; but she hastened to make this avowal with a freedom calculated to inflame me with resentment, could my heart have turned to that point. Speaking of this connection as quite immaterial with respect to herself, she reproached me with negligence in the care of the family, and mentioned my frequent absence, as though she had been in haste to supply my place. “Ah!” said I, my heart bursting with the most poignant grief, “what do you dare to inform me of? Is this the reward of an attachment like mine? Have you so many times preserved my life for the sole purpose of taking from me all that could render it desirable? Your infidelity will bring me to the grave, but you will regret my loss!” She answered, with a tranquillity sufficient to distract me, that I talked like a child; that people did not die from such slight causes; that our friendship need be no less sincere, nor we any less intimate, for that her tender attachment to me could neither diminish nor end but with herself. In a word, she gave me to understand that my happiness need not suffer any decrease from the good fortune of this new favourite.

Never did the purity, truth, and force of my attachment to her appear more evident; never did I feel the sincerity and

honesty of my soul more forcibly than at that moment. "No, Madame," replied I, with the most violent agitation, "I love you too much to disgrace you thus far, and too truly to share you; the regret that accompanied the first acquisition of your favours has continued to increase with my affection; I cannot preserve them with so violent an augmentation of it. You shall ever have my adoration; be worthy of it; to me that is more necessary than all you can bestow. It is to you, O my dearest friend! that I resign my rights; it is to the union of our hearts that I sacrifice my pleasure; rather would I perish a thousand times, than thus degrade her I love."

I preserved this resolution with a constancy worthy, I may say, of the sentiment that gave it birth. From this moment I saw this beloved woman but with the eyes of a real son. It should be remarked here, that this resolve did not meet her private approbation, as I too well perceived; yet she never employed the last art to make me renounce it either by insinuating proposals, caresses, or any of the means which women so well know how to employ without exposing themselves to any violent censure, and which seldom fail to succeed. Reduced to seek a fate independent of hers, and not able to devise one, I passed to the other extreme, placing my happiness so absolutely in her that I became almost regardless of myself. The ardent desire to see her happy, at any rate, absorbed all my affections; it was in vain she endeavoured to separate her felicity from mine—I felt I had a part in it, spite of every impediment.

Thus, those virtues, whose seeds in my heart began to spring up with my misfortunes, and which had been cultivated by study, only waited the fermentation of adversity to become prolific. The first fruit of this disinterested disposition was to put from my heart every sentiment of hatred and envy against him who had supplanted me. I even sincerely wished to attach myself to this young man; to form and educate him; to make him sensible of his happiness, and, if possible, render him worthy of it: in a

word, to do for him what Anet had formerly done for me. But the similarity of dispositions was wanting. More insinuating and enlightened than Anet, I possessed neither his coolness, fortitude, nor commanding strength of character, and these I must have had in order to succeed. Neither did the young man possess the qualities that Anet found in me ; such as gentleness, gratitude, and, above all, the knowledge of a want of his instructions, and an ardent desire to render them useful. All these were wanting : the person I wished to improve saw in me nothing but an importunate, chattering pedant ; while, on the contrary, he admired his own importance in the house, measuring the services he thought he rendered by the noise he made, and looking on his saws, hatchets, and pickaxes as infinitely more useful than all my old books : and, perhaps, in this particular, he might not be altogether blameable ; but he gave himself a number of airs sufficient to make any one die with laughter. With the peasants he assumed the airs of a country gentleman ; presently he did as much with me, and at length with Madame de Warens herself. His name, Vintzenried, did not appear noble enough, he, therefore, changed it to that of Monsieur de Courtilles, and by the latter appellation he was known at Chambéry, and in Maurienne, where he married.

At length this illustrious personage gave himself such airs of consequence that he was everything in the house, and myself nothing. When I had the misfortune to displease him, he scolded Madame de Warens, and a fear of exposing her to his brutality rendered me subservient to all his whims ; so that every time he cleaved wood (an office he performed with a most singular pride), it was necessary I should be an idle spectator and admirer of his prowess. This lad was not, however, of a bad disposition. He loved Madame de Warens—indeed, it was impossible to do otherwise ; nor had he any aversion even to me, and he, in the intervals between his pettish outbreaks, would listen to our admonitions, and frankly own he was a fool ; yet, notwithstanding these acknowledgments, his

follies continued in the same proportion. His knowledge was so contracted, and his inclinations so mean, that it was useless to reason, and almost impossible to be pleased with him. Not content with a most charming woman, he amused himself with an old red-haired, toothless waiting-maid, whose unwelcome service Madame de Warens had the patience to endure, though it was absolutely disgusting. I soon perceived this new inclination, and was exasperated at it; but I saw something else which affected me yet more, and made a deeper impression on me than anything had hitherto done. This was the visible coldness in the behaviour of Madame de Warens towards me.

The privation I had imposed on myself, and which she affected to approve, is one of those affronts which women scarcely ever forgive. Take the most sensible, the most philosophic female, one the least attached to pleasures, yet slighting her favours, if within your reach, will be found the most unpardonable crime, even though she may care nothing for the man. This rule is certainly without exception. Since a sympathy so natural and ardent was impaired in her by an abstinence founded only on virtue, attachment, and esteem, I no longer found with her that union of hearts which constituted all the happiness of mine. She seldom sought me but when we had occasion to complain of this new-comer, for, when they were agreed, I enjoyed but little of her confidence, and at length was scarcely ever consulted in her affairs. She seemed pleased, indeed, with my company; but had I passed whole days without seeing her, she would hardly have missed me.

Insensibly, I found myself desolate and alone in that house of which I had formerly been the very soul; where, if I may so express myself, I had enjoyed a double life, and, by degrees, I accustomed myself to disregard everything that passed, and even those who dwelt there. To avoid continual mortifications, I shut myself up with my books, or else wept and sighed unnoticed in the woods. This life soon became insupportable. I felt that the presence of a woman so dear to me, while estranged from her heart, increased my

unhappiness, and was persuaded that, ceasing to see her, I should feel myself less cruelly separated.

I resolved, therefore, to quit the house, mentioned it to her, and she, far from opposing my resolution, approved it. She had an acquaintance at Grenoble called Madame Deybens, whose husband was on terms of friendship with Monsieur de Mably, chief provost of Lyons. M. Deybens proposed my educating M. de Mably's children. I accepted this offer, and departed for Lyons, without causing, and almost without feeling, the least regret at a separation, the bare idea of which, a few months before, would have given us both the most excruciating torments.

I had almost as much knowledge as was necessary for a tutor, and flattered myself that my method would be unexceptionable; but the year I passed at M. de Mably's was sufficient to undeceive me in that particular. The gentleness of my disposition, if hastiness had not been mingled with it, would have well fitted me for the employment. While things went favourably, and I saw my pains (which I did not spare) succeed, I was an angel; but a devil when they were spent in vain. If my pupils did not understand me, I was hasty; and when they showed any symptoms of an untoward disposition, I was so provoked that I could have killed them: a behaviour that was not likely to render them either good or wise. I had two under my care, and they were of very different tempers. Sainte-Marie, who was between eight and nine years old, was well made, and had an apprehension, was giddy, lively, playful, and mischievous; but his mischief was ever good-humoured. The younger one, named Condillac, appeared stupid and fretful, was headstrong as a mule, and seemed incapable of instruction. It may be supposed that between both I did not want employment, yet with patience and temper I might have succeeded; but wanting both, I did nothing worth mentioning, and my pupils profited very little. I could only make use of three means, each being very weak, and often pernicious with children, namely, sentiment, reasoning, passion. I sometimes exerted myself so much with Sainte-

Marie that I could not refrain from tears, and wished to excite similar sensations in him ; as if it was reasonable to suppose a child could be susceptible of such emotions. Sometimes I exhausted myself in reasoning, as if persuaded he could comprehend me ; and as he frequently formed very subtle arguments, concluded he must be reasonable, because he bade fair to be so good a logician.

The little Condillac was still more embarrassing, for he neither understood, answered, nor was concerned at anything ; he was of an obstinacy beyond belief, and was never happier than when he had succeeded in putting me in a rage ; then, indeed, he was the philosopher, and I the child. I was conscious of all my faults, studied the tempers of my pupils, and became acquainted with them ; but where was the use of seeing the evil without being able to apply a remedy ? My penetration was unavailing, since it never prevented any mischief ; and everything I undertook failed, because all I did to effect my designs was precisely what I ought not to have done.

I was not more fortunate in what had only reference to myself than in what concerned my pupils. Madame Deybens, in recommending me to her friend Madame de Mably, had requested her to form my manners, and endeavour to give me an air of the world. She took some pains on this account, wishing to teach me how to do the honours of the house ; but I was so awkward, bashful, and stupid, that she found it necessary to stop there. This, however, did not prevent me from falling in love with her, according to my usual custom. I even behaved in such a manner that she could not avoid observing it ; but I never durst declare my passion, and, as the lady never seemed in a humour to make advances, I soon became weary of my sighs and ogling, being convinced they answered no purpose.

I had quite lost my inclination for little thefts while with Madame de Warens ; indeed, as everything belonged to me, there was nothing to steal ; besides, the elevated notions I had imbibed ought to have rendered me in future above such

meanness, and, generally speaking, they certainly did so ; but this rather proceeded from my having learned to conquer temptations than having succeeded in rooting out the propensity, and I should even now greatly dread stealing, as in my infancy, were I yet subject to the same inclinations. I had a proof of this at M. de Mably's, where, though surrounded by a number of little things that I could easily have pilfered, and which appeared no temptation, I took it into my head to covet some white Arbois wine, some glasses of which I had drunk at table, and thought delicious. It happened to be rather thick, and, as I fancied myself an excellent finer of wine, I mentioned my skill, and this was accordingly trusted to my care ; but in attempting to mend I spoiled it, though to the sight only, for it remained equally agreeable to the taste. Profiting by this opportunity, I furnished myself from time to time with a few bottles to drink in my own apartment ; but, unluckily, could never drink without eating—the difficulty lay, therefore, in procuring bread. It was impossible to make a reserve of this article, and to have it brought by the footman was discovering myself, and insulting the master of the house. I could not bear to purchase it myself : how could a fine gentleman, with a sword by his side, enter a baker's shop to buy a small loaf of bread ? It was utterly impossible. At length I recollected the thoughtless saying of a great princess, who, on being informed that the country people had no bread, replied, "Then let them eat cake." Yet even this resource was attended with a difficulty. I sometimes went out alone for this very purpose, running over the whole city, and passing thirty pastrycooks' shops without daring to enter any one of them. In the first place, it was necessary there should be only one person in the shop, and that person's physiognomy must be so encouraging as to give me confidence to pass the threshold ; but when once the dear little cake was produced, and I shut up in my chamber with that and a bottle of wine, taken cautiously from the bottom of a cupboard, how much did I enjoy drinking my wine, and reading a few pages of a novel ; for when I have no company I

always wish to read while eating—it seems a substitute for society—and I despatch alternately a page and a morsel : 'tis, indeed, as if my book dined with me.

I was neither dissolute nor sottish, never in my whole life having been intoxicated with liquor. My little thefts were not very indiscreet, yet they were discovered—the bottles betrayed me, and, though no notice was taken of it, I had no longer the management of the cellar. In all this M. de Mably conducted himself with prudence and politeness, being really a very deserving man, who, under a manner as harsh as his employment, concealed a real gentleness of disposition and uncommon goodness of heart. He was judicious, equitable, and (what would not be expected from an officer of the *Maréchaussée*) very humane.

Sensible of his indulgence, I became greatly attached to him, and this made my stay at Lyons longer than it would otherwise have been ; but at length, disgusted with an employment for which I was not calculated, and a situation of great confinement, consequently disagreeable to me, after a year's trial, during which time I spared no pains to fulfil my engagement, I determined to quit my pupils, being convinced I should never succeed in educating them properly. M. de Mably saw this as clearly as myself, though I am inclined to think he would never have dismissed me had I not spared him the trouble, an excess of condescension in this particular that I certainly cannot justify.

What rendered my situation yet more insupportable was the comparison I was continually drawing between the life I now led and that which I had quitted : the remembrance of my dear Charmettes, my garden, trees, fountain, and orchard, but, above all, the company of her who was born to give life and soul to every other enjoyment. On calling to mind our pleasures and innocent life, I was seized with such oppressions and heaviness of heart as deprived me of the power of performing anything as it should be. A hundred times I was tempted instantly to set off on foot to my dear Madame de Warens, being persuaded that, could I once more see her, I should be content to die that moment.

In fact, I could no longer resist the tender emotions which called me back to her, whatever it might cost me. I accused myself of not having been sufficiently patient, complaisant, and kind ; concluding I might yet live happily with her on terms of tender friendship, by showing more for her than I had hitherto done. I formed the finest projects in the world, burned to execute them, left all, renounced everything, departed, fled, and arriving in all the transports of my early youth, found myself once more at her feet. Alas ! I should have died there with joy had I found in her reception, in her embrace, or in her heart, one quarter of what I had formerly found there, and of which I yet felt the undiminished warmth.

Fearful illusion of transitory things, how often dost thou torment us in vain ! She received me with that excellence of heart which could only die with her ; but I sought the influence there which could never be recalled, and had hardly been half an hour with her before I was once more convinced that my former happiness had vanished for ever, and that I was in the same melancholy situation which I had been obliged to fly from, yet without being able to accuse any person with my unhappiness, for Courtilles really was not to blame, appearing to see my return with more pleasure than dissatisfaction. But how could I bear to be a secondary person with her to whom I had been everything, and who could never cease being such to me ? How could I live an alien in that house where I had been the child ? The sight of every object that had been witness to my former happiness rendered the comparison yet more distressing. I should have suffered less in any other habitation, for this incessantly recalled such pleasing remembrances that it only brought the recollection of my loss into painful contrast.

Consumed with vain regrets, given up to the most gloomy melancholy, I resumed the custom of remaining alone, except at meals. Shut up with my books, I sought to give some useful diversion to my ideas ; and feeling the imminent danger of want, which I had so long dreaded, I

sought means to prepare for and meet it when Madame de Warens should have no other resource. I had placed her household on a footing not to become worse, but since my departure everything had become altered. He who now managed her affairs was a spendthrift, and wished to make a great appearance, such as keeping a good horse with elegant trappings, loving to appear gay in the eyes of the neighbours, and was perpetually undertaking something he did not understand. Her pension was taken up in advance, her rent was in arrears, debts of every kind continued to accumulate. I could plainly foresee that her pension would soon be seized, and perhaps suppressed. In short, I expected nothing but ruin and misfortune, and the moment appeared to approach so rapidly that I already felt all its horrors.

My study was my sole distraction, and after a tedious search for remedies for the sufferings of my mind, I determined to seek some against the evil of distressing circumstances, which I daily expected would fall upon us; and, returning to my old chimeras, behold me once more building castles in the air to relieve this dear friend from the cruel extremities into which I saw her ready to fall. I did not believe myself wise enough to shine in the republic of letters, or to stand any chance of making a fortune by that means; a new idea, therefore, inspired me with a confidence that the mediocrity of my talents could not impart.

In ceasing to teach music I had not abandoned all thoughts of it. On the contrary, I had studied the theory sufficiently to consider myself well informed on the subject. When reflecting on the trouble it had cost me to read music, and the great difficulty I yet experienced in singing at sight, I began to think the fault might as well arise from the way in which it was written, as from my own dulness, being sensible it was an art that most people find difficult to understand. By examining the formation of the signs, I was convinced they were frequently very ill devised. I had before thought of marking the gamut by figures, to

prevent the trouble of having lines to draw, or noting the plainest air, but had been stopped by the difficulty of the octaves, and by the distinction of measure and quantity. This idea returned again to my mind, and, on a careful revision of it, I found the difficulties were by no means insurmountable. I pursued it successfully, and was at length able to note any music whatever by figures, with the greatest exactitude and simplicity. From this moment I supposed my fortune made, and, in the ardour of sharing it with her to whom I owed everything, thought only of going to Paris, not doubting that on presenting my project to the Academy, it would be adopted with rapture. I had brought some money from Lyons. I augmented this stock by the sale of my books, and in the course of a fortnight my resolution was both formed and executed. In short, full of the magnificent ideas it had inspired, and which were common to me on every occasion, I departed from Savoy with my new system of music, as I had formerly done from Turin with my toy-fountain.

Such have been the errors and follies of my youth. I have related the history of them with a fidelity that my heart approves ; if my riper years were dignified with some virtues, I should have related them with the same frankness : it was my intention to have done this, but I must forego that pleasing task, and stop here. Time, which renders justice to the characters of most men, may withdraw the veil ; and should my memory reach posterity, it may one day be discovered what I had to say—then it will be understood why I am now silent.

BOOK VII.

LYONS—PARIS—VENICE.

AFTER two years' silence and patience, and notwithstanding my resolutions, I again take up my pen. Reader, suspend your judgment as to the reasons that force me to such a step: of these you can be no judge until you shall have read my book.

My peaceful youth has been seen to pass away calmly and agreeably, without any great disappointments or remarkable prosperity. This mediocrity was mostly owing to my ardent yet feeble nature, less prompt in undertaking than easy to discourage; quitting repose by violent agitations, but returning to it from lassitude and inclination, and this, placing me in an idle and tranquil state, for which alone I felt I was born, at a distance from the paths of great virtues, and still farther from those of great vices, never permitted me to arrive at anything great either good or bad. What a different account shall I soon have to give of myself! Fate, that for thirty years forced my inclinations, for thirty others has seemed to oppose them; and this continued opposition between my situation and inclinations will appear to have been the source of enormous faults, unheard of misfortunes, and every virtue except that fortitude which alone can do honour to adversity.

The history of the first part of my life was written from memory, and is, consequently, full of errors. As I am obliged to write the second part from memory also, the errors in it will probably be still more numerous. The agreeable remembrance of the best part of my life, passed with so much tranquillity and innocence, has left in my heart a thousand charming impressions which I love incessantly to call to my recollection. It will soon appear how different from these those of the rest of my life have been. To recall them to my mind would be to renew their bitterness. Far from increasing that of my situation by these sorrowful reflec-

tions, I repel them as much as possible, and in this endeavour often succeed so well as to be unable to find them at will. This facility of forgetting my misfortunes is a consolation heaven has reserved to me in the midst of those evils which fate will some day accumulate upon my head. My memory, which presents to me no objects but such as are agreeable, is the happy counterpoise of a terrified imagination, that causes me to foresee nothing but a cruel future.

All the papers I had collected to aid my recollection and guide me in this undertaking are no longer in my possession, nor can I ever again hope to regain them.

(I have but one faithful guide that I can depend upon : the chain of sentiment that has marked the progress of my existence, and which has been either the cause or the effect of all its events.) I easily forget my misfortunes, but I cannot forget my faults, and still less my virtuous sentiments. The remembrance of these is too dear to me ever to suffer them to be effaced from my mind. (I may omit facts, transpose events, and fall into some errors of dates ; but I cannot be deceived in what I have felt, nor in that which from sentiment I have done ; and to relate this is the chief end of my present work.) The real object of my confessions is to communicate an exact knowledge of what I interiorly am and have been in every situation of my life. I have promised the history of my mind, and to write it faithfully I have no need of other memoirs : to enter into my own heart, as I have hitherto done, will alone be sufficient.

There is, however, and very happily, an interval of six or seven years, relative to which I have exact references, in a collection of letters copied from the originals, in the hands of M. du Peyrou. This collection, concluding with 1760, comprehends the whole time of my residence at "The Hermitage," and my great quarrel with those who called themselves my friends—that memorable epoch of my life, and the source of all my other misfortunes. With respect to more original letters which may remain in my possession, and are but few in number, instead of transcribing them

at the end of this collection, too voluminous to enable me to deceive the vigilance of my Arguses, I will copy them into the work whenever they appear to furnish any explanation, be this either for or against myself; for I am not under the least apprehension lest the reader should forget I make my confession, and be induced to believe I make my apology; but he cannot expect I shall conceal the truth when it testifies in my favour.

This second part, it is likewise to be remembered, contains nothing in common with the first, except truth, nor has any other advantage over it but the importance of the facts; in everything else it is inferior to the former. I wrote the first with pleasure, with satisfaction, and at my ease, at Wootton, or in the Château de Trye. Everything I had to recollect was a new enjoyment. I returned to my study with an increased pleasure, and without constraint gave that turn to my descriptions which most flattered my imagination.

At present my head and memory are become so weak as to render me almost incapable of every kind of application: my present undertaking is the result of constraint, and a heart full of sorrow. I have nothing to treat of but misfortunes, treacheries, perfidies, and circumstances equally afflicting. I would give the world, could I bury in oblivion everything I have to say, and which, in spite of myself, I am obliged to relate. I am, at the same time, under the necessity of being mysterious and subtle, of endeavouring to impose and of descending to things that are most foreign to my nature. The ceiling under which I write has eyes; the walls of my chamber have ears. Surrounded by spies and by vigilant and malevolent scrutators, disturbed, and my attention diverted, I hastily commit to paper a few broken sentences, which I have scarcely time to read, and still less to correct. I know that, notwithstanding the barriers which are multiplied around me, my enemies are afraid truth should escape by some little opening. What means can I take to introduce it to the world? This, however, I attempt with but few hopes of success. The reader will judge

whether or not such a situation furnishes the means of agreeable descriptions, or of giving them a seductive colouring. I therefore inform such as may undertake to read this work, that nothing can secure them from weariness in the prosecution of their task, unless it be the desire of becoming more fully acquainted with a man whom they already know, and a sincere love of justice and truth.

In my first part I brought down my narrative to my departure, with infinite regret, for Paris, leaving my heart at Charmettes, and there building my last castle in the air, intending some day to return to the feet of Madame de Warens, restored to herself, with the treasures I should have acquired, and depending upon my system of music as upon a certain fortune.

I made some stay at Lyons to visit my acquaintances, procure letters of recommendation to Paris, and to sell the books of geometry that I had brought with me. I was well received by all whom I knew. M. and Madame de Mably seemed pleased to see me again, and several times invited me to dinner. At their house I became acquainted with the Abbé de Mably, as I had already done with the Abbé de Condillac, both of whom were on a visit to their brother. The Abbé de Mably gave me letters to Paris; among others, one to M. de Fontenelle, and another to the Comte de Caylus. These were very agreeable acquaintances, especially the first, to whose friendship for me his death only put an end, and from whom, in our private conversations, I received advice which I ought to have more exactly followed.

I likewise saw M. Bordes, with whom I had been long acquainted, and who had frequently bestowed upon me the greatest cordiality with the most evident pleasure. He it was who enabled me to sell my books; and he also gave me good recommendations to Paris. I again saw M. l'Intendant, for whose acquaintance I was indebted to M. Bordes, and who introduced me to the Duke of Richelieu, who was then passing through Lyons. M. Pallu presented me. The Duke received me well, and invited me to come and see him

at Paris. I did so several times, although this great acquaintance, of which I shall frequently have occasion to speak, was never of the slightest use to me.

I visited the musician David, who, in one of my former journeys, and in my distress, had rendered me service. He had either lent or given me a cap and a pair of stockings, which I never returned, nor has he ever asked me for them, although we have since that time frequently seen each other. I, however, made him a present, something like an equivalent. I would say more upon this subject were what I have owed in question; but I have to speak of what I have done, which, unfortunately, is far from being the same thing. ✓

I also saw the noble and generous Perrichon, and not without feeling the effects of his accustomed munificence; for he made me the same present he had previously done to the elegant Bernard, by paying for my place in the diligence. I visited the surgeon Parisot, the best and most benevolent of men; also his beloved Godefroi, who had lived with him for ten years, and whose merit chiefly consisted in her gentle manners and goodness of heart. It was impossible to see this woman without pleasure, or to leave her without regret. Nothing better shows the inclinations of a man than the nature of his attachments.* Those who had once seen the gentle Godefroi immediately knew the good and amiable Parisot.

I was much obliged to all these good people, but I afterwards neglected them all; not from ingratitude, but from that invincible indolence which so often assumes its appearance. The remembrance of their services has never been effaced from my mind, nor the impression they made from my

* Unless he be deceived in the choice, or that she to whom he attaches himself changes her character by an extraordinary concurrence of causes, which is not absolutely impossible. Were this consequence to be admitted without modification, Socrates must be judged by his wife Xantippe, and Dion by his friend Calippus, which would be the most false and iniquitous judgment ever made. However, let no injurious application be here made to my wife. She is, it is true, weak and more easily deceived than I at first imagined, but by her pure and excellent character she is worthy of all my esteem. (Author's note.)

heart; but I could more easily have proved my gratitude than assiduously have shown them the exterior of that sentiment. Exactitude in correspondence I never could observe; the moment I begin to relax, the shame and embarrassment of repairing my fault make me aggravate it, and I entirely desist from writing; I have, therefore, been silent, and appeared to forget them. Parisot and Perrichon took not the least notice of my negligence, and I ever found them the same. But, twenty years afterwards, it will be seen, in M. Bordes, to what a degree the self-love of a wit can make him carry his vengeance when he feels himself neglected.

Before I leave Lyons, I must not forget an amiable person, whom I again saw with more pleasure than ever, and who left in my heart the most tender remembrance. This was Mademoiselle Serre, of whom I have spoken in my first part; I renewed my acquaintance with her whilst I was at M. de Mably's.

Being this time more at leisure, I saw her more frequently, and she made the most sensible impressions on my heart. I had some reason to believe her own was not unfavourable to my pretensions; but she honoured me with her confidence so far as to remove from me all temptation to allure her partiality. She had no fortune, and in this respect exactly resembled myself; our situations were too similar to permit us to become united; and with the views I then had, I was far from thinking of marriage. She gave me to understand that a young merchant, one M. Genève, seemed to wish to obtain her hand. I saw him once or twice at her lodgings; he appeared to me to be an honest man, and this was his general character. Persuaded she would be happy with him, I was desirous he should marry her, which he afterwards did; and that I might not disturb their innocent love, I hastened my departure, offering up for the happiness of that charming woman prayers which, here below, were not long heard. Alas! her time was very short, for I afterwards heard she died in the second or third year after her marriage. My mind, during the journey, was wholly

absorbed in tender regret. I felt—and since that time, when these circumstances have been present to my recollection, have frequently done the same—that although the sacrifices made to virtue and our duty may sometimes be painful, we are well rewarded by the agreeable remembrance they leave deeply engraven in our hearts.

I this time saw Paris from as favourable a point of view as it had appeared to me from an unfavourable one at my first journey; not that my ideas of its brilliancy arose from the splendour of my lodging; for in consequence of an address given me by M. Bordes, I resided at the Hôtel St. Quentin, Rue des Cordiers, near the Sorbonne; a vile street, a miserable hotel, and a wretched apartment, but nevertheless a house in which several men of merit, such as Gresset, Bordes, Abbé Mably, Condillac, and several others, of whom unfortunately I found not one, had taken up their quarters: but I there met with M. Bonnefond, a man unacquainted with the world, lame, litigious, and who affected to be a purist. To him I owe the acquaintance of M. Roguin, at present the oldest friend I have, and by whose means I became acquainted with Diderot, of whom I shall soon have occasion to say a good deal.

I arrived at Paris in the autumn of 1741, with fifteen louis in my purse, and with my comedy of “Narcissus” and my musical project in my pocket. These composed my whole stock; consequently, I had not much time to lose before I attempted to turn the latter to some advantage. I therefore immediately thought of making use of my recommendations.

A young man who arrives in Paris, with a tolerable appearance, and announces himself by his talents, is sure to be well received. This was my good fortune, which procured me some pleasures without leading to anything solid. Of all the persons to whom I was recommended, } three only were useful to me: M. Damesin, a gentleman of Savoy, at that time equerry, and I believe favourite, of the Princess of Carignan; M. de Boze, secretary to the Academy of Inscriptions, and keeper of the medals of the King's

Cabinet ; and Père Castel, a Jesuit, author of the *Clavecin Oculaire*. All these recommendations, except that to M. Damesin, were given me by the Abbé Mably.

M. Damesin provided me with that which was most needful, by means of two persons, to whom he introduced me. One was M. Gaze, *président à mortier* of the parliament of Bordeaux, and who played very well upon the violin ; the other, the Abbé Leon, who then lodged in the Sorbonne, an extremely amiable young nobleman, who died in the flower of his age, after having, for a few moments, made a figure in the world under the name of the Chevalier de Rohan. Both these gentlemen wished to learn composition. I gave them lessons for a few months, by which means my decreasing funds received some little aid. The Abbé Leon conceived a friendship for me, and wished me to become his secretary ; but he was far from being rich, and all the salary he could offer me was eight hundred livres, which, with infinite regret, I refused ; since it was insufficient to defray the expenses of my lodging, food, and clothing.

I was well received by M. de Boze. He had a thirst for knowledge, of which he possessed not a little, but was somewhat pedantic. Madame de Boze much resembled him ; she was lively and affected. I sometimes dined with them, and it is impossible to be more awkward than I was in her presence. Her easy manner intimidated me, and rendered mine more remarkable. When she presented me a plate, I modestly put forward my fork to take one of the least bits of what she offered me, which made her give the plate to her servant, turning her head aside that I might not see her laugh. She had not the least suspicion that in the head of the rustic with whom she was so diverted there was some small portion of wit. M. de Boze presented me to M. de Réaumer, his friend, who came to dine with him every Friday, the day on which the Academy of Sciences met. He mentioned to him my project, and the desire I had of having it examined by the Academy. M. de Réaumer consented to make the proposal, and his offer was accepted. On the day

appointed, I was introduced and presented by him, and on the same day, August 22nd, 1742, I had the honour to read to the Academy the paper I had prepared for that purpose. Although this illustrious assembly might certainly be expected to inspire me with awe, I was less intimidated on this occasion than I had been in the presence of Madame de Boze; and I got tolerably well through my reading and the answers I was obliged to give. My paper was well received, and gained me some praise, by which I was equally surprised and flattered, imagining that, before such an assembly, whoever was not a member of it could not have common sense. The persons appointed to examine my system were M. Mairan, M. Hellot, and M. de Fouchy, all three men of merit, but not one of them understood music, at least not enough of composition to enable them to judge of my project.

During my conference with these gentlemen, I was convinced, with no less certainty than surprise, that if men of learning have sometimes fewer prejudices than others, they more tenaciously retain those they have. However weak or false most of their objections were, and although I answered them with great timidity, and I confess, in bad terms, yet with decisive reasons, I never once made myself understood, or gave them any explanation in the least satisfactory. I was constantly surprised at the facility with which, by the aid of a few sonorous phrases, they refuted without having comprehended me. They had learned, I know not where, that a monk of the name of Souhaitti had formerly invented a mode of noting the gamut by ciphers: a sufficient proof that my system was not new. This might, perhaps, be the case; for although I had never heard of Père Souhaitti, and notwithstanding his manner of writing the seven notes without attending to the octaves, was not, from any point of view, worthy of entering into competition with my simple and commodious invention for easily noting by ciphers every possible kind of music, keys, rests, octaves, measure, time and length of notes—things of which Souhaitti had never thought—it was nevertheless true, that with respect

to the elementary expression of the seven notes, he was the first inventor.

But besides their giving to this primitive invention more importance than was due to it, they went still further, and, whenever they spoke of the fundamental principles of the system, talked nonsense. The greatest advantage of my scheme was to supersede transpositions and keys, so that the same piece of music was noted and transposed at will by means of the change of a single initial letter at the head of the air. These gentlemen had heard from the music-masters of Paris that the method of executing by transposition was a bad one; and on this authority converted the most evident advantage of my system into an invincible objection against it, and affirmed that my mode of notation was good for vocal music, but bad for instrumental, instead of concluding, as they ought to have done, that it was good for vocal, and still better for instrumental. On their report the Academy granted me a certificate full of fine compliments, amidst which it appeared that in reality it judged my system to be neither new nor useful. I did not think proper to ornament with such a paper the work entitled *Dissertation sur la Musique Moderne*, by which I appealed to the public.

I had reason to remark on this occasion that, even with a narrow understanding, the sole but profound knowledge of a thing is preferable for the purpose of judging it, to all the light resulting from a cultivation of the sciences, when to these a particular study of that in question has not been joined. The only solid objection to my system was made by Rameau. I had scarcely explained it to him before he discovered its weak part. "Your signs," said he, "are very good, inasmuch as they clearly and simply determine the length of notes, exactly represent intervals and show the single in the double, which the common notation does not do; but they are objectionable on account of their requiring an operation of the mind that cannot always accompany the rapidity of execution. The position of our notes," continued he, "is described to the eye without the

concurrence of this operation. If two notes, one very high and the other very low, be joined by a series of intermediate ones, I see at the first glance the progress from one to the other by conjoined degrees; but in your system, to perceive this series, I must necessarily run over your ciphers one after the other: the glance of the eye is here useless." The objection appeared to me insurmountable, and I instantly assented to it. Although it be simple and striking, nothing can assent it but great knowledge and practice of the art, and it is by no means astonishing that not one of the academicians should have thought of it. But what creates much surprise is, that these men of great learning, and who are supposed to possess so much knowledge, should not know that each ought to confine his judgment to that relating to the study with which he has been conversant.

My frequent visits to the *litterati* appointed to examine my system, and the other academicians, gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the most distinguished men of letters in Paris, and by this means the acquaintance that would have been the consequence of my sudden admission amongst them, which afterwards came to pass, was already established. With respect to the present moment, absorbed in my new system of music, I obstinately adhered to my intention of effecting a revolution in the art, and by that means of acquiring a celebrity which, in the fine arts as in Paris, was mostly accompanied by fortune. I shut myself in my study and laboured three or four months with inexpressible ardour, in forming into a work for the public eye the paper I had read before the Academy. The difficulty was to find a bookseller to take my manuscript; and this on account of the necessary expenses for new characters, and because booksellers do not give their money by handfuls to young authors, although to me it seemed but just that my work should return to me the bread I had eaten while employed in its composition.

Bonnefond introduced me to the elder Quillan, with whom I agreed to divide the profits, without reckoning the

licence to print, of which I paid the whole expense. Such were the future proceedings of this Quillau, that I lost the expenses of my licence, never having received a farthing from that edition, which probably had but very middling success, although the Abbé Desfontaines promised to give it celebrity, and notwithstanding that other journalists had spoken of it very favourably.

The greatest obstacle to making the experiment of my system was the fear, in case of its not being received, of losing the time necessary to learn it. To this I answered, that my notes rendered the ideas so clear, that to learn music by means of the ordinary characters, time would be gained by beginning with mine. To prove this by experience, I taught music gratis to a young American lady, Mademoiselle des Roulins, with whom M. Roguin had made me acquainted. In three months she read every kind of music, by means of my notation, and sang at sight better than I did myself any piece that was not too difficult. This success was convincing, but not known; any other person would have filled the journals with the details, but with some talents for discovering useful things, I never have possessed that of setting them off to advantage.

Thus was my airy castle again overthrown; but this time I was thirty years of age, and in Paris, where it is impossible to live for a trifle. The resolution I took upon this occasion will astonish none but those by whom the first part of these memoirs has not been read with attention. I had just made great and fruitless efforts, and was in need of relaxation. Instead of sinking into despair, I gave myself up quietly to my indolence and to the care of providence; and the better to wait for its assistance with patience, I laid down a frugal plan for the slow expenditure of the few louis that still remained in my possession, regulating the expense of my supine pleasures without retrenching it, going to the coffee-house but every other day, and to the theatre but twice a week. With respect to the expenses of girls of easy virtue, I had no retrenchment to make; never having in the whole course of my life applied so much as a farthing to that use

except once, of which I shall soon have occasion to speak. The security, voluptuousness, and confidence with which I gave myself up to this indolent and solitary life, which I had not the means of continuing for three months, is one of the singularities of my life and the oddities of my disposition. The extreme desire I had that the public should think of me was precisely what discouraged me from showing myself; and the necessity of paying visits rendered them to such a degree insupportable that I ceased visiting the academicians and other men of letters, with whom I had cultivated an acquaintance. Marivaux, the Abbé Mably, and Fontenelle, were almost the only persons whom I sometimes went to see. To the first I showed my comedy of "Narcissus." He was pleased with it, and had the goodness to suggest some improvements. Diderot, younger than these, was much about my own age. He was fond of music, and knew it theoretically. We conversed together, and he communicated to me some of his literary projects. This soon formed betwixt us a more intimate connection, which lasted fifteen years, and which probably would still exist were not I, unfortunately, and by his own fault, of the same profession with himself.

It would be impossible to imagine in what manner I employed the short and precious interval that still remained to me, before circumstances forced me to beg my bread: it was in again learning by memory passages from the poets I had learned and forgotten a hundred times. Every morning, at ten o'clock, I went to walk in the Luxembourg with a "Virgil" and a "Rousseau" in my pocket, and there, until the hour of dinner, I passed away the time in restoring to my memory a sacred ode or bucolic, without being discouraged by forgetting, by the study of the morning, what I had learned the evening before. I recollected that after the defeat of Nicias at Syracuse, the captive Athenian obtained a livelihood by reciting the poems of Homer. The use I made of this erudition to ward off misery was to exercise my happy memory by learning all the poets by rote.

I had an expedient, not less solid, in the game of chess, to which I regularly dedicated, at Maugis, the evenings when I did not go to the theatre. I became acquainted with M. de Légal, M. Husson, Philidor, and all the great chess-players of the day, without making the least improvement in the game. However, I had no doubt but, in the end, I should become superior to them all, and this, in my own opinion, was a sufficient resource. The same manner of reasoning served me in every folly to which I felt myself inclined. I said to myself: Whoever excels in anything is sure to acquire distinguished reception in society. Let me, therefore, excel, no matter in what, I shall certainly be sought after; opportunities will present themselves, and my own merit will do the rest. This childishness was not the sophism of my reason; it was that of my indolence. Dismayed at the great and rapid efforts which would have been necessary to call forth my endeavours, I strove to flatter my idleness, and by arguments suitable to the purpose veiled from my own eyes the shame of such a state.

I thus calmly waited for the moment when I was to be without money; and had not Père Castel, whom I sometimes went to see in my way to the coffee-house, roused me from my lethargy, I believe I should have seen myself reduced to my last farthing without the least emotion. Père Castel was a madman, but a good man upon the whole; he was sorry to see me thus impoverish myself to no purpose. "Since musicians and the learned," said he, "do not sing by your scale, change the string, and apply to the women. You will perhaps succeed better with them. I have spoken of you to Madame de Beuzenval; go to her from me; she is a good woman, who will be glad to see the countryman of her son and husband. You will find at her house Madame de Broglie, her daughter, who is a woman of wit. Madame Dupin is another to whom I also have mentioned you; carry her your work; she is desirous of seeing you, and will receive you well. Nothing is done in Paris without the women. They are the curves, of which the wise are the asymptotes—they incessantly approach each other, but never touch."

After having from day to day delayed these very disagreeable steps, I at length took courage and called upon Madame de Beuzenval. She received me with kindness, and Madame de Broglie entering the chamber, she said to her, "Daughter, this is M. Rousseau, of whom Père Castel has spoken to us." Madame de Broglie complimented me upon my work, and, going to her harpsichord, proved to me she had already given it some attention. Perceiving it to be about one o'clock, I prepared to take my leave. Madame de Beuzenval said to me, "You are at a great distance from the quarter of the town in which you reside, stay and dine here." I did not want asking a second time. A quarter of an hour afterwards, I understood by a word that the dinner to which she had invited me was to that of her servants' hall. Madame de Beuzenval was a very good kind of woman, but proud, and too full of her illustrious Polish nobility—she had no idea of the respect due to talents. On this occasion, likewise, she judged me by my manner rather than by my dress, which, although very plain, was very neat, and by no means announced a man to dine with servants. I had too long forgotten the way to the place where they eat to be inclined to take it again. Without suffering my anger to appear, I told Madame de Beuzenval that an affair of a trifling nature, that I had just recollected, obliged me to return home, and I immediately prepared to depart. Madame de Broglie approached her mother, and whispered in her ear a few words, and these had their effect. Madame de Beuzenval rose to prevent me going, and said, "I expect that you will do us the honour to dine *with us*." In this case, I thought to show pride would be a mark of folly, and I determined to stay. The goodness of Madame de Broglie had, besides, made an impression upon me, and rendered her interesting in my eyes. I was very glad to dine with her, and hoped, that when she knew me better, she would not regret having accorded me that honour. M. le Président de Lamoignon—very intimate in the family—dined there also. He, as well as Madame de Broglie, was a master of all the modish and

fashionable small-talk jargon of Paris. Poor Jean-Jacques was unable to make a figure in this way. I had sense enough not to pretend to it, and was silent. Happy would it have been for me had I always possessed the same wisdom—I should not be in the abyss into which I am now fallen. I was vexed at my own stupidity, and at being unable to justify to Madame de Broglie what she had done in my favour.

After dinner, I thought of my ordinary resource. I had in my pocket, an epistle in verse, written to Parisot during my residence at Lyons. This fragment was not without some fire, which I increased by my manner of reading, and made them all three shed tears. Whether it was vanity, or really the truth, I thought the eyes of Madame de Broglie seemed to say to her mother, "Well, mamma, was I wrong in telling you this man was fitter to dine with us than with your women?" Until then my heart had been rather burdened, but after this revenge I felt myself satisfied. Madame de Broglie, carrying her favourable opinion of me rather too far, thought I should immediately acquire fame in Paris, and become a favourite with fine ladies. To guide my inexperience, she gave me the "Confessions" of the Count de ——. "This book," said she, "is a mentor of which you will stand in need in the great world. You will do well by sometimes consulting it." I kept the book upwards of twenty years, with a sentiment of gratitude to her from whose hands I had received it, although I frequently laughed at the opinion the lady seemed to have of my merit in gallantry. From the moment I had read the work, I was desirous of acquiring the friendship of the author. My inclination led me right; he is the only real friend I have ever possessed amongst men of letters.*

From this time I thought I might depend on the services of Madame de Beuzenval and the Marchioness de Broglie, and

* I have so long been of the same opinion, and so perfectly convinced of its being well founded, that since my return to Paris I confided to him the manuscript of my "Confessions." The suspicious Jean-Jacques never suspected perfidy and falsehood until he had been their victim.

that they would not long leave me without resource. In this I was not deceived. But I must now speak of my first visit to Madame Dupin, which produced more lasting consequences.

Madame Dupin was, as everybody in Paris knows, the daughter of Samuel Bernard and Madame Fontaine. There were three sisters, who might be called the Three Graces: Madame de la Touche, who played a little prank, and went to England with the Duke of Kingston; Madame d'Arty—the eldest of the three—the mistress, and much more the friend, the only sincere friend, of the Prince of Conti, an adorable woman, as well for her sweetness and the goodness of her charming character as for her agreeable wit and incessant cheerfulness; lastly, Madame Dupin, more beautiful than either of her sisters, and the only one who has not been reproached with some levity of conduct.

She was the reward of the hospitality of M. Dupin, to whom her mother gave her in marriage, with the place of farmer-general, and an immense fortune, in return for the good reception he had given her in his province. When I saw her for the first time, she was still one of the finest women in Paris. She received me at her toilet, her arms were uncovered, her hair dishevelled, and her combing-cloth ill arranged. This scene was new to me; it was too powerful for my poor head, I became confused, my senses wandered; in short, I was violently smitten by Madame Dupin.

My confusion was not prejudicial to me; she did not perceive it. She kindly received the book and the author; spoke with information of my plan, sang, accompanied herself on the harpsichord, kept me to dinner, and placed me at table by her side. Less than this would have turned my brain; I became mad. She permitted me to visit her, and I abused the permission. I went to see her almost every day, and dined with her twice or thrice a week. I burned with inclination to speak, but never dared attempt it. Several circumstances increased my natural timidity. Permission to visit in an opulent family

was a door open to fortune, and in my situation I was unwilling to run the risk of shutting it against myself. Madame Dupin, amiable as she was, was serious and unanimated; I found nothing in her manners sufficiently alluring to embolden me. Her house, at that time as brilliant as any other in Paris, was frequented by a circle which, if not numerous, was composed of persons chosen on account of some distinguished merit. She was fond of seeing every one who had claims to a marked superiority, the great men of letters, and fine women. No person was seen in her circle but dukes, ambassadors, and blue ribands. The Princess of Rohan, the Countess of Forcalquier, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Brignolé, and Lady Hervey passed for her intimate friends. The Abbés de Fontenelle, de Saint Pierre, and Sallier, M. de Fourmont, M. de Bernis, M. de Buffon, and M. de Voltaire were of her circle and attended her dinners. If her reserved manner did not attract many young people, her society inspired the greater awe, as it was composed of graver persons, and the poor Jean-Jacques had no reason to flatter himself that he would be able to take a distinguished part in the midst of such superior talents. I therefore had not courage to speak but no longer able to contain myself, I resolved to write. For the first two days she said not a word to me upon the subject. On the third day she returned me my letter, accompanying it with a few exhortations which froze my blood. I attempted to speak, but my words expired upon my lips; my sudden passion was extinguished with my hopes, and after a declaration in form, I continued to live with her upon the same terms as before, without so much as speaking to her even by the language of the eyes.

I thought my folly was forgotten, but I was deceived. M. de Franceuil, son to M. Dupin, and son-in-law to Madame Dupin, was much the same age as she and myself. He had wit, a good person, and might have pretensions. This was said to be the case, and probably proceeded from his mother-in-law's having given him an ugly wife of a mild disposition, with whom, as well as with her husband, she lived upon the

best of terms. M. de Franceuil was fond of talents in others, and cultivated those he possessed. Music, which he understood very well, was a means of producing a connection between us. I frequently saw him, and he soon gained my friendship. He, however, suddenly gave me to understand that Madame Dupin thought my visits too frequent, and begged me to discontinue them. Such a compliment would have been proper when she returned my letter; but eight or ten days afterwards, and without any new cause, it appeared to me ill-timed. This rendered my situation the more singular, as M. and Madame de Franceuil still continued to give me the same welcome as before.

I, however, made the intervals between my visits longer; and I should entirely have ceased calling on them, had not Madame Dupin, by another unexpected caprice, sent to desire I would for a few days take care of her son, who, changing his preceptor, remained alone during that interval. I passed eight days in such torments as nothing but the pleasure of obeying Madame Dupin could render supportable. I would not have undertaken to pass eight other days like them, had Madame Dupin given me herself for the recompense.

M. de Franceuil conceived a friendship for me, and I studied with him. We began together a course of chemistry at Rouelles. That I might be nearer at hand, I left my hotel at Saint-Quentin, and went to lodge at the Tennis Court, Rue Verdellet, which leads into the Rue Plâtrière, where M. Dupin lived. There, in consequence of a neglected cold, I contracted an inflammation of the lungs, of which I had like to have died. In my younger days I frequently suffered from inflammatory disorders, pleurisies, and especially quinsies, to which I was very subject, and which frequently brought me near enough to death to familiarize me with its image.

During my convalescence I had leisure to reflect upon my situation, and to lament the timidity, weakness, and indolence that, notwithstanding the fire with which I found myself inflamed, left me to languish in an inactivity of

mind, continually on the verge of misery. The evening preceding the day on which I was taken ill, I went to an opera by Royer; its name I have forgotten. Notwithstanding my prejudice in favour of the talents of others, which has ever made me distrustful of my own, I still thought the music feeble, and devoid of animation and invention. I even sometimes had the vanity to flatter myself that I could do better. But the terrible idea I had formed of the composition of an opera, and the importance I heard men of the profession affix to such an undertaking, instantly discouraged me, and made me blush at having so much as thought of it. Besides, where was I to find a person to write the words, and one who would give himself the trouble of altering them to my liking. These ideas of music and the opera held possession of my mind during my illness, and in the delirium of my fever I composed songs, duets, and choruses. I am certain I composed two or three little pieces, *di prima intenzione*, perhaps worthy of the admiration of masters, could they have heard them executed. Oh, could an account be taken of the dreams of a man in a fever, what great and sublime things would sometimes proceed from his delirium!

Thoughts of music and opera still engaged my attention during my convalescence, but my ideas were less energetic. Long and frequent meditations, often involuntary, made such an impression upon my mind, that I resolved to attempt both words and music. This was not the first time I had undertaken so difficult a task. Whilst I was at Chambéry I had composed an opera, entitled, "Iphis and Anexarète," which I had the good sense to throw into the fire. At Lyons I had composed another, entitled, "La Découverte du Nouveau Monde," which, after having been read to M. Bordes, the Abbés Mably, Trublet, and others, had met the same fate, notwithstanding that I had set the prologue and the first act to music, and although David, after examining the composition, had told me there were passages in it worthy of Buononcini.

Before I began the work, I took time to consider my

plan. In an heroic ballet I proposed three different subjects, in three acts, detached from each other, set to music of a different character, taking for each subject the amours of a poet. I entitled this opera "Les Muses Galantes." My first act, in music strongly characterized, was "Tasso"; the second, in tender harmony, "Ovid"; the third, entitled "Anacreon," was to partake of the gaiety of the dithyrambus. I tried my skill on the first act, and applied myself to it with an ardour which made me feel the delightful sensation produced by the creative power of composition. One evening, as I entered the opera, feeling myself strongly excited and overpowered by a host of ideas, I put my money again into my pocket, returned to my apartment, locked the door, and, having close drawn all the curtains, that every ray of light might be excluded, I went to bed, abandoning myself entirely to this musical and poetical æstrum, and in seven or eight hours rapidly composed the greatest part of an act. I can truly say that my love for the Princess of Ferrara (for I was Tasso for the moment), and my noble and lofty sentiment with respect to her unjust brother, procured me a night a hundred times more delicious than one passed in the arms of the Princess would have been. In the morning but a very little of what I had done remained in my head, but this little, almost effaced by sleep and lassitude, still sufficiently evinced the energy of the pieces of which it was the scattered remains.

I this time did not proceed far with my undertaking, being interrupted by other affairs. Whilst I attached myself to the family of Dupin, Madame de Beuzenval and Madame de Broglie, whom I continued to visit, had not forgotten me. The Comte de Montaignu, captain in the Guards, had just been appointed ambassador to Venice. He was an ambassador made by Barjac, to whom he assiduously paid his court. His brother, the Chevalier de Montaignu, *gentilhomme de la manche* to the Dauphin, was acquainted with these ladies, as well as with the Abbé Alary, of the French Academy, whom I sometimes visited.

Madame de Broglie having heard the ambassador was seeking a secretary, proposed me to him. A conference was opened between us. I asked a salary of fifty louis, a trifle for an employment which required me to make some appearance. The ambassador was unwilling to give more than a thousand livres, leaving me to make the journey at my own expense. The proposal was ridiculous. We could not agree, and M. de Franceuil, who used all his efforts to prevent my departure, prevailed.

I stayed, and M. de Montaignu set out on his journey, taking with him another secretary, one M. Follau, who had been recommended to him by the Office for Foreign Affairs. They no sooner arrived at Venice than they quarrelled. Follau, perceiving he had to do with a madman, left him there, and M. de Montaignu having nobody with him, except a young abbé named De Binis, who wrote under the secretary, and was unfit to succeed him, had recourse to me. The chevalier, his brother, and a man of wit, by giving me to understand there were advantages annexed to the place of secretary, prevailed upon me to accept the thousand livres. I was paid twenty louis in advance for my journey, and I immediately departed.

At Lyons I would most willingly have taken the road to Mount Cenis, to see my poor Madame de Warens. But I went down the Rhone, and embarked at Toulon, as much on account of the war, and from a motive of economy, as to obtain a passport from M. de Mirepoix, who then commanded in Provence, and to whom I was recommended. M. de Montaignu, not being able to do without me, wrote letter after letter, desiring I would hasten my journey; this, however, an accident considerably prolonged.

It was at the time of the plague at Messina. The English fleet had anchored there, and visited the felucca on which I was, and this circumstance subjected us, on our arrival, after a long and difficult voyage, to a quarantine of one-and-twenty days.

The passengers had the choice of performing it on board or in the lazaretto, which we were told was not yet fur-

nished. They all chose the felucca. The insupportable heat, the closeness of the vessel, the impossibility of walking in it, and the vermin with which it swarmed, made me at all risks prefer the lazaretto. I was, therefore, conducted to a large building of two stories, quite empty, in which I found neither window, bed, table, nor chair—not so much as even a joint-stool or bundle of straw. My night sack and my two trunks being brought me, I was shut in by great doors with huge locks, and remained at full liberty to walk at my ease from chamber to chamber, and story to story, everywhere finding the same solitude and nakedness.

This, however, did not induce me to repent that I had preferred the lazaretto to the felucca; and, like another Robinson Crusoe, I began to arrange myself for my one-and-twenty days, just as I should have done for my whole life. In the first place, I had the amusement of destroying the vermin I had caught in the felucca. As soon as I had got clear of these, by means of changing my clothes and linen, I proceeded to furnish the chamber I had chosen. I made a good mattress with my waistcoats and shirts; sheets, by sewing my towels together; a counterpane out of my *robe de chambre*, and a pillow out of my old cloak rolled up. I made myself a seat with one of my trunks laid flat, and a table with the other. I took out some writing-paper and an ink-stand, and arranged a dozen books I had with me by way of library. In a word, I so well arranged my few movables, that, except curtains and windows, I was almost as commodiously lodged in this lazaretto—absolutely empty as it was—as I had been at the Tennis Court in the Rue Verdelet. My dinners were served with no small degree of pomp; they were escorted by two grenadiers with bayonets fixed; the staircase was my dining-room, the landing-place my table, and the step served me for a seat, and as soon as my dinner was served, a little bell was rung to inform me I might sit down to table.

Between my repasts, when I was neither reading nor writing, nor busy furnishing my apartment, I went to walk

in the Protestant burying-ground, which served me as a court-yard. From this place I ascended to a lantern which looked into the harbour, and from whence I could see the ships come in and go out. In this manner I passed fourteen days, and should have thus passed the whole time of the quarantine without the least weariness, had not M. Jonville, envoy from France—to whom I found means to send a letter, vinegared, perfumed, and half burnt—procured a remission of eight days of the time. These I spent at his house, where I confess I found myself much better lodged than in the lazaretto. He was extremely civil to me. Dupont, his secretary, was a good creature ; he introduced me, as well at Genoa as in the country, to several families, whose company I found very agreeable, and I formed with him an acquaintance, and commenced a correspondence which we kept up for a considerable length of time. I continued my journey, very agreeably through Lombardy. I saw Milan, Verona, Brescia, and Padua, and at length arrived at Venice, where I was impatiently expected by the ambassador.

I found there piles of despatches from the Court and from other ambassadors, the ciphered part of which he had not been able to read, although he had all the ciphers necessary for that purpose. Never having been employed in any office, nor even seen the cipher of a minister, I was at first apprehensive of meeting with some embarrassment ; but I found that nothing could be more easy, and in less than a week I had deciphered the whole, which certainly was not worth the trouble ; for, not to mention the little activity required in the embassy of Venice, it was not to such a man that government would confide a negotiation of even the most trifling importance. Until my arrival he had been much embarrassed, neither knowing how to dictate or even to write legibly. I was very useful to him, of which he was sensible, and he treated me well. To this he was also induced by another motive. Since the time of M. de Froulay, his predecessor, whose mind became deranged, the consul from France, M. Le Blond, had been charged with

the affairs of the embassy, and, after the arrival of M. de Montaignu, continued to manage them until he had put him into the way. M. de Montaignu, hurt at this discharge of his duty by another, although he himself was incapable of it, became disgusted with the consul, and, as soon as I arrived, deprived him of the functions of secretary to the embassy, to give them to me. They were inseparable from the title, and he told me to take it. As long as I remained with him he never sent any person except myself under this title to the Senate, or to conference; and, upon the whole, it was natural enough he should prefer having for secretary to the embassy a man attached to him rather than a consul or clerk of office named by the Court.

This rendered my situation very agreeable, and prevented his gentlemen, who were Italians, as well as his pages, and most of his suite, from disputing precedence with me in his house. I made an advantageous use of the authority annexed to the title he had conferred upon me, by maintaining his right of protection, that is, the freedom of his neighbourhood, against the attempts several times made to infringe it, a privilege which his Venetian officers took no care to defend. But I never permitted banditti to take refuge there, although this would have given me advantages of which his Excellency would not have disdained to partake. He thought proper, however, to claim a part of those of the secretaryship, which is called the chancery. It was in time of war, and there were many passports issued. For each of these passports a sequin was paid to the secretary, who made it out and countersigned it. All my predecessors had been paid this sequin by Frenchmen and others without distinction. I thought this unjust, and, though I was not a Frenchman, abolished it in favour of the French; but I so rigorously demanded my right from persons of every other nation, that the Marquis Scotti, brother to the favourite of the Queen of Spain, having asked for a passport without taking notice of the sequin, I sent to demand it—a boldness which the vindictive Italian did not forget. As soon as the new regulation I had made relative to passports

was known, none but pretended Frenchmen, who in a gibberish absurdly mispronounced called themselves Provençals, Picards, or Burgundians, came to demand them. My ear being very fine, I was not thus made a dupe, and I am almost persuaded that not a single Italian ever cheated me of my sequin, and that not one Frenchman ever paid it. I was foolish enough to tell M. Montaignu, who was ignorant of everything that passed, what I had done. The word sequin made him open his ears, and without giving me his opinion of the abolition of that tax upon the French, he pretended I ought to account to him for the others, promising me at the same time equivalent advantages. More filled with indignation at this meanness than concerned for my own interest, I rejected his proposal. He insisted, and I grew warm. "No, sir," said I, with some heat, "your Excellency may keep what belongs to you, but do not take from me that which is mine. I will not suffer you to touch a penny of the receipts arising from passports." Perceiving he could gain nothing by these means, he had recourse to others, and blushed not to tell me that since I had appropriated to myself the profits of the chancery, it was but just I should pay the expenses. I was unwilling to dispute upon this subject, and from that time I furnished, at my own expense, ink, paper, wax, wax-candle, tape, and even a new seal, for which he never reimbursed me to the amount of a farthing. This, however, did not prevent my giving a small part of the produce of the passports to the Abbé de Binis, a good creature, and who was far from pretending to have the least right to any such thing. If he was obliging to me, my politeness to him was an equivalent, and we always lived together on the best of terms.

On first beginning, I found my work less trouble than I expected for a man without experience, in the service of an ambassador who possessed no more than himself, and whose ignorance and obstinacy constantly counteracted everything that common sense and some information inspired me with for his service and that of the King. The next thing the

ambassador did was to connect himself with the Marquis de Mari, ambassador from Spain, an ingenious and artful man, who, had he wished, might have led him by the nose ; yet on account of the union of the interests of the two Crowns, he generally gave him good advice, which might have been of essential service, had not the other, by joining his own opinion, counteracted it in the execution. The only business they had to conduct in concert with each other was to engage the Venetians to maintain their neutrality. These did not neglect to give the strongest assurances of their fidelity to their engagements at the same time that they publicly furnished ammunition to the Austrian troops, and even recruits under the pretence of desertion. M. de Montaigu, who I believe wished to render himself agreeable to the Republic, did not fail on his part, notwithstanding my representations, to make me assure the Government in all my despatches that the Venetians would never violate an article of the neutrality. The obstinacy and stupidity of this poor wretch made me write and act extravagantly. I was obliged to be the agent of his folly, because he would have it so, but he sometimes rendered my employment insupportable and its functions almost impracticable. For example, he insisted on the greatest part of his despatches to the King, and of those to the Minister, being written in cipher, although neither of them contained anything that required that precaution. I represented to him that between the Friday, the day the despatches from the Court arrived, and Saturday, on which ours were sent off, there was not sufficient time to write so much in cipher, and carry on the considerable correspondence with which I was charged for the same courier. He found an admirable expedient, which was to prepare on Thursday the answer to the despatches we were expected to receive on the next day. This appeared to him so happily imagined, that notwithstanding all I could say on the impossibility of the thing, and the absurdity of attempting its execution, I was obliged to comply during the whole time I afterwards remained with him, after having made notes of the few

loose words he spoke to me in the course of the week, and of some trivial circumstances which I collected by hurrying from place to place. Provided with these materials, I never once failed carrying to him on the Thursday morning a rough draft of the despatches that were to be sent off on Saturday, excepting the few additions and corrections I hastily made in answer to the letters which arrived on the Friday, and to which ours served for answer. He had another custom, diverting enough, and which made his correspondence ridiculous beyond imagination. He sent back all information to its respective source, instead of making it follow its course. To M. Amelot he transmitted the news of the Court; to M. Maurepas, that of Paris; to M. d'Havrincourt, the news from Sweden; to M. de La Chetardie, that from St. Petersburg; and sometimes to each of these the news they had respectively sent to him, and this I was employed to dress up in terms slightly differing from those in which it was conveyed to us. As he read nothing of what I laid before him, except the despatches for the Court, and signed those to other ambassadors without reading them, this left me more at liberty to give what turn I thought proper to the latter, and in these therefore I made the articles of information cross each other. But it was impossible for me to give this reasonable turn to despatches of importance; and I thought myself happy when he did not take it into his head to cram into them an impromptu of a few lines after his own manner. This compelled me to return, and hastily transcribe the whole despatch, decorated with his new nonsense, and honour it with the cipher, without which he would have refused his signature. I was frequently almost tempted, for the sake of his reputation, to cipher something different from what he had written, but feeling that nothing could authorize such a deception, I left him to answer for his own folly, satisfying myself with having spoken to him with freedom, and discharged at my own peril the duties of my station. This is what I always did with an uprightness, a zeal, and a steady courage meriting on his part a very dif-

ferent recompense from that which in the end I received from him. It was now time I should be what I was prepared for by the happy disposition Heaven had endowed me with, by the education that the best of women had given me, added to that I had given myself; and I became so. Left to my own reflections, without a friend or adviser, without experience, and in a foreign country, in the service of a foreign nation, surrounded by a crowd of knaves, who, for their own interest, and to avoid the scandal of good example, endeavoured to prevail upon me to imitate them; far from yielding to their solicitations, I, owing France nothing, served her well, and the ambassador still better, as it was right and just I should do in all that depended on me. Irreproachable in a post sufficiently exposed to censure, I merited and obtained the esteem of the Republic, that of all the ambassadors with whom we were in correspondence, and the affection of the French who resided at Venice; not even excepting the consul, whom I supplanted with regret in the functions which I knew belonged to him, thus occasioning myself more embarrassment than satisfaction.

In giving himself up without reserve to the Marquis de Mari, M. de Montaigu, who did not enter into the details of our duties, neglected them to such a degree that without me the French who were at Venice would not have perceived that an ambassador from their nation resided there. Always put off without being heard when they stood in need of his protection, they became disgusted and no longer appeared in his company or at his table, to which indeed he never invited them. I frequently took upon myself duties he should have performed; I rendered to the French, who applied to me, all the services in my power. In any other country I should have done more, but, on account of my employment, not being able to see persons in place, I was often obliged to apply to the consul, and the consul, who was settled in the country with his family, had many persons to oblige, which prevented him from acting as he otherwise would have done. However, perceiving him unwilling

and afraid to speak, I ventured hazardous measures, which sometimes succeeded. I recollect one which still makes me laugh. No person would suspect that it was to me the lovers of the theatre at Paris owe Coralline and her sister Camille; nothing, however, can be more true. Véronèse, their father, had engaged himself with his children in an Italian company, and after having received two thousand livres for the expenses of his journey, instead of setting out for France, quietly continued at Venice, and accepted an engagement in the theatre of Saint Luke, to which Coralline, a child as she still was, drew great numbers of people. The Duke de Gesvres, as first gentleman of the Chamber, wrote to the ambassador to claim the father and the daughter. M. de Montaigu, when he gave me the letter, confined his instructions to saying, "See to this." I went to M. le Blond to beg he would ask the proprietor of the theatre, who, I believe, was named Zustiniani, if he might discharge Véronèse, who was engaged in the name of the King. Le Blond, to whom the commission was not very agreeable, executed it badly.

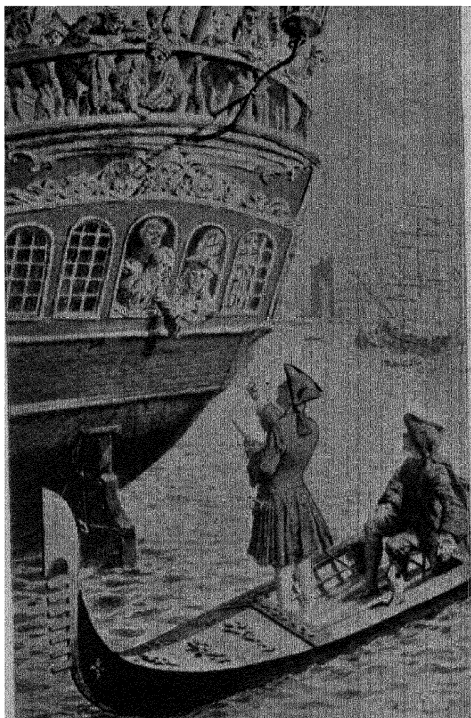
Zustiniani answered vaguely, and Véronèse was not discharged. I was piqued at this. It was during the Carnival, and having taken the bahute and a mask, I set out for the Palace Zustiniani. Those who saw my gondola arrive with the livery of the ambassador were lost in astonishment. Venice had never seen such a thing. I entered, and caused myself to be announced by the name of *Una Siora Maschera*. As soon as I was introduced, I took off my mask, and told my name. The senator turned pale, and appeared stupefied with surprise. "Sir," said I to him, in Venetian, "it is with much regret I importune your Excellency with this visit; but you have in your theatre of Saint Luke a man named Véronèse, who is engaged in the service of the King, and whom you have been requested, but in vain, to give up. I come to claim him in the name of his Majesty." My short harangue was effectual. I had no sooner left the palace than Zustiniani ran to communicate the adventure to the State inquisitors, by whom

he was severely reprimanded. Véronèse was discharged the same day. I sent him word that if he did not set off within a week, I would have him arrested. He did not wait for my giving him this intimation a second time.

On another occasion I relieved from difficulty solely by my own means, and almost without the assistance of any other person, the captain of a merchant-ship. This was one Captain Olivet, of Marseilles ; the name of the vessel I have forgotten. His men had quarrelled with the Sclavonians in the service of the Republic, some violence had been committed, and the vessel was under so severe an embargo that nobody except the master was suffered to go on board, or leave it, without permission. He applied to the ambassador, who would hear no explanation. He afterwards went to the consul, who told him that as it was not an affair of commerce, he could not interfere in it. Not knowing what further steps to take, he applied to me. I told M. de Montaigu that he ought to permit me to lay before the Senate a complaint on the subject. I do not recollect whether or not he consented, or that I lodged the complaint ; but I perfectly remember that if I did it was ineffectual, and the embargo still continuing, I adopted another method, which succeeded. I inserted a relation of the affair in one of our letters to M. de Maurepas, though I had difficulty in inducing M. de Montaigu to allow the article to pass. I knew that our despatches, although their contents were insignificant, were opened at Venice. I had a proof of this by finding the articles they contained verbatim in the gazette, a treachery of which I had in vain attempted to prevail upon the ambassador to complain. My object in speaking of the affair in the letter was to turn the curiosity of the ministers of the Republic to advantage, to inspire them with some apprehensions, and to induce the State to release the vessel ; for had it been necessary in order to this effect to wait for an answer from the Court, the captain would have been ruined before it could have arrived. I did still more ; I went alongside the vessel to make inquiries of the ship's company. I took with me the

Abbé Patizel, chancellor of the Consulate, who would rather have been excused, so much were these poor creatures afraid of displeasing the Senate. As the strict embargo prevented my going on board, I remained in my gondola, and there took the depositions successively, interrogating each of the mariners, and directing my questions in such a manner as to produce answers that might be to their advantage. I wished to prevail upon Patizel to put the questions and take the depositions himself, a task, in fact, more his than mine; but to this he would not consent—he never once opened his mouth, and refused to sign the depositions after me. This step, somewhat bold, was, however, successful, and the vessel was released long before an answer came from the minister. The captain wished to make me a present, but, without being angry with him on that account, I tapped him on the shoulder, saying, “Captain Olivet, can you imagine that he who does not receive from the French the passport dues, which are his by established right, is a man who is likely to sell the King’s protection?” He, however, insisted on giving me a dinner on board his vessel; this courtesy I accepted, and took with me the secretary to the Spanish embassy, M. Carrio—a man of wit and amiable manners—to partake of it. He has since been secretary to the Spanish embassy at Paris, and *chargé des affaires*. I had formed an intimate connection with him, after the example of our ambassadors.

Happy should I have been, if, when in the most disinterested manner I did all the service I could, I had known how to introduce sufficient order into all these little details that I might not have served others at my own expense. But in employments similar to that I held, in which the most trifling faults are of consequence, my whole attention was engaged in avoiding all such mistakes as might be detrimental to my service. Up to the last moment I conducted everything relative to my immediate duty with the greatest order and exactness. Excepting a few errors which a forced precipitation made me commit in ciphering, and of which the clerks of M. Amalot once complained, neither the



TAKING DEPOSITIONS AT VENICE.

Vol. I., facing p. 318.

ambassador, nor any other person, had ever the least reason to reproach me with negligence in any one of my functions. This is remarkable in a man so negligent as I am. But my memory sometimes failed me, and I was not sufficiently careful in the private affairs with which I was charged. However, a love of justice always made me take the loss on myself, and this voluntarily, before anybody thought of complaining. I will mention but one circumstance of this nature ; it relates to my departure from Venice, and I afterwards felt the effects of it in Paris.

Our cook, whose name was Rousselot, had brought from France an old note for two hundred livres, which a hair-dresser, a friend of his, had received from a noble Venetian, of the name of Zanetto Nani, who had had wigs of him to that amount. Rousselot brought me the note, begging I would endeavour to obtain payment of some part of it, by way of accommodation. I knew, and he knew it also, that the constant custom of noble Venetians was, when once returned to their country, never to pay the debts they had contracted abroad. When means are taken to force them to payment, the wretched creditor finds so many delays, and incurs such enormous expenses, that he becomes disgusted, and concludes by giving up his debt, or accepting the most trifling composition. I begged M. le Blond to speak to Zanetto. The Venetian acknowledged the note, but did not agree to payment. After a long dispute, he at length promised three sequins ; but when Le Blond took him the note, even these were not ready, and it was necessary to wait. In this interval my quarrel with the ambassador happened, and I quitted his service. I had left the papers of the embassy in the greatest order, but the note of Rousselot was not to be found. M. Le Blond assured me that he had given it back to me. I knew him to be too honest a man to have the least doubt of the matter, but it was impossible for me to recollect what I had done with it. As Zanetto had acknowledged the debt, I desired M. le Blond to endeavour to obtain from him the three sequins on giving him a receipt for the amount, or to prevail upon

him to renew the note by way of duplicate. Zanetto, knowing the note to be lost, would not agree to either. I offered Rousselot the three sequins from my own purse, as a discharge of the debt. He refused them, and said I might settle the matter with the creditor at Paris, whose address he gave me. The hair-dresser, having been informed of what had passed, demanded either to have his note or the whole sum for which it was given. What, in my indignation, would I have given to have found this vexatious paper! I paid the two hundred livres, and that in my greatest distress. In this manner, the loss of the note produced to the creditor the payment of the whole sum, whereas, had it—unfortunately for him—been found, he would have had some difficulty in recovering even the ten crowns which his Excellency Zanetto Nani had promised to pay.

The talents I thought I possessed for my employment made me discharge its functions with satisfaction, and except the society of my friend de Carrio, and that of the virtuous Altuna, of whom I shall soon have an occasion to speak, the innocent recreations of the Place Saint Mark, of the theatre, and of a few visits which we, for the most part, made together, my only pleasure was in the duties of my station. Although these were not considerable, especially with the aid of the Abbé de Binis, yet as the correspondence was very extensive, and there was a war, I was a good deal employed. I applied to business the greatest part of every morning, and on the days previous to the departure of the courier the evenings, sometimes till midnight. The rest of my time I gave to the study of the political profession I had entered upon, and in which I hoped, from my successful beginning, to be advantageously employed. In fact, I was in favour with every one. The ambassador himself spoke highly of my services, and never complained of anything I did for him; his dissatisfaction proceeded from my having insisted on quitting him, in consequence of the useless complaints I had frequently made on several occasions. The ambassadors and ministers of the King with whom we were

in correspondence complimented him on the merit of his secretary in a manner by which he ought to have been flattered, but which in his poor head produced quite a contrary effect. He received one compliment in particular, relative to an affair of importance, for which he never pardoned me.

He was so incapable of bearing the least constraint, that on the Saturday, the day of the despatches for most of the Courts, he could not contain himself and wait till the business was done before he went out, and incessantly pressing me to hasten the despatches to the King and ministers, he signed them with precipitation, and immediately went, I know not where, leaving most of the other letters unsigned. This obliged me, when these contained nothing but news, to convert them into journals; but when affairs which related to the King were in question, it was necessary somebody should sign, and I did it. This once happened relative to some important advice we had just received from M. Vincent, the King's *chargé des affaires* at Vienna. The Prince Lobkowitz was then marching to Naples, and Count Gages had just made that most memorable retreat, the finest military manœuvre of the whole century, of which Europe has not sufficiently spoken. The despatch informed us that a man, whose person M. Vincent described, had set out from Vienna, and was to pass by Venice in his way into Abruzzo, where he was secretly to stir up the people at the approach of the Austrians.

In the absence of M. Le Comte de Montaigu, who did not give himself the least concern about anything, I forwarded this advice to the Marquis de l'Hôpital, so à propos, that it is perhaps owing to the poor Jean-Jacques, so abused and laughed at, that the house of Bourbon owes the preservation of the kingdom of Naples.

The Marquis de l'Hôpital, when he thanked his colleague, as it was proper he should do, spoke to him of his secretary, and mentioned the service he had just rendered to the common cause. The Comte de Montaigu, who in that affair had to reproach himself with negligence, thought he

perceived in the compliment paid him by M. de l'Hôpital something like a reproach, and spoke of it to me with signs of ill-humour. I found it necessary to act in the same manner with the Count de Castellane, ambassador at Constantinople, as I had done with the Marquis de l'Hôpital, although in things of less importance. As there was no other conveyance to Constantinople than by the couriers, sent from time to time by the Senate to its Baile,* advice of their departure was given to the ambassador of France, that he might write by them to his colleague, if he thought proper so to do. This advice was commonly sent a day or two beforehand; but M. de Montaigu was held in so little respect, that merely for the sake of form he was sent to a couple of hours before the couriers set off. This frequently obliged me to write the despatch in his absence. M. de Castellane in his answer made honourable mention of me; M. de Jonville, at Genoa, did the same; and these instances of their regard and esteem became new grievances.

I acknowledge I did not neglect any opportunity of making myself known, but I never sought one improperly; and in serving well, I thought I had a right to aspire to the natural return for essential services: the esteem of those capable of judging of and rewarding them. I will not say whether or not my exactness in discharging the duties of my employment was a just subject of complaint from the ambassador; but I cannot refrain from declaring that it was the sole grievance he ever mentioned previous to our separation.

His house, which he had never placed upon a good footing, was constantly filled with rabble; the French were ill-treated in it, and ascendancy was given to the Italians; of these, even, the more honest part, those who had long been in the service of the embassy, were improperly discharged, his first gentleman in particular, whom he had taken from the Comte de Froulay, and who, if I remember right, was called Comte Peati, or something very like that name. The second

* The name formerly given to the Venetian ambassador to the Poret.

gentleman, chosen by M. de Montaigu, was an outlawed highwayman from Mantua, called Dominic Vitali, to whom the ambassador entrusted the care of his house, and who had by means of flattery and sordid economy obtained his confidence, and become his favourite, to the great prejudice of the few honest people he still had about him, and of the secretary who was at their head. The countenance of an upright man always gives inquietude to knaves. Nothing more was necessary to make Vitali conceive a hatred against me; but for this sentiment there was still another cause, which rendered it more cruel. Of this I must give an account, that I may be condemned if I am found in the wrong.

The ambassador had, according to custom, a box at each of the theatres. Every day at dinner he named the theatre to which it was his intention to go. I chose after him, and the gentleman disposed of the other boxes. When I went out I took the key of the box I had chosen. One day, Vitali not being in the way, I ordered the footman who attended on me to bring me the key to a house which I named to him. Vitali, instead of sending the key, said he had disposed of it. I was the more enraged at this as the footman delivered his message in public. In the evening Vitali wished to make an apology, which, however, I refused to accept. "To-morrow, sir," said I to him, "you will come, at such an hour, and apologize to me in the house where I received the affront, and in the presence of the persons who were witnesses to it; or the very next day, whatever may be the consequence, either you or I will leave the house." This firmness intimidated him. He came to the house at the hour appointed, and made me a public apology, with a meanness worthy of himself. But he afterwards took his measures at leisure, and, at the same time that he cringed to me in public, he secretly acted in so vile a manner, that although unable to prevail on the ambassador to dismiss me, he laid me under the necessity of resolving to leave him.

Such a wretch, certainly, could not know me, but he

knew enough of my character to make it serviceable to his purposes. He knew I was mild to an excess, and patient in bearing involuntary wrongs, but haughty and impatient when insulted with premeditated offences; loving decency and dignity in things in which these were requisite, and not more exact in requiring the respect due to myself than attentive in rendering that which I owed to others. In this he undertook to disgust me, and in this he succeeded. He turned the house upside down, and destroyed the order and subordination I had endeavoured to establish in it. A house without a woman stands in need of rather a severe discipline to preserve that modesty which is inseparable from dignity. He soon converted ours into a place of filthy debauch and scandalous licentiousness, the haunt of knaves and debauchées. He procured for second gentleman to his Excellency, in the place of him whom he got discharged, another pimp like himself, who kept a house of ill-fame at the Cross of Malta; and the indecency of these two rascals was equalled by nothing but their insolence. Except the bedchamber of the ambassador, and even this was not in very good order, there was not a corner in the whole house supportable to a modest man.

As his Excellency never took supper, the gentlemen and myself had a private table, at which the Abbé de Binis and the pages also ate. In the most paltry eating-house people are served with more cleanliness and decency, have cleaner linen, and a table better supplied. We had but one little and very filthy candle, pewter plates, and iron forks. I could have overlooked what passed in secret, but I was deprived of my gondola. I was the only secretary to an ambassador who was obliged to hire one or go on foot, and the livery of his Excellency no longer accompanied me, except when I went to the Senate. Besides, everything which passed in the house was known in the city. All those who were in the service of the other ambassadors loudly exclaimed. Dominic, the sole cause of all, exclaimed louder than anybody, well knowing that the indecency with which we were treated was more vexatious to me than to any other

person. Though I was the only one in the house who said nothing of the matter abroad, I complained bitterly of it to the ambassador, as well as of himself, who, secretly excited by the wretch entirely devoted to his will, daily made me suffer some new affront. Obligated to expend a good deal to keep up a footing with those in the same situation as myself, and to make an appearance proper to my employment, I could not touch a farthing of my salary, and when I asked him for money, he spoke of his esteem for me, and his confidence, as if either of these could have filled my purse, and provided for everything.

These two banditti at length quite turned the head of their master, who naturally had not a good one, and ruined him by a continual traffic and by bargains, of which he was the dupe, whilst they persuaded him they were greatly in his favour. They persuaded him to take a palace upon the Brenta at twice the rent it was worth, and divided the surplus with the proprietor. The apartments were inlaid with mosaic, and ornamented with columns and pilastres, in the taste of the country. M. de Montaigu had all these superbly masked by fir wainscotting, for no other reason than because at Paris apartments were thus fitted up. It was for a similar reason that he only, of all the ambassadors who were at Venice, took from his pages their swords, and from his footmen their canes. Such was the man who, perhaps from the same motive, took a dislike to me on account of my serving him faithfully.

I patiently endured his disdain, his brutality, and ill-treatment, so long as, perceiving them accompanied by ill-humour, I thought they had in them no portion of hatred; but the moment I saw the design formed of depriving me of the honour I merited by my faithful services, I resolved to resign my employment. The first mark I received of his ill-will was relative to a dinner he was to give to the Duke of Modena and his family, who were at Venice, and at which he signified to me I should not be present. I answered, piqued, but not angry, that having the honour daily to dine at his table, if the Duke of Modena, when he came, required

that I should not appear at it, my duty, as well as the dignity of his Excellency, would not suffer me to consent to such a request. "How," said he, passionately, "my secretary, who is not a gentleman, pretends to dine with a sovereign when my gentlemen do not!" "Yes, sir," replied I; "the post with which your Excellency has honoured me, as long as I discharge the functions of it, so far ennobles me that my rank is superior to that of your gentlemen, or of the persons calling themselves such; and I am admitted where they cannot appear. You cannot but know that on the day on which you shall make your public entry, I am called to the ceremony by etiquette, and by an immemorial custom to follow you in a dress of ceremony, and afterwards to dine with you at the Palace of Saint Mark; and I know not why a man who has a right and is to eat in public with the Doge and the Senate of Venice should not eat in private with the Duke of Modena." Though this argument was unanswerable, it did not convince the ambassador; but we had no occasion to renew the dispute, as the Duke of Modena did not come to dine with him.

From that moment he did everything in his power to make things disagreeable to me, and endeavoured unjustly to deprive me of my right, by taking from me the pecuniary advantages attached to my employment, in order to give them to his dear Vitali; and I am convinced that had he dared to send him to the Senate in my place, he would have done so. He commonly employed the Abbé de Binis in his closet, to write his private letters: he made use of him to write to M. de Maurepas an account of the affair of Captain Olivet, in which, far from taking the least notice of me, the only person who gave himself any concern about the matter, he deprived me of the honour of the depositions, of which he sent him a duplicate, for the purpose of attributing them to Patizel, who had not opened his mouth. He wished to mortify me, and please his favourite, but had no desire to dismiss me from his service. He perceived it would be more difficult to find a successor to me than M. Follau, who had already made him known to the world. An Italian secretary

was absolutely necessary to him, on account of the answers from the Senate, one who could write all his despatches, and conduct his affairs, without his giving himself the least trouble about anything ; a person who, to the merit of serving him well, could join the baseness of being the toad-eater of his gentlemen, without honour, merit, or principle. He wished to retain and humble me, by keeping me far from my country, and his own, without money to return to either ; and in which he would, perhaps, have succeeded had he begun with more moderation, but Vitali, who had other views, and wished to force me to extremities, carried his point. The moment I perceived I lost all my trouble : that the ambassador imputed to me my services as so many crimes, instead of being satisfied with them ; that with him I had nothing to expect but things disagreeable at home, and injustice abroad ; and that, in the general disesteem into which he was fallen, his ill offices might be prejudicial to me, without the possibility of my being served by his good ones, I took my resolution, and asked him to allow me to resign, leaving him sufficient time to provide himself with another secretary. Without answering yes or no, he continued to treat me in the same manner, as if nothing had been said. Finding that things remained in the same state, and that he took no measures to procure himself a new secretary, I wrote to his brother, and, explaining to him my motives, begged he would obtain my release from his Excellency, adding that whether I received it or not, I could not possibly remain with him. I waited a long time without any answer, and began to be embarrassed : but at length the ambassador received a letter from his brother, which must have remonstrated with him in very plain terms ; for although he was extremely subject to ferocious rage, I never saw him so violent as on this occasion. After torrents of insufferable reproaches, not knowing what more to say, he accused me of having sold his ciphers. I burst into loud laughter, and asked him, in a sneering manner, if he thought there was in Venice a man who would be fool enough to give half-a-crown for them all. He threatened to call his servants to throw

me out of the window. Until then I had been very composed ; but on this threat, anger and indignation seized me in my turn. I sprang to the door, and after having turned a button which fastened it within, "No, Count," said I, returning to him with a grave step, "your servants shall have nothing to do with this affair ; please to let it be settled between ourselves." My action and manner instantly made him calm ; fear and surprise were marked in his countenance. The moment I saw his fury abated, I bade him adieu in a very few words ; and without waiting for his answer, went to the door, opened it, and passed slowly across the ante-chamber, through the midst of his people, who rose according to custom, and who, I am of opinion, would rather have lent their assistance against him than me. Without going back to my apartment, I descended the stairs, and immediately went out of the palace, never more to enter it.

I hastened immediately to M. le Blond, and related to him what had taken place. Knowing the man, he was but little surprised. He kept me to dinner. This dinner, although without preparation, was splendid. All the French of consequence who were at Venice partook of it. The ambassador had not a single person. The consul related my case to the company. The cry was general, and by no means in favour of his Excellency. He had not settled my account, nor paid me a farthing ; and being reduced to the few louis I had in my pocket, I was extremely embarrassed about my return to France. Every purse was open to me. I took twenty sequins from that of M. le Blond, and as many as that from that of M. de St. Cyr, with whom, next to M. le Bond, I was the most intimately connected. I returned thanks to the rest ; and, till my departure, went to lodge at the house of the chancellor of the Consulate, to prove to the public that the nation was not an accomplice in the injustice of the ambassador.

His Excellency, furious at seeing me taken notice of in my misfortune, at the same time that, notwithstanding his being an ambassador, nobody went near his house, quite lost his

senses and behaved like a madman. He forgot himself so far as to present a memorial to the Senate to get me arrested. On being informed of this by the Abbé de Binis, I resolved to remain a fortnight longer, instead of setting off the next day as I had intended. My conduct had been known and approved of by everybody. I was universally esteemed. The Senate did not deign to return an answer to the extravagant demand of the ambassador, but sent me word I might remain in Venice as long as I thought proper, without making myself uneasy about the attempts of a madman. I continued to see my friends. I went to take leave of the ambassador from Spain, who received me well, and of the Comte de Finochietti, minister from Naples, whom I did not find at home. I wrote him a letter, and received from his Excellency the most polite and obliging answer. And at length I took my departure, leaving behind me, notwithstanding my embarrassment, no other debts than the two sums I had borrowed, and of which I have just spoken ; and an account of fifty crowns with a shopkeeper, of the name of Morandi, which Carrio promised to pay, and which I have never reimbursed him, although we have frequently met since that time ; but with respect to the two sums of money, I returned them very exactly the moment I had it in my power.

I cannot take leave of Venice without saying something of the celebrated amusements of that city, or at least of the small part of them of which I partook during my residence there. It has been seen how little in my youth I ran after the pleasures of that age, or those that are so called. My inclinations did not change at Venice, but my occupations, which moreover would have prevented this, rendered the simple recreations I permitted myself more agreeable to me. The first and most pleasing of all was the society of men of merit. M. le Blond, de St. Cyr, Carrio, Altuna, and a Forlinian gentleman, whose name I am very sorry to have forgotten, and whom I never call to my recollection without emotion : he was the man of all I ever knew whose heart most resembled my own. We were connected with two or

three Englishmen of great wit and information, and, like ourselves, passionately fond of music. All these gentlemen had their wives, lady friends, or mistresses: the latter were most of them accomplished women, at whose apartments there were balls and concerts. There was but little play; a lively turn, talents, and the theatres rendered this amusement insipid. Play is the resource of none but men whose time hangs heavy on their hands. I had brought with me from Paris the prejudice of that city against Italian music; but I had also received from nature a sensibility and niceness of distinction which prejudice cannot withstand. I soon contracted that passion for Italian music with which it inspires all those who are capable of feeling its excellence. In listening to *barcarolles*, I found I had not yet known what singing was, and I soon became so fond of the opera that, tired of babbling, eating, and playing in the boxes, when I wished to listen I frequently withdrew from the company to another part of the theatre. There, quite alone, shut up in my box, I abandoned myself, notwithstanding the length of the representation, to the pleasure of enjoying it at ease until the end. One evening at the theatre of Saint Chrysostom, I fell into a more profound sleep than I should have done in my bed. The loud and brilliant airs did not disturb my repose. But who can explain the delicious sensations given me by the soft harmony of the angelic music, by which I was charmed from sleep; what an awakening! what ravishment! what ecstacy, when at the same instant I opened my ears and eyes! My first idea was to believe I was in Paradise. The ravishing air, which I still recollect and shall never forget, began with these words:

“Conservami la bella
Che si m'accende il cor.”

I was desirous of having it; I had and kept it for a time; but it was not the same thing upon paper as in my head. The notes were the same, but the thing was different. This divine composition can never be executed but in my mind in

the same manner as it was the evening on which it awoke me from sleep.

A kind of music far superior, in my opinion, to that of operas, and which in all Italy has not its equal, nor perhaps in the whole world, is that of the *scuole*. The *scuole* are houses of charity, established for the education of young girls without fortune, to whom the Republic afterwards gives a portion either in marriage or for the cloister. Amongst talents cultivated in these young girls, music is in the first rank. Every Sunday at the church of each of the four *scuole*, during vespers, motets or anthems, with full choruses, accompanied by a great orchestra, and composed and directed by the best masters in Italy, are sung in the galleries by girls only, not one of whom is more than twenty years of age. I have not an idea of anything so voluptuous and affecting as this music: the richness of the art, the exquisite taste of the vocal parts, the excellence of the voices, the justness of the execution, everything in these delightful concerts concurs to produce an impression which certainly is not fashionable, but from which I am of opinion no heart is secure. Carrio and I never failed being present at these vespers of the *mendicanti*, and we are not alone. The church was always full of the lovers of the art, and even the actors of the opera came there to form their tastes after these excellent models. What vexed me was the iron grate, which suffered nothing to escape but sounds, and concealed from me the angels of which they were worthy. I talked of nothing else. One day I spoke of it at Le Blond's. "If you are so desirous," said he, "to see those little girls, it will be an easy matter to satisfy your wishes. I am one of the administrators of the house, I will give you a collation with them." I did not let him rest until he had fulfilled his promise. In entering the saloon containing the beauties I so much longed to see, I felt a tremor of the heart I had never before experienced. M. Le Blond presented to me one after the other these celebrated songsters, of whom I knew nothing but their names and voices. Come Sophia—she was horrid. Come Cattina—

she had but one eye. Come Bettina—small-pox had entirely disfigured her. Scarcely one of them was without some striking defect. My tormentor laughed at my grievous surprise; however, two or three of them appeared tolerable; but these never sang but in the choruses; and I was almost in despair. During the collation, we endeavoured to rouse them, and they soon became enlivened; ugliness does not exclude the graces, and these I found they possessed. I said to myself, “They cannot sing in this manner without intelligence and sensibility—they must have both.” In short, my mode of viewing them changed to such a degree, that I left the house almost in love with each of these ugly faces. I had scarcely courage enough to return to vespers. But after having seen the girls, the danger was lessened. I still found their singing delightful; and their voices so much embellished their persons, that, in spite of my eyes, I obstinately continued to think them beautiful.

Music in Italy is accompanied with so trifling an expense, that it is not worth while for those who have a taste for it to deny themselves the pleasure it affords. I hired a harpsichord, and for half-a-crown I had at my apartment four or five performers with whom I practised once a week in executing the pieces that had given me most pleasure at the opera. I also had some symphonies performed from my *Muses Galantes*. Whether these pleased the performers, or the ballet-master of the St. John Chrysostom wished to flatter me, I cannot say, but he desired to have two of them, and I afterwards had the pleasure of hearing these executed by that admirable orchestra. They were danced to by a little Bettina, pretty and amiable, the fair friend of a Spaniard, M. Fagoaga, who was a friend of ours, and with whom we often spent the evening.

I will now return to my journey.

My first intention after leaving M. de Montaigne was to retire to Geneva, until time and more favourable circumstances should have removed the obstacles which prevented my reunion with Madame de Warens; but the quarrel between M. de Montaigne and myself having become public,

and he having had the folly to write about it to the Court, I resolved to go there to give an account of my conduct, and complain of that of a madman. I communicated my intention, from Venice, to M. du Theil, charged *per interim* with foreign affairs after the death of M. Amelot. I set off as soon as my letter, and took my route through Bergamo, Como, and Domo d'Ossola, and crossed the Simplon. At Sion, M. de Chaignon, the French *chargé des affaires*, showed me great civility; at Geneva, M. de la Closure treated me with the same polite attention. I there renewed my acquaintance with M. de Gauffecourt, from whom I had some money to receive. I had passed through Nyon without seeing my father; not that this was a matter of indifference to me, but because I was unwilling to appear before my step-mother after my disaster, certain of being condemned by her without being heard. The bookseller Duvillard, an old friend of my father, reproached me severely with this neglect. I gave him my reasons for it; and to repair my fault, without exposing myself to meet my step-mother, I took a chaise, and we went together to Nyon and stopped at an inn. Duvillard went to fetch my father, who came running to embrace me. We supped together, and after passing an evening very agreeably to the wishes of my heart, I returned the next morning to Geneva with Duvillard, for whom I have ever since retained a sentiment of gratitude in return for the service he did me on this occasion.

Lyons was a little out of my direct road, but I was determined to pass through that city in order to convince myself of a knavish trick played me by M. de Montaignu. I had sent me from Paris a little box containing a waistcoat, embroidered with gold, a few pairs of ruffles, and six pairs of white silk stockings; nothing more. In response to a proposal made me by M. de Montaignu, I ordered this box to be added to his baggage. In the apothecary's bill he offered me in payment of my salary, and which he wrote out himself, he stated the weight of this box, called by him a bale, at eleven hundred pounds, and charged me with the

carriage of it at an enormous rate. By the cares of M. Boy de La Tour, to whom I was recommended by M. Roguin, his uncle, it was proved from the registers of the customs of Lyons and Marseilles, that the said bale weighed no more than forty-five pounds, and carriage had been paid according to that weight. I joined this authentic extract to the memoir of M. de Montaigu ; and provided with these papers, and others containing stronger facts, I returned to Paris, impatient to make use of them. During the whole of this long journey I had little adventures, at Como, in Valais, and elsewhere. I there saw many curious things, amongst others the Borromean Islands, which are well worthy of being described. But I am pressed by time, and surrounded by spies. I am obliged to write in haste, and very imperfectly, a work requiring the leisure and tranquillity I do not now enjoy. If ever Providence in its goodness grants me calmer days, I shall destine them to re-modelling this work, if I be able to do it, or, at least, to give it the supplement I perceive it stands so much in need of.

The news of my quarrel had reached Paris before me, and on my arrival I found the people in all the offices, and the public in general, scandalized at the follies of the ambassador. Notwithstanding this, the public talk of Venice and the unanswerable proof I exhibited, I could not obtain even the shadow of justice. Far from obtaining satisfaction or reparation, I was left at the discretion of the ambassador for my salary, and this for no other reason than because, not being a Frenchman, I had no right to national protection, and that it was a private affair between him and myself. Everybody agreed that I was insulted, injured, and unfortunate ; that the ambassador was mad, cruel, and iniquitous, and that the whole of the affair dishonoured him for ever. But what of this ! He was the ambassador, and I was nothing more than the secretary.

Order, or that which is so called, was in opposition to my obtaining justice, and of this the least shadow was not granted me. I supposed that, by loudly complaining, and

by publicly treating this madman in the manner he deserved, should at length be told to hold my tongue ; this was what I wished for, and I was fully determined not to obey until I had obtained redress. But at that time there was no Minister for Foreign Affairs. I was suffered to exclaim, nay, even encouraged and joined with ; but the affair still remained in the same state, until, tired of being in the right without obtaining justice, my courage at length failed me, and I let the matter drop.

The only person by whom I was ill received, and from whom I should have least expected such an injustice, was Madame de Beuzenval. Full of the prerogatives of rank and nobility, she could not conceive it was possible an ambassador could ever be in the wrong with respect to his secretary. The reception she gave me was conformable to this prejudice. I was so piqued at it that, immediately after leaving her, I wrote her perhaps one of the strongest and most violent letters that ever came from my pen, and since that time I never once returned to her house. I was better received by Père Castel ; but in the midst of his Jesuitical wheedling, I perceived him faithfully to follow one of the great maxims of his society — to sacrifice the weak to the powerful. The strong conviction I felt of the justice of my cause, and my natural hauteur of mind, did not suffer me patiently to endure this partiality. I ceased visiting Père Castel, and, on that account, went no more to the college of the Jesuits, where I knew nobody but himself. Besides, the intriguing and tyrannical spirit of his brethren, so different from the cordiality of the good Père Hemet, disgusted me so much with their conversation that I have never since spoken with, nor seen any one of them, except with Père Berthier twice or thrice at M. Dupin's, where, in collaboration with his host, he worked with all his might at the refutation of Montesquieu.

That I may not return to the subject, I will conclude what I have to say of M. de Montaign. I had told him in our quarrels that he did not require a secretary, but an

attorney's clerk. He took the hint, and the person he procured to succeed me was a real attorney, who, in less than a year, robbed him of twenty or thirty thousand livres. He discharged him, and sent him to prison, dismissed his gentlemen in disgrace and wretchedness, got himself everywhere into quarrels, received affronts that a footman would not have put up with, and, after numerous follies, was recalled, and sent from the capital. It is very probable that among the reprimands he received at Court, his affair with me was not forgotten. At least, a little time after his return he sent his *maitre d'hôtel* to settle my account, and give me some money. I was in want of it at that moment. My debts at Venice—debts of honour, if ever there were any—lay heavy upon my mind. I made use of the proffered means to discharge them, as well as the note of Zanetto Nani. I received what was offered me, paid all my debts, and remained as before, without a farthing in my pocket, but relieved from a weight that had become insupportable. From that time I never heard of M. de Montaigu, until his death, which became known to me by means of the gazette. The peace of God be with that poor man! He was as fit for the functions of an ambassador as in my infancy I had been for those of Grapignan. However, it was in his power to have honourably supported himself by my services, and rapidly to have advanced me in a career the Comte de Gouvion had destined me for in my youth, and whose functions I had in a more advanced age rendered myself capable of performing.

The justice and yet the inutility of my complaints left in my mind seeds of indignation against our foolish civil institutions, by which the welfare of the public and real justice are always sacrificed to I know not what appearance of order, and which do nothing more than add the sanction of public authority to the oppression of the weak and the iniquity of the powerful. Two things prevented these seeds from developing at that time, as they afterwards did: one was, that the subject was personal, and private interest, whence nothing great or noble ever proceeded, could not

draw from my heart the divine aspirations which only the purest love of the just and sublime can produce ; the other was the charm of friendship, and this tempered and calmed my wrath by the ascendancy of a more pleasing sentiment. I had become acquainted at Venice with a Biscayan, a friend of my friend Carrio, and worthy of being that of every honest man. This amiable young man, born with every talent and virtue, had just made the tour of Italy to gain a taste for the fine arts, and, imagining he had nothing more to acquire, intended to return by the most direct road to his own country. I told him the arts were nothing more than a relaxation to a genius, like his, so fit to cultivate the sciences ; and to give him a taste for these, I advised him to make a journey to Paris and reside there for six months. He took my advice, and went to Paris. He was there, and expected me when I arrived. His lodging was too considerable for him, and when he offered me the half of it, this I instantly accepted. I found him absorbed in the study of the sublimest sciences. Nothing was above his reach. He digested everything with a prodigious rapidity. How cordially did he thank me for having procured him this food for his mind, which was tormented by a thirst after knowledge, without his being aware of it ! What a treasure of light and virtue I found in the vigorous mind of this young man ! I felt he was the friend I wanted. We soon became intimate. Our tastes were not the same, and we constantly disputed. Both opinionated, we never could agree about anything. Nevertheless, we could not separate : and notwithstanding our reciprocal and incessant contradiction, we neither of us wished the other to be different from what he was.

Ignacio Emanuel de Altuna was one of those rare beings whom only Spain produces, and of whom she produces too few for her glory. He had not the violent national passions common in his own country. The idea of vengeance could no more enter his head than the desire of it could proceed from his heart. His mind was too great to be vindictive, and I have frequently heard him say, with the greatest

coolness, that no mortal could offend him. He was gallant without being tender. He played with women as with so many pretty children. He amused himself with the mistresses of his friends, but I never knew him to have one of his own. The emanations from the virtue with which his heart was stored never permitted the fire of the passions to excite sensual desires.

After his travels, he married, died young, and left children; and I am as convinced as of my existence, that his wife was the first and only woman with whom he ever shared the pleasures of love.

Externally he was devout, like most Spaniards, but in his heart he had the piety of an angel. Except myself, he is the only man I ever knew whose principles were not intolerant. He never in his life asked any one his opinion in matters of religion. It was not of the least consequence to him whether his friend was a Jew, a Protestant, a Turk, a bigot, or an atheist, provided he was an honest man. Whilst obstinate and headstrong in matters of indifference, the moment religion was in question, even the moral part, he collected himself, was silent, or simply said, "I am charged with the care of myself only." It is astonishing that so much elevation of mind should be compatible with a spirit of detail carried to minuteness. He previously divided the employment of the day by hours, quarters, and minutes; and so scrupulously adhered to this arrangement, that had the clock struck while he was reading a phrase, he would have shut his book without finishing it. His portions of time thus laid out were some of them set apart to studies of one kind, and others to those of another. He had some for reflection, conversation, divine service, the reading of Locke, for his rosary, for visits, music, and painting; and neither pleasure, temptation, nor complaisance could interrupt this order. A duty he might have had to discharge was the only thing that could have done it. When he gave me a copy of his plan, that I might conform myself thereto, I first laughed, and then shed tears of admiration. He never constrained anybody

nor suffered constraint. He was rather rough with people, who from politeness attempted to coerce him. He was passionate without being sullen. I have often seen him warm, but never saw him really angry with any person. Nothing could be more cheerful than his temper. He knew how to give and take a joke; raillery was one of his distinguished talents, and he possessed that also of pointed wit and repartee. When he was animated, he was noisy, and heard at a great distance; but whilst he loudly inveighed, a smile was spread over his countenance, and in the midst of his warmth he used some diverting expression, that made all his hearers break out into a loud laugh. He had no more of the Spanish complexion than of the phlegm of that country. His skin was white, his cheeks finely-coloured, and his hair of a light chestnut. He was tall and well-made. His body was well formed for the residence of his mind.

This wise-hearted as well as wise-headed man knew mankind, and was my friend: this is my only answer to such as are not so. We were so intimately united, that our intention was to pass our days together. In a few years I was to go to Ascoytia to live with him on his estate. Every part of the project was arranged, and even the time of our departure; nothing was left undetermined, save that independent of man's best concerted plans—subsequent events. My disasters, his marriage, and finally his death, separated us for ever. Some men would be tempted to say, that nothing succeeds except the dark conspiracies of the wicked, and that the innocent intentions of the good are seldom, or never, accomplished. I had felt the inconvenience of dependence, and took a resolution never again to expose myself to it—having seen these projects of my ambition, circumstances had induced me to form, overturned in their birth. Discouraged in and expelled from the career I had so well begun, I resolved never more to attach myself to any person, but to remain in an independent state, turning my talents to the best advantage. Of these I at length began to feel the extent, and that

I hitherto had too modest an opinion of them. I again took up my opera, laid aside when I went to Venice; and that I might be less interrupted after the departure of Altuna, I returned to my old hotel, St. Quentin; for, it being in a solitary part of the town, and not far from the Luxembourg, was more proper for my purpose than the noisy Rue St. Honoré.

There the only consolation Heaven suffered me to taste in my misery, and the only one that rendered it supportable, awaited me. This was not a transient acquaintance. I must enter into some detail relative to the manner in which it was made.

We had a new landlady from Orleans; she took for a needle-woman a girl from her own country, of between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age, and who, as well as the hostess, eat at our table. This girl, named Thérèse Le Vasseur, was of a good family; her father was an officer in the mint of Orleans, and her mother a shopkeeper; they had many children. The function of the mint of Orleans being suppressed, the father found himself without employment, and the mother, having suffered losses, was reduced to narrow circumstances. She quitted her business and came to Paris with her husband and daughter, who, by her industry, maintained all the three.

The first time I saw this girl at table I was struck with her modesty, and still more with her lively, yet charming expression. This, with respect to the impression it made upon me, I never saw equalled. Besides M. de Bonnefond, the company was composed of several Irish priests, Gascons, and others of much the same description. Our hostess herself had not made the best possible use of her time, and I was the only person at table who spoke and behaved with decency. Allurements were thrown out to the young girl. I took her part, and the joke was then turned against me. Had I had no natural inclination to the poor girl, compassion and contradiction would have produced it in me. I was always a great friend to decency in manners and conversation, especially towards the fair sex. I openly declared

myself her champion, and perceived she was not insensible of my attention ; her looks, animated by the gratitude she dared not express by words, were for this reason still more penetrating.

She was very timid, but not more so than I myself was. The friendship this disposition, common to both, seemed to remove to a distance was however, rapidly formed. Our landlady, perceiving its progress, became furious, and her brutality forwarded my affair with the young girl, who, having no person in the house except myself to give her the least support, was sorry to see me go from home, and sighed for the return of her protector. The affinity our hearts bore to each other, and the similarity of our dispositions, had soon their ordinary effect. She thought she saw in me an honest man, and in this she was not deceived. I thought I perceived in her a woman of great sensibility, simple in her manners, and devoid of all coquetry. I was no more deceived in her than she in me. I began by declaring to her that I would never either abandon or marry her. Love, esteem, artless sincerity were the ministers of my triumph, and it was because her heart was tender and virtuous that I was happy without being presuming.

The apprehensions she was under of my not finding in her that which I sought for retarded my happiness more than every other circumstance. I perceived her disconcerted and confused before she yielded her consent, wishing to be understood, and not daring to explain herself. As we did not understand each other, our conversations upon this subject were so many enigmas that were more than ridiculous. She was upon the point of believing I was absolutely mad ; and I, on my part, was as near not knowing what else to think of her. At last we came to an explanation ; she confessed to me with tears the only fault of the kind of her whole life, immediately after she became nubile—the fruit of her ignorance, and the address of her seducer. The moment I comprehended what she meant, I gave a shout of joy. “A Hymen !” exclaimed I, “sought for at Paris, and at twenty years of age ! Ah, my Thérèse ! I am

happy in possessing thee, virtuous and healthy as thou art, and in not finding that I never sought for."

At first, amusement was my only object; I perceived I had gone further, and had given myself a companion. A little intimate connexion with this excellent girl, and a few reflections upon my situation, made me discover that, while thinking of nothing more than my pleasures, I had done a great deal towards my happiness. In the place of extinguished ambition, a lively sentiment having entire possession of heart was necessary to me. In a word, I wanted a successor to "Maman." Since I was never again to live with her, it was necessary some person should live with her pupil, and a person, too, in whom I might find the same simplicity and docility of mind and heart she had found in me. It was, moreover, necessary that the happiness of domestic life should indemnify me for the splendid career I had just renounced. When I was quite alone there was a void in my heart, wanting nothing more than another heart to fill it up. Fate had deprived me of this, or, at least in part, alienated me from that which nature had formed me for. From that moment I was alone; for there never was for me the least thing intermediate between everything and nothing. I found in Thérèse the supplement I stood in need of; by means of her I lived as happily as I possibly could do, according to the course of events.

I first attempted to improve her mind. In this my pains were useless. Her mind was as nature formed it: it was not susceptible of cultivation. I do not blush in acknowledging she never knew how to read well, although she writes tolerably. When I went to lodge in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, opposite to my windows at the Hôtel de Pontchartrain there was a sun-dial, and on this for a whole month I used all my efforts to teach her to know the hours; yet she scarcely knows them at present. She never could enumerate the twelve months of the year in order, and cannot distinguish one numeral from another, notwithstanding all the trouble I took in endeavouring to teach them to her. She neither knows how to count money nor

to reckon the price of anything. The word that presents itself to her mind, when she speaks, is frequently the opposite to that she means to make use of. I formerly made a dictionary of her phrases, to amuse Madame de Luxembourg, and her *quid pro quos* often became celebrated among those with whom I was most intimate. But this person, so narrow in her intellect, and, if the world pleases, so stupid, can give excellent advice in cases of difficulty. In Switzerland, in England, and in France, she frequently saw what I had not myself perceived: she has often given me the best advice I could possibly follow; she has rescued me from dangers that otherwise I had blindly precipitated myself into; and in the presence of princes and the great, her sentiments, good sense, answers, and conduct have procured her universal esteem, and myself the most sincere congratulations on her merit. With persons whom we love, sentiment fortifies the mind as well as the heart; and they who are thus attached have little need to search for ideas elsewhere.

I lived with my Thérèse as agreeably as with the cleverest woman in the world. Her mother, proud of having been brought up under the Marquise de Monpipeau, attempted to be witty, and wishing to direct the judgment of her daughter, by her knavish cunning, destroyed the simplicity of our intercourse.

The fatigue of this importunity made me in some degree surmount the foolish shame that prevented me from appearing with Thérèse in public; and we took short country walks, *tête-à-tête*, and partook of little collations, that to me were delicious. I perceived she loved me sincerely, and this increased my tenderness. This charming intimacy left me nothing to wish for; futurity no longer gave me the least concern, or, at most, appeared only as the present moment prolonged. I had no other desire than that of ensuring its duration.

This attachment rendered all other dissipation superfluous and insipid to me. I never went out but for the purpose of going to the apartment of Thérèse; her place of residence

also became my own. My retirement was so favourable to the work I had undertaken that in less than three months my opera was entirely finished, both words and music, except a few accompaniments and fillings-up which still remained to be added. This manœuvring business was very fatiguing to me. I proposed it to Philidor, offering him, at the same time, a part of the profits. He came twice, and did something to the middle parts in the act of *Ovid*; but he could not confine himself to an assiduous application by the allurements of advantages at all distant and uncertain. He did not come a third time, and I finished the work myself.

My opera completed, the next thing was to make something of it; this was by much the more difficult task of the two. A man living in solitude in Paris will never succeed in anything. I was on the point of making my way, by means of M. de La Poplinière, to whom Gaussecourt, on my return to Geneva, had introduced me. M. de La Poplinière was the Mécenas of Rameau—Madame de La Poplinière, his very humble scholar. Rameau was said to govern in that house. Judging that he would with pleasure protect the work of one of his disciples, I wished to show him what I had done. He refused to examine it, saying he could not read score; it was too fatiguing to him. M. de La Poplinière, to obviate this difficulty, said he might hear it, and offered to send for musicians to execute detached pieces. I wished for nothing better. Rameau consented with an ill grace, incessantly repeating that the composition of a man not regularly bred to the science, and who had learned music without a master, must certainly be very fine! I hastened to copy into parts five or six select passages. Ten instrumentalists were procured; and Albert, Bérard, and Mademoiselle Bourbonnais undertook the vocal parts. Rameau, the moment he heard the overture, was purposely extravagant in his eulogium; by this he intended it should be understood it could not be my composition. He showed signs of impatience at every passage; but after a counter tenor song, an air both noble and harmonious, with a brilliant

accompaniment, he could no longer contain himself; he apostrophized me with a brutality that shocked everybody, maintaining that a part of what he had heard was by a man experienced in the art, and the rest by some ignorant person who did not so much as understand music. It is true my composition, unequal and without rule, was sometimes sublime, and at others insipid, as that of a person who forming himself in an art by the soarings of his own genius, unsupported by science, must necessarily be. Rameau pretended to see nothing in me but a contemptible pilferer, without talents or taste. The rest of the company, among whom I must distinguish the master of the house, were of a different opinion. M. de Richelieu, who at that time frequently visited M. and Madame de La Poplinière, heard of my work, and wished to hear the whole of it, with an intention, if it pleased him, to have it performed at Court. The opera was executed with full choruses, and a great orchestra, at the expense of the King, at M. Bonneval's, intendant of the *menus*. Francœur directed the band. The effect was surprising. The Duke never ceased to exclaim and applaud; and, at the end of one of the choruses in the act of *Tasso*, he rose and came to me, and, pressing my hand, said, "M. Rousseau, this is transporting harmony. I never heard anything finer. I will get this performed at Versailles."

Madame de la Poplinière, who was present, said not a word. Rameau, although invited, refused to come. The next day Madame de la Poplinière received me at her toilette very ungraciously, affected to undervalue my piece, and told me that although a little false glitter had at first dazzled M. de Richelieu, he had recovered from his error, and she advised me not to place the least dependence upon my opera. The Duke arrived soon after, and spoke to me in quite a different tone. He said very flattering things of my talents, and seemed as much disposed as ever to have my composition performed before the King. "There is nothing," said he, "but the act of *Tasso* that cannot pass at Court. You must write another." Upon this single

word, I shut myself up in my apartment; and in three weeks produced, in the place of *Tasso*, another act, the subject being Hesiod inspired by the Muses. In this I found the secret of introducing a part of the history of my talents, and of the jealousy that Rameau had been pleased to honour me with. There was in the new act an elevation less gigantic and better supported than in the act of *Tasso*. The music was as noble and the composition better; and had the other two acts been equal to this, the whole piece would have supported a representation to advantage. But whilst I was endeavouring to give it the last finishing touches, another undertaking suspended the completion of what I had in hand in 1745-47.

In the winter which succeeded the battle of Fontenoy, there were many galas at Versailles, and several operas were performed at the theatre of the Petites-Ecuries. Among the number of the latter was the dramatic piece of Voltaire, intitled *La Princesse de Navarre*. The music was by Rameau, and its name had just been changed to that of the *Fêtes de Ramire*. This new subject required several changes to be made in the *divertissements*, in the poetry, as well as in the music.

A person capable of both was now sought after. Voltaire was in Lorraine, and Rameau also; both of whom were employed on the opera of *La Temple de la Glorie*, and they could not give their attention to this. M. de Richelieu thought of me, and sent to desire I would undertake the alterations; and that I might the better examine what there was to do, he gave me separately the poem and the music. In the first place, I would not touch the words without the consent of the author, to whom I wrote upon the subject a very polite and respectful letter, such a one as was proper; and received from him the following:—"Sir, in you two talents, hitherto always separate, are united. These are two good reasons for me to esteem and to endeavour to love you. I am sorry, on your account, you should employ these talents in a work so little worthy of them. A few months ago the Duke de Richelieu commanded me to

make, absolutely in the twinkling of an eye, a little and bad sketch of a few insipid and imperfect scenes to be adapted to *divertissements* not of a nature to be joined with them. I obeyed with the greatest exactness. I wrote very fast and very indifferently. I sent this wretched production to M. de Richelieu, imagining he would make no use of it, or that I should have it again to make the necessary corrections. Happily it is in your hands, and you are at full liberty to do with it whatever you please. I have entirely lost sight of the thing. I doubt not but you will have corrected all the faults that cannot but abound in so hasty a composition of such a very simple sketch, and am persuaded you will have supplied whatever was wanting.

"I remember that, among other stupid inattentions, no account is given in the scenes connecting the *divertissements* of the way in which the Grenadian princess immediately passes from a prison to a garden or palace. As it is not a magician, but a Spanish nobleman, who gives her the gala, I am of opinion nothing should be effected by enchantment. I beg, sir, you will examine this part, as I have but a confused idea of it.

"You will likewise consider, whether or not it be necessary the prison should be opened, and the princess conveyed from it to a fine palace, gilt and varnished, and prepared for her. I know all this is wretched, and that it is beneath a thinking being to make a serious affair of such trifles; but, since we must displease as little as possible, it is necessary we should conform to reason, even in a bad *divertissement* of an opera.

"I depend wholly upon you and M. Ballod, and soon expect to have the honour of returning you my thanks, and assuring you how much I am," &c.

There is nothing surprising in the great politeness of this letter, compared with the almost rude ones he has since written to me. He thought I was in great favour with M. de Richelieu; and the courtly suppleness, which every one knows to be the character of this author, obliged him to be extremely polite to a new-comer, until he became better

acquainted with the measure of the favour and patronage he enjoyed.

Authorized by M. de Voltaire, and not under the necessity of giving myself the least concern about M. Rameau, who endeavoured to injure me, I set to work, and in two months my undertaking was finished. With respect to the poetry, it was confined to a mere trifle. I aimed at nothing more than to prevent the difference of style from being perceived, and had the vanity to think I had succeeded. The musical part was longer and more laborious. Besides my having to compose several preparatory pieces, and, amongst others, the overture, I was charged with all the recitative, and it was extremely difficult, on account of the necessity of connecting, in a few phrases, and by very rapid modulations, symphonies and choruses, in keys very different from each other ; for I was determined neither to change nor transpose any of the airs, that Rameau might not accuse me of having disfigured them. I succeeded in the recitative ; it was well accented, full of energy and excellent modulation. The idea of the two men of superior talents with whom I was associated had elevated my genius ; and I can assert, that in this barren and inglorious task, although the public could have no knowledge of it, I was for the most part equal to my models.

The piece, in the state I had brought it to, was rehearsed in the great theatre of the opera. Of the three authors who had contributed to the production, I was the only one present. Voltaire was not in Paris ; and Rameau either did not come or concealed himself. The words of the first monologue were very mournful ; they began with,

O Mort ! viens terminer les malheurs de ma vie.*

To these suitable music was necessary. It was, however, upon this that Madame de La Poplinière founded her censure, accusing me, with much bitterness, of having composed a funeral anthem. M. de Richelieu very judiciously began by informing himself who was the author of the poetry of this monologue ; I presented him the manuscript he had

* O Death ! hasten to terminate the misfortunes of my life.

sent me, and it was seen these words were by Voltaire. "In that case," said the Duke, "Voltaire alone is to blame." During the rehearsal, everything I had done was disapproved of by Madame de La Poplinière and approved of by M. de Richelieu; but I had afterwards to do with too powerful an adversary. It was signified to me that several parts of my composition wanted revising, and that on these it was necessary I should consult M. Rameau. My heart was wounded by such a conclusion, instead of the eulogium I expected and certainly merited; and I returned to my apartment overwhelmed with grief, exhausted with fatigue, and consumed by chagrin. I was immediately taken ill, and confined to my bedroom for upwards of six weeks.

Rameau, who was charged with the alterations indicated by Madame de La Poplinière, sent to ask me for the overture of my great opera, to substitute it for that I had just composed. Happily, I perceived the trick he intended to play me, and refused him. As the performance was to be in five or six days, he had not time to write one, and was obliged to leave that I had prepared. It was in the Italian style, at that time quite new in France. It gave satisfaction; and I learned from M. de Valmalette, *maître d'hôtel* to the King, and son-in-law to M. Mussard, my relative and friend, that the connoisseurs were highly satisfied with my work, and that the public had not distinguished it from that of Rameau. However, he and Madame de La Poplinière took measures to prevent any person from knowing I had any concern in the matter. In the books distributed to the audience, Voltaire was the only person mentioned; and Rameau preferred the suppression of his own name to seeing it associated with mine.

As soon as I was able to go out, I wished to see M. de Richelieu; but it was too late. He had just set off for Dunkirk, where he was to command the expedition destined for Scotland. "At his return," I said to myself to authorize my idleness, "it will be too late." And so, not having seen him since that time, I lost the honour of my work and the emoluments it should have produced me; besides considering

my time, trouble, grief and vexation, my illness, and the money this cost me, without ever receiving the least benefit, or rather, recompense. However, I always thought M. de Richelieu was disposed to serve me, and that he had a favourable opinion of my talents; but my misfortune, and Madame de La Poplinière, prevented the carrying out of his good wishes.

I could not divine the reason of the aversion this lady had to me. I had always endeavoured to make myself agreeable to her, and regularly paid her my court. Gauffecourt explained to me the causes of her dislike. "The first," said he, "is her friendship for Rameau, of whom she is the declared panegyrist, and who will not suffer a competitor; the next is an original sin that ruins you in her estimation, and which she will never forgive—you are a Genevese." Upon this he told me that the Abbé Hubert, who was from the same city, and a sincere friend of M. de La Poplinière, had used all his efforts to prevent him from marrying this lady, with whose character and temper he was very well acquainted; and that, after the marriage, she had vowed him an implacable hatred, as well as all the Genevese. "Although La Poplinière has a friendship for you, do not," said he, "depend upon his protection. He is still in love with his wife; she hates you, and is vindictive and artful: you will never do anything in that house." All this I took for granted.

The same Gauffecourt rendered me, much about this time, a service that I stood in the greatest need of. I had just lost my esteemed father, who was about sixty years of age. I felt this loss less severely than I should have done at any other time, when the embarrassments of my situation had less engaged my attention. During his lifetime I had never claimed what remained of the property of my mother, and he received the little interest arising from it. His death removed all my scruples upon this subject. But the want of a legal proof of the death of my brother created a difficulty. This Gauffecourt undertook to remove; and he did so by means of the good offices of the advocate De Lolme.

As I stood in need of this little resource, and the event being doubtful, I waited for a definite account with the greatest anxiety.

One evening on entering my apartment, I found a letter, and knowing that it contained the information I wanted, I took it up with an impatient trembling, of which I was inwardly ashamed. "What!" said I, to myself, with disdain, "shall Jean-Jacques thus suffer himself to be subdued by interest and curiosity?" I immediately laid the letter again upon the chimney-piece, I undressed myself, went to bed with great composure, slept better than I usually did, and rose in the morning at a late hour, without thinking more of my letter. As I dressed myself, it caught my eye. I broke the seal very leisurely, and found under the envelope a bill of exchange. I felt a variety of pleasing sensations at the same time; but I can assert, upon my honour, that the most lively of them all was that proceeding from having known how to be master of myself.

I could mention twenty such circumstances in my life, but I am too much pressed for time to say everything. I sent a small part of this money to my poor "*Maman*," regretting, with my eyes suffused with tears, the happy time when I should have laid it all at her feet. All her letters contained evident marks of her distress. She sent me piles of recipes, and numerous secrets, in the fond belief that with them I might make both my own fortune and hers. The idea of her wretchedness already affected her heart and contracted her mind. The little I sent her fell a prey to the knaves by whom she was surrounded; she received not the least advantage from anything. The idea of dividing what was necessary to my own subsistence with these wretches disgusted me, especially after the vain attempt I had made to deliver her from them, and of which I shall have occasion to speak. Time slipped away, and with it the little money I had; we were two, or indeed, four persons; or, to speak more correctly, seven or eight. Although *Thérèse* was disinterested to a degree almost without example, her mother was certainly not so. In fact, she was no

sooner a little relieved from her necessities by my cares, than she sent for her whole family to partake of the fruits of them. Sisters, sons, daughters, all, except her eldest daughter, married to the director of the coaches of Angers, came to Paris. Everything I did for Thérèse her mother diverted from its original destination in favour of these people, who were starving. I had not to do with an avaricious person; and not being under the influence of an unruly passion, I was not guilty of follies. Satisfied with respectably supporting Thérèse without luxury, and not being exposed to pressing wants, I readily consented to let all the earnings of her industry go to the support of her mother; and to this even I did not confine myself; but, by the fatality that pursued me, whilst "Maman" was a prey to the rascals about her, Thérèse was the same to her family: and I could not do anything on either side for the benefit of her to whom the succour I gave was destined. It was odd enough that the youngest child of Madame Le Vasseur, the only one who had not received a marriage portion from her parents, should provide for their subsistence; and that, after having been beaten in the past by her brothers, sisters, and even her nieces, the poor girl should be plundered by them all, without being more able to defend herself from their thefts than from their blows. One of her nieces, named Goton Leduc, was of a mild and amiable character, although spoiled by the lessons and example of the others. As I frequently saw them together, I gave them names, which they afterwards gave to each other; I called the niece *my niece*, and the aunt *my aunt*; they both called me uncle. Hence the name of *aunt*, by which I continued to call Thérèse, and which my friends sometimes jocosely repeated. It will be judged that in such a situation I had not a moment to lose before I attempted to extricate myself. Imagining M. de Richelieu had forgotten me, and having no more hopes from the Court, I made some attempts to get my opera brought out in Paris; but I met with difficulties that could not be immediately removed, and my situation became daily more painful. I presented my little

comedy of *Narcisse* to the Italians ; it was received, and I had in return the freedom of the theatre, to me a source of much pleasure. But this was all ; I could never get my piece performed, and, tired of paying my court to players, I gave myself no more trouble about them. At length I had recourse to the last expedient remaining to me, and the only one I ought to have made use of. While frequenting the house of M. de La Poplinière, I had neglected that of M. Dupin. The two wives, although related, were not upon good terms, and never saw each other. There was not the least intercourse between the two families, and Thieriot was the only person who visited both. He was desired to endeavour to bring me again to M. Dupin's. M. de Francueil was then studying natural history and chemistry, and collecting a cabinet. I believed he aspired to become a member of the Academy of Sciences ; to this effect he intended to write a book, and judged I might be of use to him in the undertaking. Madam Dupin, who, on her part, had another work in contemplation, had much the same views with respect to me. They wished to have me in common as a kind of secretary, and this was the reason of the invitations of Thieriot.

I required that M. de Francueil should previously employ his interest with that of Jelyote to get my work rehearsed at the opera house ; to this he consented. The *Muses Galantes* was rehearsed several times, first at the Magazine, and afterwards in the Grand Theatre. The audience was very numerous at the great rehearsal, and several parts of the composition were highly applauded. However, during this rehearsal—very ill-conducted by Rebel—I felt the piece would not be received, and that, before it could appear, great alterations were necessary. I therefore withdrew it without saying a word, or exposing myself to a refusal ; but I plainly perceived, by several indications, that the work, had it been perfect, could not have succeeded. M. de Francueil had promised me to get it rehearsed, but not that it should be received. He exactly kept his word. I thought I perceived on this occasion, as well as many others, that

neither Madame Dupin nor he were willing I should acquire a reputation in the world, lest, after the publication of their books, it should be supposed that they had grafted their talents upon mine. Yet, as Madame Dupin always supposed those I had to be very moderate, and never employed me except to write what she dictated, or in search of pure erudition, the reproach in respect to her would have been unjust.

This last failure completed my discouragement. I abandoned every prospect of fame and advancement; and, without further troubling my head about real or imaginary talents that brought me so little success, I dedicated my whole time and care to procure myself and Thérèse a subsistence in the manner most pleasing to those to whom it should be agreeable to provide for it. I therefore entirely attached myself to Madame Dupin and M. de Franceuil. This did not place me in a very opulent situation; for, with eight or nine hundred livres, which I received during the first two years, I had scarcely enough to provide for my primary wants, being obliged to live in their neighbourhood—a dear part of the town—in a furnished lodging, and having to pay for another lodging at the extremity of Paris, at the very top of the Rue St. Jacques, where, let the weather be as it would, I went almost every evening to supper. I soon got into the track of my new occupations, and conceived a taste for them. I commenced the study of chemistry, and attended several lectures with M. de Franceuil at M. Rouelle's; and we began to place on paper our ideas upon that science, although we scarcely understood its elements. In 1747 we went to pass the autumn in Touraine, at the Château de Chenonceaux, a royal mansion upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diana of Poitiers, whose ciphers are still seen—and now in the possession of M. Dupin, the Farmer-general. We amused ourselves very agreeably in this beautiful place, and lived very well. I became there as fat as a monk. Music was a favourite relaxation. I composed several trios full of harmony; perhaps I may speak of these in my supplement, if ever I

should write one. Theatrical performances were another resource. I wrote a comedy in fifteen days, entitled *L'Engagement Téméraire*. This will be found amongst my papers, but it has no other merit than that of being lively. I composed several other trifles; amongst others, a poem entitled *L'Allée de Sylvie*, from the name of an alley in the park upon the banks of the Cher; and all without discontinuing my chemical studies, or interrupting what I had to do for Madame Dupin.

Whilst I was increasing my girth at Chenonceaux, that of my poor Thérèse was augmented at Paris in another manner, and at my return I found the work I had put upon the frame in greater forwardness than I had expected. This, on account of my situation, would have thrown me into the greatest embarrassment, had not one of my comrades furnished me with the only resource capable of relieving me from it. This is one of those essential narratives that I cannot give with too much simplicity; because, in making an improper use of names, I should either excuse or inculcate myself, both alternatives being, in this place, entirely out of the question.

During the residence of Altuna at Paris, instead of going to eat at a restaurant, he and I commonly eat in the neighbourhood, almost opposite the *cul de sac* of the opera, at the house of a Madame La Selle, the wife of a tailor, who gave but very ordinary dinners, but whose table was much frequented on account of the safe company that generally resorted to it. No person was received without being introduced by one of those who used the house. The Commander de Graville, an old debauchee with much wit and politeness, but obscene in conversation, lodged at the house, and brought to it a set of riotous and extravagant young men, officers in the Guards, and *mousquetaires*. The Commander de Nonant, chevalier to all the girls of the opera, was the daily oracle who conveyed to us the news of this motley crew. M. Duplessis, a lieutenant-colonel, retired from the service, an old man of great goodness and wisdom; and M. Ancelet, an officer in the *mousquetaires*,

kept the young people in a certain kind of order. The table was also frequented by commercial people, financiers and contractors, all extremely polite, and such as were distinguished amongst those of the same profession; M. de Besse, M. de Forcade, and others whose names I have forgotten; in short, well-dressed people of every description were seen there, except Abbés and lawyers, not one of whom I ever met in the house; and it was agreed not to introduce men of either of these professions. This table, sufficiently resorted to, was very cheerful without being noisy, and many of the guests were waggish, without descending to vulgarity. The old commander, with all his broad stories with respect to the substance, never lost sight of the politeness of the old court; nor did any indecent expression which even women would not have pardoned him escape his lips. His manner served as a rule to every person at table. All the young men related their adventures of gallantry with equal grace and freedom, and these narratives were the more complete as the Magazine was at the door, for the entry leading to it and to Madame La Selle's was the same, there being a communication between this and the shop of La Duchapt, a celebrated milliner, who at that time had several very pretty girls, with whom our young people went to chat before or after dinner. I should thus have amused myself as well as the rest, had I been less modest. I had only to go in as they did, but this I never had courage enough to do. With respect to Madame La Selle, I often went to eat at her house after the departure of Altuna. I learned a great number of amusing anecdotes, and by degrees I adopted, thank God, not the morals, but the maxims I found to be established there. Honest men injured, husbands deceived, women seduced, were the most ordinary topics, and he who had best filled the Foundling Hospital was always the most applauded. I caught the manners I daily had before my eyes. I formed my manner of thinking upon that I observed to be the reigning one amongst amiable and, upon the whole, very honest people. I said to myself, since it is the custom of the country, they who live here may adopt

it. This was the expedient I sought for. I cheerfully determined upon it without the least scruple, and the only one I had to overcome was Thérèse, whom, with the greatest imaginable difficulty, I persuaded to adopt this only means of saving her honour. Her mother, who was, moreover, apprehensive of a new embarrassment by an increase of family, came to my aid, and she at length suffered herself to be prevailed upon. We made choice of a midwife, a safe and prudent woman, Mademoiselle Gouin, who lived at Saint-Eustache, and when the time came Thérèse was conducted by her mother to this woman's house.

I went thither several times to see her, and gave her a cipher I had made in duplicate upon two cards; one of them was put into the linen of the child, and by the midwife deposited with the infant in the office of the Foundling Hospital, according to the customary form. The year following a similar inconvenience was remedied by the same expedient, excepting the cipher, which was forgotten: no more reflection on my part, nor approbation on that of the mother; she obeyed with trembling. All the vicissitudes produced by this fatal conduct in my manner of thinking, as well as in my destiny, will be successively seen. For the present we will confine ourselves to this first period: its cruel and unforeseen consequences will but too frequently oblige me to refer to it.

I may here mark my first acquaintance with Madame d'Epinay, whose name will frequently appear in these memoirs. She was a Mademoiselle d'Esclarelles, and had lately been married to M. d'Epinay, son of M. de Lalive de Bellegarde, of Berne, a farmer-general. She understood music, and a passion for the art produced between these three persons the greatest intimacy. Madame Francueil introduced me to Madame d'Epinay, and we sometimes supped together at her house. She was amiable, had wit and talent, and was certainly a very desirable acquaintance; but she had a friend, a Mademoiselle d'Ette, who was said to have much malignancy in her disposition; she lived with the Chevalier de Valroy, whose temper was far from being

one of the best. I am of opinion that her acquaintance with these two persons was prejudicial to Madame d'Epinay, to whom, with a disposition requiring the greatest attention from those about her, nature had given very excellent qualities to regulate or counterbalance her extravagant pretensions. M. de Francueil inspired her with a part of the friendship he had conceived for me, and told me of the connection between them, of which, for that reason, I would not now speak had it not become so public as not to be concealed from M. d'Epinay himself.

M. de Francueil confided to me secrets of a very singular nature relative to this lady, but she herself never spoke of these to me, nor so much as suspected my having a knowledge of them; for I never opened my lips to her upon the subject, nor will I ever do so to any person. The confidence all parties had in my prudence rendered my situation very embarrassing, especially with Madame de Francueil, whose knowledge of me was sufficient to remove from her all suspicion on my account, although I was connected with her rival. I did everything I could to console this poor woman, whose husband certainly did not return the affection she had for him. I listened to these three persons separately, and I kept all their secrets so faithfully that not one of the three ever drew from me those of the other two, and this without concealing from either of the women my attachment to each of them. Madame de Francueil, who frequently wished to make me an agent, received refusals in form; and Madame d'Epinay, once desiring me to charge myself with a letter to M. de Francueil, received the same mortification, accompanied by a very express declaration that if she wished to drive me for ever from the house she had only a second time to make a similar proposition.

In justice to Madame d'Epinay, I must say that, far from being offended with me, she spoke of my conduct to M. de Francueil in terms of the highest approbation, and continued to receive me as well and as politely as ever. It was thus, amidst the heartburnings of three persons, to whom I was obliged to behave with the greatest circumspection, on whom

I in some measure depended, and for whom I had conceived an attachment, that, by conducting myself with mildness and complaisance, although accompanied with the greatest firmness, I preserved until the last not only their friendship, but their esteem and confidence. Notwithstanding my absurdities and awkwardness, Madame d'Epinay would have me make one of a party to La Chevette, a country-house near Saint-Denis, belonging to M. de Bellegarde. There was a theatre, where performances were not infrequent. I had a part given me that I studied for six months without intermission, and in which, on the evening of representation, I was obliged to be prompted from the beginning to the end. After this experiment no second proposal of the kind was ever made to me.

My acquaintance with Madame d'Epinay procured me that of her sister-in-law, Mademoiselle de Bellegarde, who soon afterwards became Comtesse de Houdetot. The first time I saw her she was upon the point of marriage, and she conversed with me a long time with that charming familiarity which was natural to her. I thought her very amiable, but I was far from perceiving that this young person would lead me, although innocently, into the abyss where I am to-day.

Although I have not spoken of Diderot since my return from Venice, nor yet of my friend M. Roguin, I did not neglect either of them, especially the former, with whom I daily became more intimate. He had a Nannette, as well as I a Thérèse; this was between us another similarity of circumstance. But my Thérèse, as fine a woman as his Nannette, was of a mild and amiable character, such as gains and fixes the affections of a worthy man; whereas Nannette was a vixen, a troublesome chatterbox, having no qualities that could, in any measure, compensate, in the eyes of others, for her want of education. However, he married her, and this was honourable of him, if he had given a promise to that effect. I, for my part, not having entered into any such engagement, was not in the least haste to imitate him.

I was also connected with Abbé de Condillac, who had acquired no more literary fame than myself, but in whom

there was every promise of his becoming what he now is. I was perhaps, the first who discovered the extent of his abilities and esteemed them as they deserved. He, on his part, seemed satisfied with me ; and whilst shut up in my chamber in the Rue Saint-Dennis, near the Opera House, composing my act of *Hesiod*, he sometimes came to dine with me *tête-à-tête*. We sent for our dinner, and paid share and share alike. He was at that time employed on his *Essay on the Origin of Human Knowledge*—his first work. When this was finished, the difficulty was to find a bookseller who would take it. The booksellers of Paris are shy of every author to begin with ; and metaphysics, not much then in vogue, was no very inviting subject. I spoke to Diderot of Condillac and his work, and I afterwards made them acquainted with each other. They were worthy of each other's esteem, and were presently on the most friendly terms. Diderot persuaded the bookseller Durand to take the manuscript from the Abbé ; and this great metaphysician received for his first work, and almost as a favour, a hundred crowns, and even this, perhaps, he would not have obtained without my assistance. As we lived in a quarter of the town very distant from each other, we all assembled, once a week, at the Palais Royal, and went to dine at the Hôtel du Panier Fleuri. These little weekly dinners must have been extremely pleasing to Diderot, for he who failed in almost all his appointments never missed one of these. At our little meetings I formed the plan of a periodical paper, entitled *Le Persifleur*, to be written alternately by Diderot and myself. I sketched out the first sheet, and this made me acquainted with d'Alembert, to whom Diderot had mentioned it. Unforeseen events frustrated our intention, and the project was carried no farther.

These two authors had just undertaken the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, at first intended to be nothing more than a kind of translation of Chambers', something like that of the Medical Dictionary of James, which Diderot had just finished. Diderot was desirous I should do something in this second undertaking, and proposed to me the musical part, which I readily accepted. This I executed in great

haste, and consequently very badly, in the three months he had given me, as well as all the authors who were engaged in the work. But I was the only person in readiness at the time prescribed. I gave him my manuscript, which had been copied for me by a lackey of M. de Francueil's named Dupont, who wrote very well. I paid him ten crowns out of my own pocket, and these have never been reimbursed me. Diderot had promised me an equivalent on the part of the booksellers; of this he has never since spoken to me, nor I to him.

This undertaking of the *Encyclopédie* was interrupted by his imprisonment. The *Pensées Philosophiques* drew upon him some temporary inconvenience, fortunately without disagreeable consequences. He did not come off so easily on account of the *Lettre sur les Aveugles*, in which there was nothing reprehensible but some personal attacks that displeased Madame de Depré Saint-Maur and M. de Réaumur; for this he was confined in the dungeon of Vincennes. Nothing can describe the anguish I felt on account of the misfortune of my friend. My wretched imagination, always seeing everything in the worst light, was terrified. I imagined him to be confined for the remainder of his life. I was almost distracted with the thought. I wrote to Madame de Pompadour, beseeching her to release him or obtain an order to shut me up in the same dungeon. I received no answer to my letter. It was too reasonable to be efficacious, and I do not flatter myself that it contributed to the alleviation granted sometime afterwards in the severity of the confinement of poor Diderot. Had this continued for any length of time with the same rigour, I verily believe I should have died in despair at the foot of the hated dungeon. However, if my letter produced but little effect, I did not on account of it attribute to myself much merit, for I mentioned it but to very few people, and never to Diderot himself.

Printed by
MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED
Edinburgh

